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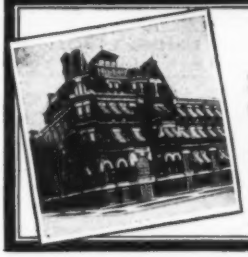

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RELIGIOUS and RELIGIOSE

by BRUCE BARTON

I HAVE been reading a collection of diaries kept by English men and women of an earlier day. The writers were ordinary people—a country gentleman, a small merchant, a sportsman—who records only the birds he shot and the fish he caught—various faithful wives, and a few ladies of less certain character.

Among the rest were certain excessively religious folks who used their diaries only to recount their sins. Of these people, the editor, Arthur Posonby, says:

"After a careful perusal of these diaries, some of which, by wearisome iteration of catch phrases in what may truly be described as religious jargon, are almost impossible to wade through, I am forced to the conclusion that those who indulged in this form of diary writing did themselves a great deal more harm than good.

"They found relief in the mere writing and mistook confessions of their supposed wickedness for self-correction. They felt better when they got up from their writing, but they deceived themselves because they had done nothing."

Few things amaze me more than the distorted idea which is abroad in the world as to what constitutes real religion. To read some sermons and the outpourings of some reform organizations, one would assume that true religion consists in not smoking, not taking a drink, wrapping oneself up in a blanket of gloomy self-righteousness, and frowning on folks who are having a good time.

Measured by this standard, the Founder of Christianity would not be regarded as a religious man—and indeed, He was not so regarded by the ultra-religious people of His own day. He broke many churchly rules, consorted with publicans and sinners, attended parties, and was so happy much of the time that laughing children followed Him.

The real test of religion, I think, is this—have you been square, have you been generous? Have the people with whom you came into contact been happier, rather than less happy, because you passed by?

In order to safeguard the good name of religion, and start a little clearer thinking on this great subject, I suggest that a different word be applied to those whose piety makes them, and the rest of the world, sadder rather than happier.

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Chocolate Covered Fruits & Nuts
Whitman's
CHOCOLATE COVERED FRUITS and NUTS

The Tempo of Our Times—

Vanity

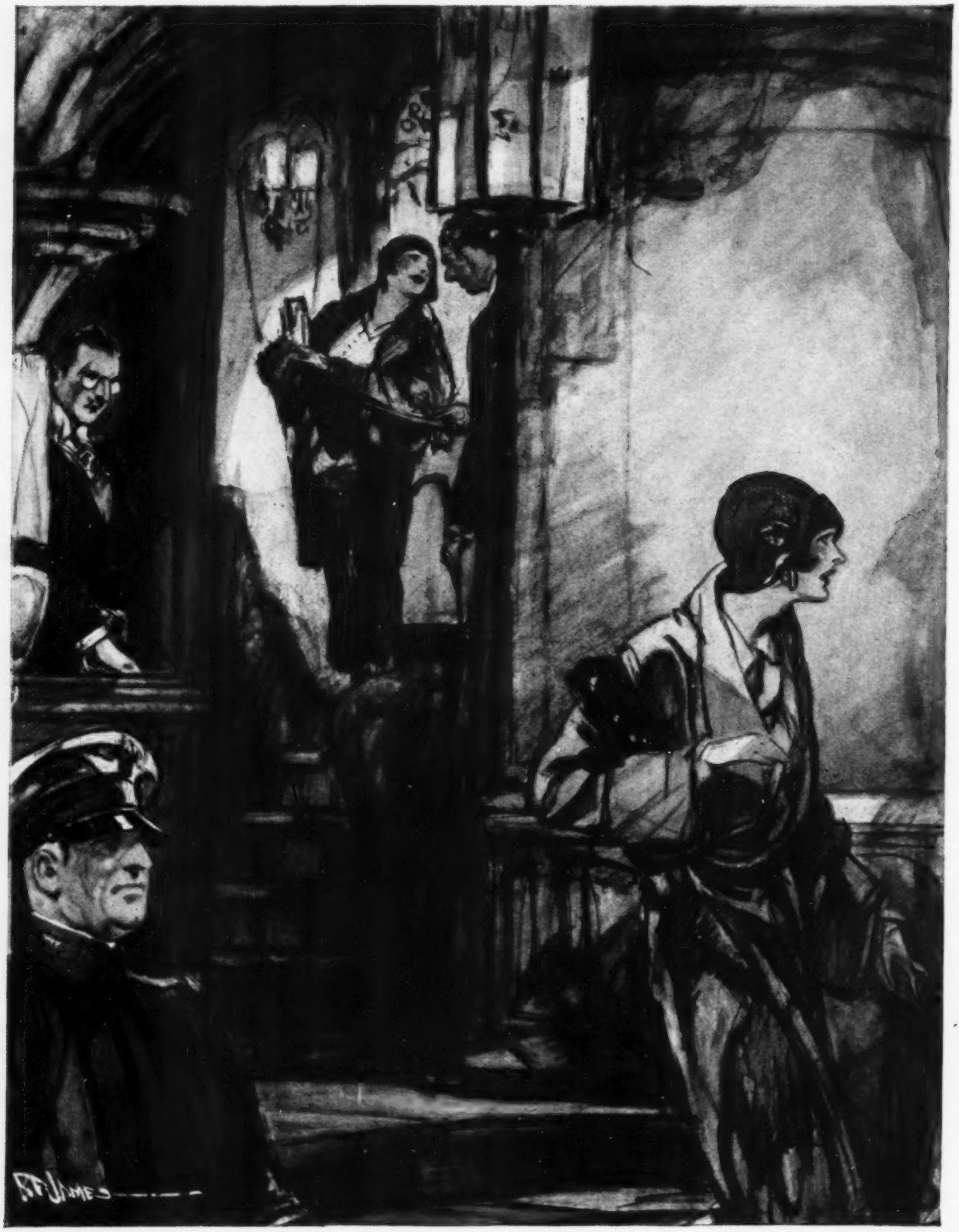
painted by

John La Gatta

"The windy lights of Autumn flare,
I watch the moonlit sails go by;
I marvel how men toil and fare,
The weary business that they play!

"Their voyaging is vanity,
And fairy gold is all their gain,
And all the winds of winter cry,
'My love returns no more again.'"

From Ballade of Autumn, by Andrew Lang
Permission of Longmans, Green & Co.



In a daze I left the building . . . . I swore that I would never trust a man again.

Illustrated by R. F. James

The Reckless Adventures of Lydia Grey

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

A SUDDEN agoraphobia attacked me. Terror of the outdoors shook me, crumpled my knees, made me reach desperately out for support. My hand touched a letter-box, and I clung to it as if it were a log, and I a swimmer struggling in midstream. The pedestrians' faces were blurred; the motors that thronged the avenue became prehistoric monsters that had cornered me, were about to devour me.

Fingers deprecatingly touched my arm.

"'Scuse, lady, but I gotta collect—"

I looked into the pale eyes of a postman. Sanity returned to me as quickly as it had left. The postman's features were clearly defined; I could even read the timid bewilderment in his eyes. The motors were motors again, and I was no longer a naked bit of humanity fleeing from slavering jaws. A couple of leering men moved on, deprived of the delectable sight of a woman fainting.

I took a step away from the sustaining letter-box, but my knees were still weak, weak from a terror that was the more dreadful because it was incomprehensible. I, Lydia Grey, who had never been ill in my life, who had never been afraid of anything, to be panicked by nothing? Of what was I afraid? Certainly these buildings were not likely to collapse; the herded motors were not going to run up on the sidewalk; the pedestrians were not going to trample me to death. . . . And even as I assured myself of these certainties, I felt a recurrence of fear.

I stepped instantly through the open door of a shop. The cool quiet of the subdued interior calmed me. I was able, as a frock-coated clerk bowed a welcome, to keep tremor from my voice.

No, I didn't believe that I wished to buy anything, but if I might see some bar-pins. . . . He showed me, I imagine, dozens—but I have no recollection of their beauty or of their cost. For while my lips smiled mechanically, and my voice uttered polite objections to each proffered jewel, my mind was busied with an effort at analysis of myself.

The author of the long-remembered "Loot" and "Fallen Angels" has found, before the temple of today's *temptations*, a girl "*Raffles*," whom he here presents in her first *escapade*.

I was frightened of no one thing; that I knew. To say that the outdoors terrified me was also untrue. Agoraphobia, yes. I had read—in that Midwestern university where the name of Lydia Grey stood for recklessness on the soccer field, in the gym, in the pool—of the mental quirks that drove people into panic. But it wasn't the outdoors, it wasn't people. . . . I loved the city streets as well as I loved the green hills of that State where I had been born. And I loved people, loved crowds, loved to watch humanity in the mass.

It was life, I suddenly decided, that frightened me—and because life itself cannot be reduced to a single manifestation, it had insinuated its terrors in the form of agoraphobia.

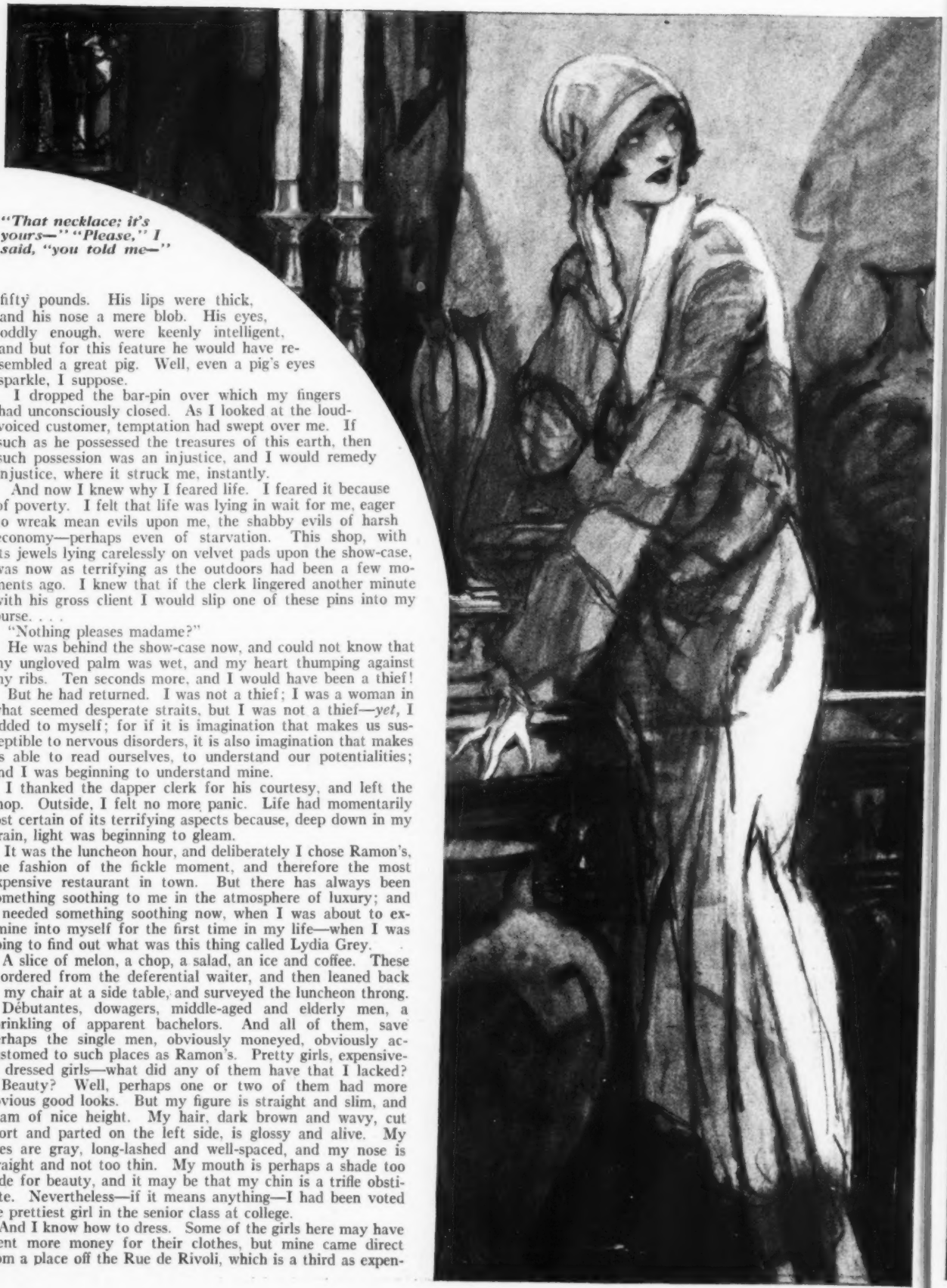
My clerk, with an apology, left me for a moment. Idly, fingering the pins which he had trustingly left on the counter, I watched him attend the imperious customer who could not brook delay, whose snorting impatience had made the salesman leave me.

He wanted—and his voice was loud enough to inform the passers-by—the necklace, the pearl necklace, which last week he had left to be re-strung. This was the second time he had called for it, and if it wasn't ready he'd give his custom to some other firm, some firm that would appreciate the trade of a man who bought sixty-thousand-dollar necklaces, and twenty-thousand-dollar bracelets.

He gave as complete and nauseating an exhibition of wealthy vulgarity as I had ever witnessed. Not even at the "shimmy" tables of Deauville had I ever seen as gross and blatant an example of the *nouveau riche*.

And physically he was a match for his manners. Over six feet tall, he must have weighed close to two hundred and

Honor Among THIEVES



"That necklace; it's yours—" "Please," I said, "you told me—"

fifty pounds. His lips were thick, and his nose a mere blob. His eyes, oddly enough, were keenly intelligent, and but for this feature he would have resembled a great pig. Well, even a pig's eyes sparkle, I suppose.

I dropped the bar-pin over which my fingers had unconsciously closed. As I looked at the loud-voiced customer, temptation had swept over me. If such as he possessed the treasures of this earth, then such possession was an injustice, and I would remedy injustice, where it struck me, instantly.

And now I knew why I feared life. I feared it because of poverty. I felt that life was lying in wait for me, eager to wreak mean evils upon me, the shabby evils of harsh economy—perhaps even of starvation. This shop, with its jewels lying carelessly on velvet pads upon the show-case, was now as terrifying as the outdoors had been a few moments ago. I knew that if the clerk lingered another minute with his gross client I would slip one of these pins into my purse. . . .

"Nothing pleases madame?"

He was behind the show-case now, and could not know that my ungloved palm was wet, and my heart thumping against my ribs. Ten seconds more, and I would have been a thief!

But he had returned. I was not a thief; I was a woman in what seemed desperate straits, but I was not a thief—*yet,* I added to myself; for if it is imagination that makes us susceptible to nervous disorders, it is also imagination that makes us able to read ourselves, to understand our potentialities; and I was beginning to understand mine.

I thanked the dapper clerk for his courtesy, and left the shop. Outside, I felt no more panic. Life had momentarily lost certain of its terrifying aspects because, deep down in my brain, light was beginning to gleam.

It was the luncheon hour, and deliberately I chose Ramon's, the fashion of the fickle moment, and therefore the most expensive restaurant in town. But there has always been something soothing to me in the atmosphere of luxury; and I needed something soothing now, when I was about to examine into myself for the first time in my life—when I was going to find out what was this thing called Lydia Grey.

A slice of melon, a chop, a salad, an ice and coffee. These I ordered from the deferential waiter, and then leaned back in my chair at a side table, and surveyed the luncheon throng.

Débutantes, dowagers, middle-aged and elderly men, a sprinkling of apparent bachelors. And all of them, save perhaps the single men, obviously moneyed, obviously accustomed to such places as Ramon's. Pretty girls, expensively dressed girls—what did any of them have that I lacked?

Beauty? Well, perhaps one or two of them had more obvious good looks. But my figure is straight and slim, and I am of nice height. My hair, dark brown and wavy, cut short and parted on the left side, is glossy and alive. My eyes are gray, long-lashed and well-spaced, and my nose is straight and not too thin. My mouth is perhaps a shade too wide for beauty, and it may be that my chin is a trifle obstinate. Nevertheless—if it means anything—I had been voted the prettiest girl in the senior class at college.

And I know how to dress. Some of the girls here may have spent more money for their clothes, but mine came direct from a place off the Rue de Rivoli, which is a third as expen-

He jeered. "That's part of the game, isn't it? After all—"

sive as the shops of the Rue de la Paix, and just as up-to-the-moment. The side glances cast my way as I followed the *maitre d'hotel* to my table had been evidence enough of that.

I had, then, outwardly as much as any woman here. Inwardly, I thought I was the superior of most of them. Finishing-schools—and Junior Leaguers rarely go beyond those—are not to be compared with State universities in matters educational.

Deportment? I thought I could pass muster. All I lacked was money. Oh, position, too—but that and money, if not equivalent, can be made so by the addition of brains.

Yet I smiled bitterly as I thought of what a difference the lack of money made. These girls would go on to good and brilliant marriages; they would spend the correct months in Palm Beach, the proper seasons in Newport or Southampton or the Lido; they would shoot in Scotland and golf in Pinehurst; their children would go to the proper schools. . . .

And I, Lydia Grey, as beautiful and well-groomed as any, better educated than most, as charming and desirable, would —what? Well, if I observed the teachings of my good parents, I would get a job in some shop or office, would in desperation marry a clerk, would live in the Bronx. . . .

I wouldn't do any of these things. Rather sink to infamy than to mediocrity! And as I ate my chop I wondered what the class prophet would think if she could see Lydia Grey now and read her inmost thoughts. For in the prophecy it had been written that I would marry brilliantly, would be a great social leader—I laughed at the unsophistication of the prophet—and would bring honor to the name of—but I won't mention my college.

And the object of these flattering prophecies sat now in Ramon's, the owner of seven hundred dollars, and possessed by terrors which for the moment were subdued, but which would come racing back at any moment to conquer. Unless I did something to keep them in subjection. And I knew, definitely and absolutely, what I would do—had known, indeed, from the moment that my fingers had closed in desperation about the bar-pin. I would steal!

I forced back a gasp of horror as I came to my decision. When a decision had been made, it was too late to regret. At least, whatever else I was, and despite the panic of recent hours, I was no coward. I could look at myself understandingly; and that takes courage.

By every right save that of inheritance I belonged in the class which lunched at Ramon's. I did not belong among those who toiled and economized and lived drably. And as conscience interposed an objection to this, I retorted that people belong where they permit themselves to be placed. I had given no permission to life to set me down among the obscure; people rose from obscurity by sheer determination; and if one possessed determination, but no talent—well, only a weakling would let lack of talent deter one from rising.

The world so far had found in me no element of greatness which it chose to honor and reward; very well—I would do without honor and would take reward where I found it. With money I could live pleasantly, could mingle, I was sure, with the people who flitted in and out of Ramon's.

And now, my decision made, I found horror giving way to calm. I glanced, with an assurance I had not felt before, about the dining-room. There a bracelet sparkled; there pearls glimmered softly. I could feel my lips softening, curving in a smile of anticipation. And then, as the waiter placed the check before me, all this unreal calm, the calm that comes between two hurricanes, deserted me.

For my groping fingers told me that my purse was empty!

I knew that there had been at least twenty dollars in it when I left my apartment. And when one is as close to poverty as I found myself, one makes no mistakes about the amount of money on one's person. I smiled as I realized that I, who grandiosely planned theft on a great scale, had been the victim of a cheap pickpocket.

I turned the smile upon the waiter and saw that his eyes hardened. He seemed to know, before I spoke, the tale I was about to tell him. And if anything had been needed to steel my new determination, his manner would have been that thing. For he was unprepared to extend me gracious credit. And only, I knew, because he did not know me. I could not be fashionable, else he would recognize me. I could read his thoughts before they were formulated in his mind. If the rotogravures featured me, if the gossip columns speculated on my newest admirer, such a matter as forgetting a purse would be inconsequential. The waiter, the *maitre d'hotel*, would gladly lend me taxi-money, would accept my signature on the back of the luncheon-check. . . .

People, singly, are rarely responsive to emotional waves, unless that emotion be of love. But a crowd is strangely sensitive to whatever is going on in the neighborhood. Let one person move nervously in a theater, and a whole audience stirs, coughs. . . . So now, my own silly despair—the matter was not that serious—and the waiter's sullenness, combined to turn heads in my direction, to make me the object of a regard that I felt supercilious. Or perhaps it was my overheated imagination. I was, as you have gathered, not too cool of judgment this day.

At any rate, it seemed to me that every face was leering, that everyone present knew my plight, and I hated them for the knowledge which I assumed they possessed.

"Send the *maitre d'hotel* to me," I said to the waiter.

He turned, his shrug insolent—and as he moved away I met the eyes of the loud-voiced gentleman of the jewelry-shop. I will say for him that, for all his grossness, in matters such as these he moved with quiet ease. For no one would have guessed that he had not known me for years as he slipped into the seat opposite me.

"Please," he said softly, at the panic in my eyes. "You forgot your purse—it is quite obvious. I am Nathan Carteret. If you will permit me. Miss—"

"Grey," I said.

He smiled, his thick lips moving slowly, as though he relished something.

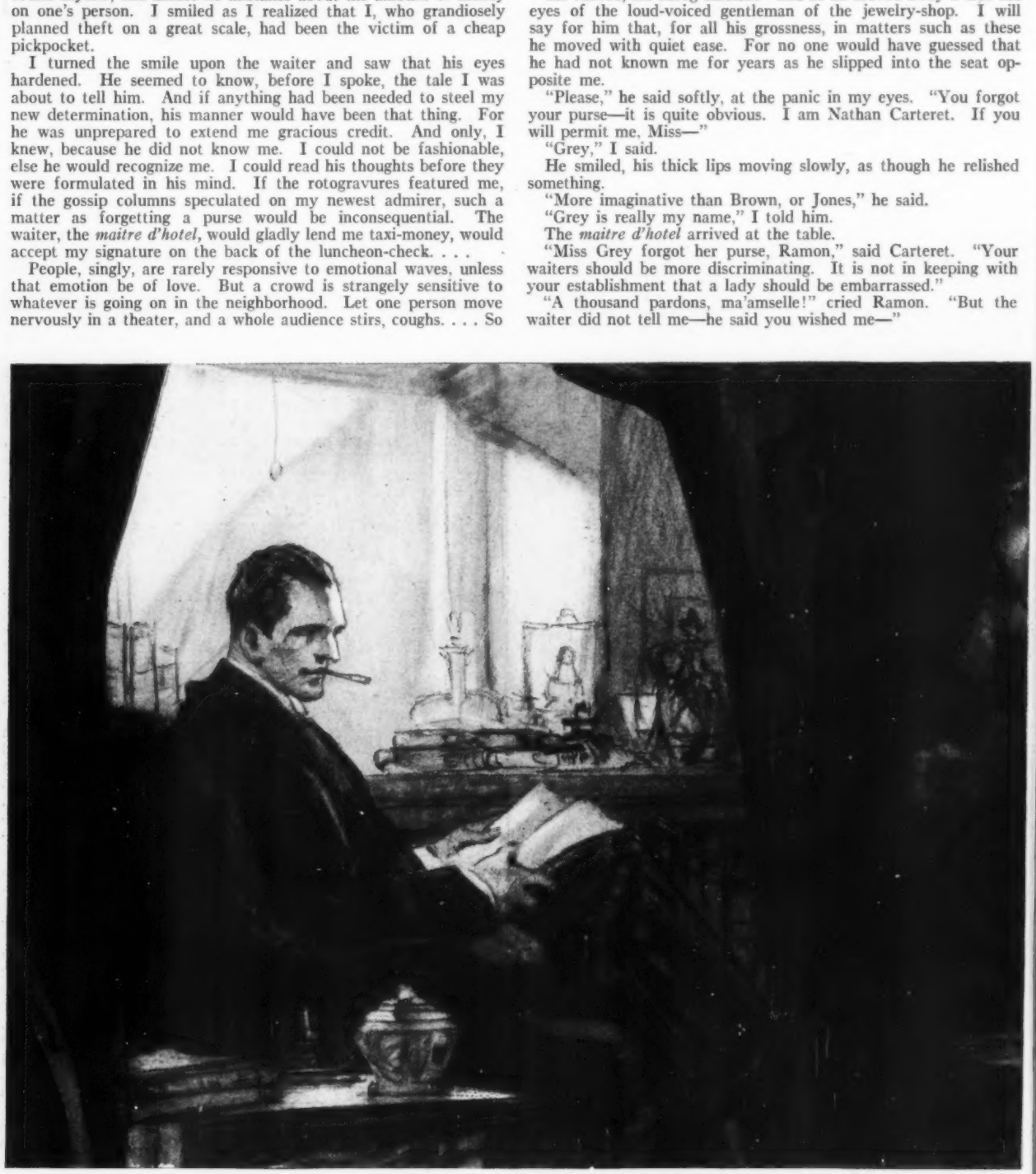
"More imaginative than Brown, or Jones," he said.

"Grey is really my name," I told him.

The *maitre d'hotel* arrived at the table.

"Miss Grey forgot her purse, Ramon," said Carteret. "Your waiters should be more discriminating. It is not in keeping with your establishment that a lady should be embarrassed."

"A thousand pardons, ma'amselle!" cried Ramon. "But the waiter did not tell me—he said you wished me—"



"You would be more comfortable in here," said a lazy voice. In the semi-dusk I descried the figure of a

"Miss Grey was embarrassed—"

"And I also," said Ramon, "that any client should feel ill at ease because of a mischance. If ma'amselle will honor me by lunching with me—"

Carteret smilingly shook his head.

"Miss Grey will do me the honor to lunch with *me*, Ramon. But you should speak to your waiter. A waiter should be the soul of tact, of discretion. He should be able to read thoughts while they are yet unformulated in the client's mind."

"M'sieur should be a *maitre d'hotel*," said Ramon, bowing.

"I am flattered at your confidence," laughed Carteret.

"I don't know how to thank you," I said to him, as Ramon smirkingly withdrew. "My bag was opened—the money stolen—"

"But outside the sun shines; in here it is cool, charming—and coffee is served," he said. "I miss," he continued, "the sidewalk cafés of Paris. Don't you?"

This was a different man from that gross creature who had berated the jewelry-clerk. This was a man of culture, of wide interests, traveled, entertaining. His reminiscences ranged from mines in South America to pearl-fisheries in the Pacific. He had done everything, been everywhere, and known everyone. And as he spoke memory stirred in me; the name became familiar. Nathan Carteret was a man who had been barred, three years ago, from the Stock Exchange. A man of millions, the newspapers had printed much about his spectacular and ruthless career; his name was synonymous with chicanery and cruelty. Women's names had been unpleasantly linked with his. And almost imperceptibly his conversation centered upon himself. I had heard of him? Of course. The lying press. Because he had started with nothing and amassed a fortune, he had incurred the enmity of rich cliques whom he had outwitted in the market. They called him vulgar and barred him from their clubs. He didn't know why he was telling all this to me, save that I seemed understanding, what the Italians would call *sympatica*. And he was sure that I could see that he was not what he had been represented in the papers, but was a cultured gentleman.

Yes, he actually said this, and all the effect his really brilliant conversation had created was dissipated before this crudity. He was what he had been in the jewelry-shop, what his appearance stated he was; and suddenly I hated myself for being under obligation to him for even such a trifle as a luncheon-check.

"And where," I finally managed to put in, "shall I send the money for my luncheon?"

"That is cruel," he said. "Could I not have the privilege of paying that?"

We still debated the matter as we reached the sidewalk outside Ramon's.

"At least," he said, "you will permit me to take you home?"

An afterthought seemed to strike him.

"I told you of my Greco. Wouldn't you like to see it? My apartment is only a few blocks from here. And listen to me, Miss Grey—you've told me a little of yourself, but I gather you are alone in New York. You perhaps, seek a career?"

"Perhaps," I admitted.

"I have vast interests. A place might be found for a woman of tact in one of those interests. You are a woman of the world, not bound, I trust, by the silly *(Please turn to page 103)*

man. "My carelessness with that front door invites burglars," he said. "But you don't look like one."

10 Years in a MAN'S life —*and* in the WOMAN'S

by Bernice Brown

Illustrated by Sid L. Hydeman

NO one, not even Madeleine Prindle, knew the motive back of his decision to see her again. People as a rule didn't know his motives. That was one of the secrets of his success. Grover Dahlgren told nothing. It was amazing; yet for all that he was popular. That he was ruthless and selfish even his friends admitted. But he was selfish in a big way that shore it of its petty irritations.

It was suspected by a few that he had been in love with Madeleine ten years ago—before she married Dave Callister and went to Arizona. But neither he nor Madeleine had talked about it. They were alike in that. They kept their own counsel.

"By the way, Madeleine Prindle's back," said Nan Winterbottom. Grover Dahlgren was dining with the Winterbottoms at Locust Valley. "Staying in town at Aunt Net's," Nan went on. "I saw her yesterday, looking amazingly the same. There's a legend that ash-blondes fade." She laughed. "I hate to say a kind word for a friend. But Madeleine's lovely. Young! It was downright depressing. I went right off and had a facial."

"Wasn't she an old flame of yours?" Jim Winterbottom turned genially upon his guest. "Sure she was!" His memory began to supply the details. "You met her here, by George! It was right after we were married and Nan still had the old school-friends out for week-ends, whether they trumped their partners' aces or not."

Still Grover Dahlgren said nothing. That was his method. Give them time enough and they'd supply their own answers. Never show your hand. Oh, he remembered that week-end well enough! He could add a hundred details which Nan and Jim had forgotten. He had only been in New York a few years then. He was just beginning to get on. Nobody knew how hard he'd worked. That was another of the things he didn't talk about. Not even Jim knew, though they'd been in college together. But Jim had been born rich and Grover had made his way. He'd be richer than Jim some day. Perhaps he was already.

Life was giving him the things he'd gone after. Life does that if you've energy and are single-track enough. Grover Dahlgren had come from a small town in Ohio, and from the wrong side of the tracks at that. And now he was a partner in one of Wall Street's leading law-firms. But he wasn't through yet; there is no end to making money, once you've started, nor to the power money brings.

He never knew quite what he wanted this power for, unless it was to justify the sacrifices he'd made to get it. He knew he was already pointed out as one of those men to whom other men refer with admiration liberally tinged with envy. But in his own mind he had only started. That was why he was never thought conceited. Underneath this surface modesty, however, lay an egotism as boundless as his ambition.

Madeleine Prindle had entered his life at the beginning. Yes, he remembered that week-end very well. It had been "time out" to go. But the Winterbottom place had been so beautiful. It was what he too would have some day. He too would own a yew-clipped garden and a sun-dial that had been fashioned by a famous French sculptor. He too would have a swimming pool, blue as post-cards of the Mediterranean. He too would have a stone-flagged terrace and a Renoir above the mantel, and command swift and silent servants.

There was no detail of the Winterbottom establishment that had escaped his quiet eyes, from the crystal goblets on the table to the monogram on the soap in his bathroom. All the things Jim Winterbottom had inherited were a symbol of what he, Grover Dahlgren, should one day acquire for himself.

He had no intention of falling in love. He certainly had no idea of marrying, at least not for a long time. His childhood had been spent in a crowded and unlovely household. He knew too well the makeshifts and economies of the middle class. When he married, he should be rich enough to detach himself from the claims of domesticity. He should always be free. . . . And then he had fallen in love with the only poor girl he had met since the up-turn of his career.

Not, of course, that he had any intention of yielding to it. She wasn't in the cards for him. He'd seen too many young men changed from blithe, free lads into creatures whose only emotion after marriage was fear that they might lose their jobs. Grover Dahlgren would not be one of those, even though he were to break her heart; even though, perhaps, he were to break his own heart!

At first, of course, he hadn't known he was in love with her. They had met at the Winterbottoms' and they were young and the weather had been lovely. He remembered the dress she wore that first evening. It was dark blue net over silver and it touched the ground all around; dresses did then. Some one had complimented her on it and she had called it her hardy perennial.

"Don't you remember, it was yellow last year?" She laughed. "And the year before it was Aunt Net's."

Yes, he saw that dress often before their affair was finished. It was, in fact, one of her two evening dresses. But some way it didn't matter what she wore. Perhaps she wasn't a great beauty. He didn't know; he only knew that when she was in the room he never took his eyes off her. Every one said she was clever. But that didn't explain her attraction.

It was deeper than that. She had a trick of making life glamorous. She built up his belief not only in himself but in the value of his world. She had many beaux, he knew, and this was protection. As long as she remained casual, he was wise enough to realize she wasn't in love. It didn't matter if he loved her. It was time out, to be sure—but he had allowed himself few weaknesses.

And then, suddenly, he knew she was in love with him and he knew also she knew he was in love with her. He went away on a business trip. But he called her up from Philadelphia, on the way back, and asked her to dine with him that evening. Answering some demand inside him, stronger than his own will, he had hunted down a telephone-booth in the Broad Street Station and he had known she broke an engagement to meet him at Sherry's.

From that point on it had all been torture. With the determination of his own peculiar character, he set about rushing the Cunningham girl. There was nothing like a counter-irritant. But it didn't work. How well he remembered those dreary dinners! Constance Cunningham was pretty; she was also rich. But it hadn't come off. When she bent her head above the menu card, she hadn't looked like Madeleine. She hadn't laughed as Madeleine did, nor commented in the same tart, wicked half-sentences. She had been polite and he had been polite. And the evenings had been a failure.

He knew Madeleine made a point of going about too. He saw her once at the theater, in a new dress, orchid-colored, that brought out the strange blue in her eyes and the hidden gold in her hair. And then they had come together for one unbidden week. With

a wild sort of defiance, she had told him she loved him; that the only answer for them was marriage. She said it was no good for him to lie to her—she knew he loved her. Oh, he remembered it all!

It had been a bad scene, in Aunt Net's shabby summer-swathed drawing-room. But neither of them had noticed the room. He had only known that he was angry with her—that he loved her—that he hated her. She had no business to force his hand. He didn't intend to marry, at least yet. And they couldn't go on as things were.

When he left her, she had stood there, hard-eyed and defiant. Of the two he was the one whose dignity had suffered more. But he had won his point: he left her. Later, when a rumor of her engagement to Dave Callister reached him, he had a bad moment. But he didn't believe it. This was a last futile effort on her part to force his hand. But the same determination that had made him one of the most promising members of the New York bar, held him back. He let her marry Dave Callister. He let her go away.

In ten years he had thought of her, of course. But he had thought of other things too. Recently, indeed, he had begun to think of his figure. His measurements at his tailor's stood the same as they had ten years before. But he had a feeling he was getting heavier. He didn't like it. Each year had added to the total of his success—and he was glad. But something was lacking. Perhaps he had worked too hard; perhaps he needed a vacation. Jim and Nan wanted him to go abroad with them. Paris, the Lido, Deauville.

"You're rich enough now to relax," Nan had said.

He looked at her. She was very smart, of course. But there were tiny lines around her eyes and her mouth was hard.

Madeleine hadn't changed. Nan had said so, and a woman's eyes were keen. Ten years hadn't made any difference. How young he had been ten years before; how sunny the top of the mountain!

It was a crazy impulse, but he obeyed it. He wrote to Madeleine. Would she lunch with him Thursday, at the Ambassador Club? That was new since her day and the only decent place in which to eat in the summertime. He would pick her up at Aunt Net's, at one-fifteen, if she were willing. He admitted he wanted very much to see her.

He never for a moment doubted she would see him. He never even doubted she would still care. Life hadn't made him humble. He had been too sought after, too successful. His only doubt was whether he wanted to invite back the old turmoil. And still if she could give him back ten years, it might be worth the risk. . . .

With all his success, something was lacking. The magic was gone. Yes, he would take a chance on seeing her, even though he were to break her heart all over again; even though, perhaps, he were to break his own heart.

A shabby caretaker ushered him into the darkened hallway of the old house. For a moment he could see nothing. Then she took him into the drawing-room. The rug was up and the furniture shrouded again in the much-laundered linen covers. As the old woman rolled up a shade, she explained that Mrs. Callister would be right down.

Grover Dahlgren looked around. Everything was quite as he remembered it. There was the old sofa on which they had sat; there the fragile Chippendale side-table with the room's one ash-tray. On the mantel still ticked the Sixteenth Century French clock which at unaccountable intervals struck ten. And there, beside it, was a leather frame containing a picture of two children.

She told him she loved him; that the only answer for them was marriage. She said it was no good for him to lie to her—she knew he loved her.

Grover Dahlgren was not interested in children. But he picked up the picture. It was an enlarged snapshot of a girl of six, a boy of eight. They were sturdy children, with eyes squinted up against the sun and nice smiles. The picture evidently had been taken against a kitchen-garden fence. He stared at the two of them.

Then he heard a quick footstep on the uncarpeted stairs. Quickly he put down the picture and turned. The door opened and Madeleine stood in the doorway. Though it was hot, she had on a woolen traveling suit and a wisp of hair over her forehead betrayed the fact she had put on her hat without the aid of a mirror. At once he realized she hadn't bothered to dress up for him.

"Grover," she said, "I tried to get you." It was obvious she was in a state of excitement. "Your office, your club—"

"I came here direct from the train. I've been out of town."

With a shock he knew she wasn't thinking of him.

"I'm leaving in twenty minutes." *(Please turn to page 93)*

The

"*Indignation* is a great aid to a girl *making* up her mind."

SHELMERDENE BENTON, show-girl unextraordinary, felt uncomfortable as she gazed at the waitress flipping hotcakes in the window.

"Shucks," she said to herself, for her courage was oozing away at a great rate, "this can't be near as tough as a casting-office!" And she opened the door and walked into Hinds' Moorish Palace, which is the name by which Mr. Hinds' Madison Avenue restaurant is known in the advertisements.

She was tall and, in a decidedly blonde way, good to look at. Her clothes were smart and becoming, verging toward the conspicuous but not too far. All this was natural enough, since looking attractive and prosperous was the first principle of her business. It was also natural that, when she asked for the manager, the cashier summoned him without delay, on the principle that here was a customer with a complaint to make.

Shelmerdene hoped weakly that he would be hard-boiled and throw her out. If she couldn't get the job, so many problems would never have to be solved.

"I'm looking for work," she mumbled, without raising her eyes, while he was still six feet away. Then she risked a look at him and discovered that he was not only young but nearly handsome in his white uniform. He smiled with professional politeness, quite as if she had been a customer, and looked straight back at her with evident approval. He even pulled out a chair for her at the nearest Moorish table.

"Sit down," he said. "What kind of a job?"

Shelmerdene sat down as bidden. In view of the circumstances, it made her feel awkward to be well treated.

"Waiting table, I guess," she answered. "I've never tried washing dishes."

The manager accepted this in silence and toyed with a fork. To all appearances he might have been having lunch with her.

"We do that by machinery," he informed her pleasantly. Then came a long pause while his gaze traveled from her shoes to her first-rate blue eyes. "I hear," he went on, "that the show business is bad this year."

Shelmerdene smiled at him and he blinked, as men usually did at this point. His *Sherlock Holmes* manner annoyed her a little, but he had nice hands.

"You heard the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," she said.

"Well," he said, "we often take girls from the stage. It's just as well to hire attractive help." After that he seemed to feel that some discouragement was necessary. "But then," he went on, "it's only the better type we can use. Most of them don't stand the gaff. It's hard work if you aren't used to it."

"So is rehearsing," said Shelmerdene; "and finding a job to rehearse in is the hardest work I know of. Besides, I waited table once."

The manager's brows lifted in polite inquiry. Shelmerdene looked round her at the movie theater splendor of the Moorish Palace.

"Nothing like this, though," she said. "One-arm joint in Dubuque, it was. But it was work all right. The pie weighed five pounds a slice."

He was all reassurance.

"Oh, well, if you've had experience—" Was he kidding her or not? She looked hard at him; grew more suspicious as she saw his hands making apologetic motions. "But I can't hire you, you know," he said. "If I could, I might do it. You'll have to go up to the main employment office and register, and answer a lot of questions and fill out a lot of blanks and so forth."

Shelmerdene rose in some indignation. So this was the pay-off? All that song-and-dance before he could get around telling her she was barking up the wrong tree!

"Thanks for the repartee, Mister," she said. "I'll be on my way."

"Better had, before you change your mind about quitting the show business," he said. "And here—take this with you—" He

DEEP END

by J. C. Furnas

wrote something hurriedly on the back of a card. "Tell them I sent you up and want you assigned here."

She stammered her thanks and fled. Once on the sidewalk, she inspected the card on which he had written: *"O. K. Let me have her. —A. K. Simmons."*

A few hours later she went into a phone-booth, called a Bryant exchange number and asked for Mr. Jake Annerman. The name meant nothing to the man who was wearily holding the wire in the next booth. But if he had been in the show business, he would have known that Jake Annerman was the press-agent-extraordinary who had made himself famous along with the great Isidor Spiro, producer of musical shows. Or rather, that would have been Jake's account of it.

"Hello, Jake!" said Shelmerdene, with an excited quaver in her voice. "She got the job. Madison Avenue restaurant."

"Good girl!" came the voice in the receiver—a hard-boiled voice, intelligent and formidable. "Now get this straight. I don't want any signals mixed. The show leaves for Pittsburgh tomorrow night. In a couple of weeks the old man will show up in the restaurant and discover you. And then the master mind steps in and we break headlines in all the papers about finding the queen of American girlhood slinging hash for the proletariat—and you're famous, and I've earned my pay-check for once in a lifetime, huh?"

"I heard you the first time," said Shelmerdene. "Now *you* get *this* straight! I get a run-of-the-play contract as soon as I'm discovered, see? I don't want any signals mixed about that! That's the only reason I can see why I should take the shine off my nails with a side-rag at my time of life."

"Sure!" answered the voice in the receiver heartily. "Your pay starts the minute we pull the stunt. What the hell use would you be to us if you didn't get a contract? The old man was even talking about giving you a bonus."

"Oh, yeah?" said Shelmerdene. "Did he say anything about putting me in his will?"

"Now don't be like that!" The receiver coughed and seemed to be collecting itself. "Lemme see—remember your name's Marie Moselle; I hope you shaded your age a little; dress simple and modest and ordinary—"

"Listen," said Shelmerdene earnestly. "It's an effort for me to look like an ordinary girl. I gotta be either a bum or a orchid. That's the way I am."

"Wear the old family diamonds if you want to," said the receiver, "but hang onto that job till the show comes in. Put this gag over, baby, and you can have half my kingdom and four merit-badges."

"I'll settle for a contract, I'm telling you," said Shelmerdene.

But the receiver was through parleying.

"I'll keep in touch with you," it said. "S'long—you're doing great."

There was a click. Shelmerdene made a face at the telephone's solemn mouthpiece and went soberly home. Run-of-the-play contracts were scarce this season. For that matter, so was any kind of contract.

Shelmerdene was not alone in her opinion that the manager of Hind's Madison Avenue restaurant was a personable young man. The hostess—that being the title by which Hinds' personnel department designates the superannuated goddesses who act as head-waitresses—had also experienced a pleasant sensation about the wishbone when she first laid eyes on Mr. Simmons. But all her sterling qualities—which included hair waved within an inch of its life and a highly cultured lisp—

He stepped off the bus, leaving her to wonder how far he had come out of his way to ride with her.

Illustrated by Ruth Eastman

had left him unmoved. Hence it was unfortunate for Marie Moselle that Mr. Simmons spoke as he did to Miss Urquhart when the new girl reported for work the first morning.

"That good-looking girl who came in this morning," Mr. Simmons had said, following Shelmerdene with his eyes. The crisp green-and-white uniform of a Hinds' waitress was probably the most becoming thing Shelmerdene had had on since she was out of rompers.

"Well, tastes differ, don't you think?" said Miss Urquhart, and she laughed the cultured laugh.

"The customers' tastes don't," said Mr. Simmons crudely. "Give her a station on the side or in the back so the crowd will spread out more. Every male below sixty will head for her tables. You watch."

Miss Urquhart did as she was told. In fact, she went her instructions one better and carefully seated the toughest specimens to be fed at Shelmerdene's tables, so that her life would be one long succession of press-feeders, telegraph-clerks, loft foremen and bad-tempered lady buyers. If she had any notion of annoying the new girl, it was lost effort.

For a dressing-room is a subtle school of rhetoric and Shelmerdene was more than capable of holding her own against the blandishments and back-chat of the burliest patrons. She had not graduated from a railroad restaurant to Broadway by way of a burlesque troupe without learning more about the principles of pointed conversation than any of her customers had ever heard of.

"Woddya call that?" growled a thick-necked compositor, removing a sprig of parsley from his hash-and-egg with a blackened thumb.

"Parsley," said Shelmerdene. "No extra charge. What did you think it was—shamrock?"

"No, nor spinach, neither," he said. "When I want greens, I'll order 'em, sister." With one deft gesture he spread the egg over the hash and picked up a forkful of the mixture. "Speaking of greens," he went on, " you're new in here, aint you?"

"In here," Shelmerdene admitted, "but I was waiting table when you were still eating gruel."

"Says you!" answered the compositor, pausing with his fork halfway to his mouth and regarding her with upraised eyes. "But you got a lot to learn. Don't work so hard. If you bring all the orders as quick as you brought mine, you'll get the customers dizzy."

"That's the new idea," said Shelmerdene. "The faster you feed 'em, the quicker they get out. You haven't got a lease on that chair."

The compositor grunted and sluiced himself with coffee. Shelmerdene swabbed the table and went away from there, for Miss Urquhart's disapproving eye was on her.

It was a pettily complicated sort of life and she did have a good deal to learn, even though it would be useful for but two weeks at the farthest. In Dubuque the customers had got bread and butter with whatever they ordered, whether it was baked apple or pigs'-feet. But here there were details. The fifty-cent luncheon included special desserts but not celery, and the seventy-five cent luncheon boasted celery but not olives. In Dubuque you had yelled at the cook through a hole in the pantry wall and that was that. At Hinds' you fought for the attention of supercilious steam-table artists along with half a dozen other frantic girls, all of whom had been enjoined to, "Step on it, sister, I only got twenty minutes!" And the contrast between the shabby homeliness of her old job and the glittering systematic efficiency of the new was startling at first.

Nevertheless, the rush and precision of it was exhilarating. It was a job that made consistent sense. No bored loafing in the wings because the comic was gagging and holding up a scene. No cold drafts pointing out to you that the few square inches of your costume were much more ornamental than useful. No worries about dropping something or shifting position out of sheer weariness just when it would distract attention from the leading lady. Shelmerdene grew weary and breathless, but when it was all over she could count up her checks and see in them tangible evidence of work accomplished.

As she came away from the locker-room dressed in the simple clothes which Jake had specified, she met Mr. Simmons. He stopped and smiled in a manner that was positively fatherly.

"How's it going?" he asked.

She pushed back a twist of hair, surprised at herself for using this gesture which meant that she intended to be attractive. "O. K., I guess," she answered. "But it's hard work."

"You bet I know what to do!" she said. "You and your bonus! You big slob!" And

"Oh, yes,"—still fatherly,—"but you'll get onto it. How did the tips come in?"

"Gosh!" said Shelmerdene. "I forgot to count!" She giggled without planning to—which was a bad sign. Mr. Simmons laughed, and they both counted as she poured a heap of small silver into her palm.

"Four dollars and eighty-five cents," she announced.

"And four dollars from the company," said Mr. Simmons. "Figure that up per week, Miss Moselle."

"Thanks," said Shelmerdene. "I always did better in geography."

"That's better than fifty per," he said. "Fifty weeks in the year too! This isn't a bad racket."

Shelmerdene's eyes grew round as she reflected that her total earnings the preceding year had been twenty-one hundred dollars. She became grave.

"This isn't a racket," she said; "this is a job."

Mr. Simmons smiled his approval.

"You'll make more when you've broken in better and the customers get to know you," he said.

"They know me too well now," said Shelmerdene, "or they seem to think they do. I've had to jump language hot off my brain at 'em all day."

"That," said Mr. Simmons, "is one of the disadvantages of being such a pretty girl."

In spite of the fact that she was used to hearing such comments and that all such comments are, in the nature of things, monotonously alike, Shelmerdene was pleased. It was disturbing to feel disappointed because at this point Mr. Simmons dropped his fatherly tone and reverted in some haste to that of the manager.

"Remember you report at eight sharp," he said, and walked away.

This unfortunate necessity for getting up at seven o'clock was the greatest drawback to earning an honest living. Among other things, it meant going to bed before midnight. Such Benjamin Franklin hours had been all in the day's work back home, before she had gone on the stage, but New York and the cold gray dawn made an incongruous combination, and Shelmerdene's soul revolted at contemplating these smoky, foggy sunrises. Seven o'clock shaved it as fine as she dared.

The third morning of her incarnation as a waitress she was turning this particular nuisance over in her mind at a quarter past eight when she saw Jake Annerman walk feebly in and seat himself at one of her wall tables. From a distance the customary splendor of his raiment made him look almost natural, but the nearer she came to him, the more haggard he looked. His eyes were bleary and he sagged over the table in semi-collapse.

"What are you doing here?" asked Shelmerdene blankly.

"I'm an early bird," he managed to say, "and I need worms." He sighed and shook himself. "You don't know," he remarked, "what a blessing one of the old familiar faces is at this ungodly hour. I didn't know what I was getting you in for. How you making out?" He propped one eye open to inspect her with and closed it in obvious relief. "Flourishing, I should say. Pretty color in the cheeks; eyes all bright and happy—done you more good than a vacation in Florida, hasn't it? Maybe it's healthy to get up early every morning. I think I heard somebody say so once."

"Try getting yourself a real job and you might turn handsome too," said Shelmerdene. "I've been up for hours. How come you didn't leave a call for noon as usual?"

Jake moaned. "I just got off the train," he said. "Been to Pittsburgh for the opening. Spiro's crazy. I'm crazy. We're all crazy by this time—specially the show. What a turkey! There's only one good routine in it and they cut that out last night."

"Come on, come on!" said Shelmerdene. "My time's valuable—at least I get paid for it. What'll you have to put you back together again?"

Jake picked up the menu with a renewed effort at sprightliness. "Lemme see," he said. "I guess I'll have green turtle soup to start off with."

"What you'll get," said Shelmerdene, "is some coffee and a batch of toast. The caviar isn't up yet."

"'Scuse me," said Jake, "pure habit. Did you say coffee—lots of it—black and steaming, huh? I'll have three cups to start on. And then something to toy with—you know—eggs and griddle-cakes and stuff. I gotta feed hearty if I'm going to survive to make you famous."

Shelmerdene, struck into an awed silence, was presently watching him eat.

"You gotta pay for this, you know," she warned him. "They don't have press-lists at Hinds'."

"Well," he said, polishing off the eggs, "it's bum food, but the service is pretty good. You do look like you were having a good time at that. I know you aint; but go ahead and kid yourself along. It's the right idea."

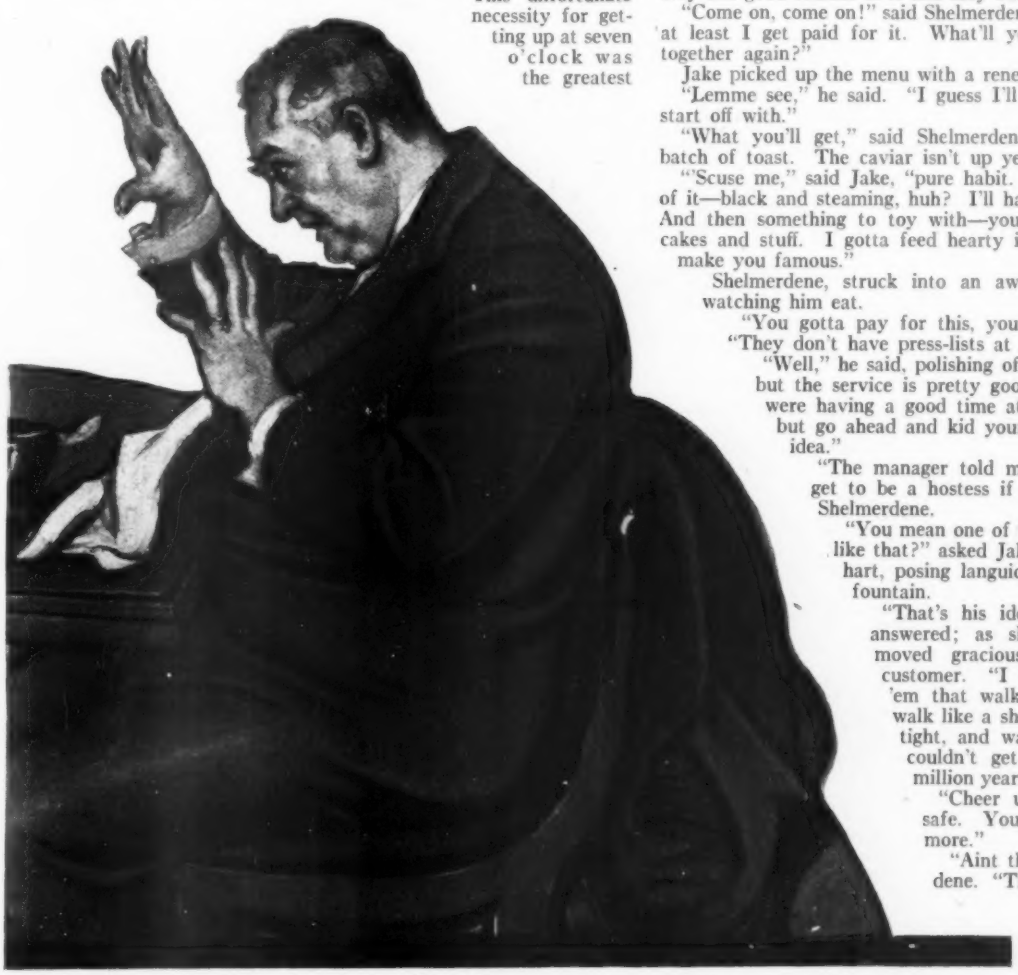
"The manager told me yesterday that I might get to be a hostess if I was a smart girl," said Shelmerdene.

"You mean one of them Lillian Russell things like that?" asked Jake, nodding at Miss Urquhart, posing languidly in front of the water-fountain.

"That's his idea of my ambition," she answered; as she spoke Miss Urquhart moved graciously forward to greet a customer. "I wonder where they teach 'em that walk," she went on. "I can walk like a show-girl, and walk like I'm tight, and walk like a waitress, but I couldn't get on to that amble in a million years."

"Cheer up!" said Jake. "You're safe. You only got about ten days more."

"Aint that grand?" said Shelmerdene. "Then I get back to a natural life, huh? Go into another flop show and begin wondering about another job!" *(Please turn to page 115)*



with all the strength of her arms she banged her prospective employer on the bald spot.

Clinical Case *147*

Or Solitude, where *are* Thy *charms?*

by Nunnally Johnson

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

Everybody makes errors; the foreman of the construction-gang was correcting his, with the result that residents had to come through their street with alpen-stocks.

ALL in all, I regard this as one of the most interesting cases that ever came under my professional observation.

Amos R. Sniffen was a bookkeeper employed at a fair wage in a publishing house on lower Fourth Avenue. Married, but childless, he lived with his wife in a comfortable apartment west of, and a half block distant from Central Park. They were a devoted couple, deeply in love and very happy in their home until, about six months ago, early one morning a great blast was heard outside their window, followed fifteen minutes later by two more, louder than the first. When Mr. Sniffen investigated he found that the city had decided to build a new subway past his corner. When questioned by Mr. Sniffen, the foreman of the gang at the corner said that he felt sure that everything would be completed and the street all neatly cleared up again by the fall of 1942, or a year or so later at the outside.

To the normal city-dweller this would certainly have come as no surprise, for the city is always building subways past the corner, and blasting too. But this instance was complicated in Mr. Sniffen's mind by the fact that the Moscowitz Brothers, who the previous year had torn down a thirty-story building just outside Mr. Sniffen's bedroom window, to make way for a forty-story building, were now busy tearing down the forty-story building to make way for a fine new fifty-story building, and the riveters were already tuning up a bit. Nor would even this have been so terrible had it not been that the gas people, or the waterworks people, or the sewer people—Mr. Sniffen was never able to find out exactly which outfit it was—had just discovered that the new pipes they had laid in the street the preceding spring should by rights have been planted three blocks north. Everybody, as the foreman laughingly acknowledged to Mr. Sniffen, makes errors. At the moment he was engaged in correcting his, with the result that residents usually had to come through their street with alpen-stocks.

Altogether these urban trifles had combined to irritate Mr. Sniffen, which indicated to me very clearly that he was emotionally not adapted to New York City life. The truth of the matter, as I ascertained later, was that he was suffering from a form of hyperæsthesia. Little things bothered him. Coming to the city from a small town in the South but a few years before, his nerves, far from hardening to the demands of metropolitan existence, had on the contrary suffered cruelly, until this combination of circumstances left them raw and throbbing.

My advice, when he came to me, was, briefly, that to save himself a complete breakdown he should move out of Manhattan to some quiet suburb, where the fresh air, the sweet relief from the rasping speed and noise of the city, and the rest of peaceful evenings would tend to soothe and heal his tortured nervous system.

"There in the twilight," I explained, "on your own lawn, breathing the sweet fragrance of fresh-cut privet and of honeysuckle, with a single star pin-pointing your blue heaven, you will gather

. . .

strength and sustenance to carry you through your next day."

"I had never thought of it in that light," he admitted.

"You will find that I am correct," I said.

The next time I saw him was in December. He was, as the saying goes, another man: bright, cheerful, happy. He had moved out to Port Neck on Long Island the latter part of October, he told me, and was delighted with it. Mrs. Sniffen had found a charming cottage at the end of a blind street, with an adequate lawn and a large shade-tree, and it was as quiet of evenings there as ever his little home in the South had been.

"Of course we haven't had a chance to sit on the lawn as yet," he said. "We got out there after the cold weather had set in. But beside the open fire on cold evenings, with no sound from without except the rush and whistle of a thwarted wind, I have found a calm and a peace I would not have thought possible so near the city."

"The summer," I said, "you will find even better."

"I can scarcely wait," he said.

So much of the responsibility for what happened was mine. And up to this point I was highly gratified with the results, as anyone would have been. Myself, I have never lived in a suburb of New York, or of any large city, and so my conceptions of them were naturally based on hearsay.

Months passed before this case was again brought to my attention, and then indirectly. It was late in May, with the first real warmth of spring over the city; I was in my club when another member, a Mr. Finis, whom I knew but slightly, and liked less, spoke of it to me.

"What," he asked, "is the matter with this fellow Sniffen?"

"Sniffen?" I replied. "What Sniffen is this?"

"Amos R. Sniffen," he said. "Isn't he a patient of yours?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "What of him?"

"Well," he said, "he moved out into our neighborhood in Port Neck a few months ago and seemed like quite a nice chap—what we saw of him. But last night he bared his teeth at me."

"Bared his teeth at you!"

"Through the window," Mr. Finis said.

"But why should he bare his teeth at you?" I asked.

"Exactly what Mrs. Finis asked me. Why should he bare his teeth at me, of all people? I thought you, being his doctor, might be able to shed some light on such behavior."

I couldn't, of course. The man was somewhat highly strung, to be sure, but there was nothing in his condition to account for teeth-baring. Mr. Finis' story was, briefly, that he and Mrs. Finis were sitting in their solarium, as I believe he called it, enjoying a radio concert. It was a few minutes after nine. They had just come in from the lawn, night having fallen, and when they waved amiably to Mr. Sniffen, seated on his own lawn, he had merely acknowledged the greeting with a glum look.

"At the time," Mr. Finis said, "I thought nothing of it."

But chancing to glance out of a window of the solarium he had seen Mr. Sniffen standing there, glaring in, and when Mr. Finis caught his eye Sniffen had bared his teeth three times, making grimaces that Mr. Finis could only interpret as unfriendly. Then, without saying a word, Mr. Sniffen had walked away, toward his own home.

"Such actions," Mr. Finis said, " are calculated to upset a man."

I agreed.

"I don't like it," he said.

"Nor would I," I admitted. "But by the way, how did you know he was a patient of mine?"

"He told me," Finis explained. "We chatted a few minutes on the way to town when he first came out and he told me you had suggested his getting away to the quiet of a suburb."

"I see."

"The suburbs are the best place in the world," he said, "especially for reception."

"Reception?"

"Radio reception," he said.

His story interested me to a degree, but my professional services to Mr. Sniffen had not been sufficient to warrant further investigation. I did not feel, at this time, that I had the right to inquire into his singular behavior; if I were needed, or wanted, it was he who should make the advances.

Indeed, the matter might have passed once again from my mind but that two weeks later, once more in my club, Mr. Finis approached me in company with another gentleman who had been his guest in the dining-room.

"Doctor," he said, "allow me to present Mr. Pepper, one of my Port Neck neighbors. We were just discussing your patient Mr. Sniffen, again at dinner, and Mr. Pepper was telling me a very curious thing about him that happened the other night. I thought you might be interested."

"Naturally," I said. "What was this, Mr. Pepper?"

"Well," said Mr. Pepper, "I can't say that I know Mr. Sniffen very well. Just passed the time of day once or twice with him during the winter. I mean I don't know what kind of chap he is,

ordinarily. What happened was, the other evening Mrs. Pepper and I were sitting in our solarium listening to a radio program when I heard, out on my lawn, a low growl."

"He thought at first it was a dog," Mr. Finis explained.

"That's what I thought it was, a dog," Mr. Pepper agreed. "In fact, I said to Mrs. Pepper, 'That sounds like a dog.' But she said, 'Why should a dog be growling at us?' I said, 'I know of no reason.'"

"There *was* no reason," Mr. Finis said.

"Anyway," Mr. Pepper went on, with a grateful nod to his friend, "I looked out, and what should I find but Mr. Sniffen crouched on my lawn and growling at me!"

"Tell Doctor Cutler what he had in his hand," said Mr. Finis.

"He had a monkey-wrench in his hand," Mr. Pepper said, "and when I looked out he hammered the monkey-wrench on the grass and growled something like this—" And Mr. Pepper emitted a blood-curdling noise so remarkably adapted to a gorilla, full-grown, that several of our older, more nervous members leaped from their chairs, pale and trembling. "Like that," he said, obviously pleased with his talent for mimicry.

"What do you make of that?" Mr. Finis asked.

"It's all most extraordinary," I confessed. "When Mr. Sniffen came to me he was unquestionably in a neurotic state, but I found nothing to indicate any such behavior as this. I truly believed that a move to the suburbs would correct his condition immediately."

"There's no place like the suburbs," Mr. Pepper said. "Especially for distance."

"Distance?"

"I got Duluth the other night," he replied. "I got a band out there that was playing the 'Maine Stein Song' and you could hear it just like it was next door."

"I got Atlanta Friday night," Mr. Finis said.

"Anything good?" Mr. Pepper inquired.

"I got the 'Maine Stein Song' too," Mr. Finis answered, "and I never heard it played better."

"It's a very pretty piece," Mr. Pepper said.

"They played it fine in Atlanta," Mr. Pepper stated.

Now this second report served to capture my complete attention. There was something mysterious here. Discounting the nonsensical gibberish with which the Messrs. Finis and Pepper garnished their stories, there still remained the fact that Mr. Sniffen's actions, as related to me, bore no relationship whatever with the diagnosis as I had made it. Psychiatry is surely no exact science, but here was a divergence too abnormal to be overlooked.

The next morning I had my office nurse get the Sniffen home on the telephone. Mrs. Sniffen was there and it was she to whom I wished to speak; her observations would convey more than his at this point.

"Mrs. Sniffen," I said, "this is Doctor Cutler speaking. I suppose you know that Mr. Sniffen called on me some months ago regarding his nervousness and that it was I who suggested his getting away from the noisy city."

"The what kind of city?" she asked.

"The noisy city," I repeated. "It was my belief that the natural turbulence of metropolitan life was what was upsetting him, and I felt that the peace and calm of suburban life would help him. I'm just calling now to see how he is getting on."

"You should have suggested Matteawan," she replied.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Last night," she said, "Mr. Sniffen got 'I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes' out of a hollyhock."

"I'm afraid," I said, "that we are talking at cross-purposes."

"I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes," she said again.

"Now?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Out of a hollyhock," she insisted.

"Mrs. Sniffen," I said, "perhaps we had better start all over again. This is Doctor Cutler speaking. I'm just calling to find out how Mr. Sniffen is getting along."

"That's what I'd like to tell you," she said, and then related to me one of the most extraordinary and, as it seemed to me then, preposterous stories I ever heard.

It appeared that, true to Mr. Sniffen's earlier report to me, their first months in Port Neck had been delightful. He had found the commuting cheerier and more comfortable than he had expected, and in roomier quarters, free from the sounds of riveting and blasting, he and Mrs. Sniffen had spent one happy evening after another.

"But this is nothing," he had said at intervals; "wait until summer comes and we can sit on our own lawn."

The street where they had settled was a good mile and a half from the railroad station, in a very sparsely built neighborhood. In fact, but for the six other cottages, with their small, neat lawns, on this single street, there was no other house for several blocks around. It was a tight little community—very snug and well-knit.

Their neighbors the Sniffens had spoken to them casually. There were morning greetings, a hail or a word in passing, a friendly exchange of small-talk when Mrs. Sniffen encountered the women of the neighborhood in the village. But the acquaintanceships, for indifferent reasons, went no further. There was no intra-neighborhood visiting, either formal or informal. The Sniffens were happy alone.

"And we'll be happier too," he had reminded her, "when warm weather permits us to get outdoors."

Finally warm weather came, and with it the beginning of Mr. Sniffen's absurd eccentricities. Summer burst through the cold, and joyously the Sniffens, as well as the other residents of the street, killed their furnaces and threw wide their windows and doors and luxuriated in the fresh air and soft zephyrs that played through the bright rooms. All that first day of warm weather Mrs. Sniffen sang.

"That is," she explained, "nearly all day I sang; but as it chanced, Mrs. Finis was also singing, as well as Mrs. Pepper and Mrs. Pincus—and inasmuch as we never chanced to hit on the same song at the same time, there were often moments of confusion when I thought it best to pause for a while. Still, I was happy."

That evening they sat on their lawn. They had music out there. The Sniffens had no radio, but the Finises and the Peppers both had theirs on, and as the windows of their solaria were up, the Sniffens got the full benefit of the entertainment. Later in the evening the Pincuses turned the switch on their set, giving the

"I looked out, and what should I find but Mr. Sniffen crouched on my

street—the Sniffens naturally included—three entirely different but equally splendid programs.

"There's a hell of a lot of music in the suburbs," Mr. Sniffen remarked that first evening.

"You've taken the words right out of my mouth," Mrs. Sniffen agreed.

It was around the middle of the second week of the summer season that Mr. Sniffen's behavior began to trouble his wife. The first indication that everything was not right came in the middle of the night. She was sound asleep, she said, when a kind of roaring singing, right in the bedroom, brought her leaping from the bed. Her husband, apparently still wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, was standing in the middle of his bed, waving his arms and shouting a lyric which she remembered approximately as follows:

To the gods! To the fates!
To the rulers of men and their destinies!
To the lips! To the eyes!
To the girls who will love us some day!

At this point Mrs. Sniffen said she barged into his bed and shook him out of it. He was much confused, recollected nothing, he said, and laid the whole occurrence to a piece of cold meat he had sneaked out of the ice-box and eaten just before retiring.

"Either that," he said, "or something is beginning to prey on my mind."

At eight o'clock that morning they were wakened by "Cryin' for the Carolines" as rendered by some one introduced as the Poet of the Pipe-Organ, in the middle of which a loud voice from the Pincus home started shouting, "Cheerio, everybody!" As they started dressing, this odd duet was joined by a bass voice from the Pepper domicile giving a detailed explanation of the Hawley-Snoot tariff bill, item by item.

Mr. Sniffen left for work that morning in something of a pet.

Two days later Mrs. Pincus came to Mrs. Sniffen and asked her please to keep Mr. Sniffen out of her rhododendron beds of evenings. Asked the reason for this surprising request, Mrs. Pincus said that Mr. Pincus, a nervous man himself, had been peering out of the window of their solarium the evening before and had been much startled to find Mr. Sniffen making his way through the flowers, bound apparently for the window itself.

"And if ever I saw a man with blood in his eye," Mrs. Pincus said, "it was Mr. Sniffen."

"What happened then?" Mrs. Sniffen asked.

"Nothing. Mr. Pincus gave him eye for eye, and he finally crawled back out of the yard and disappeared."

Bit by bit, with similar incidents, Mrs. Sniffen brought the account of Mr. Sniffen's behavior up to the preceding evening, when he achieved the unprecedented feat of getting "I'm Dancing With Tears in My Eyes" from a hollyhock, as well as many other quaint and curious phenomena, all conveyed to me second-hand; which is to say, what she had to tell me was altogether what Mr. Sniffen had told her.

It appeared that for several evenings past he had not gone out on the lawn as usual. Instead, he had closeted himself in a room on the second floor of the house, shutting the windows and bolting the doors. But this particular evening was unusually hot; roofs simmered under the brass heat that was untempered by even the faintest breeze. At eight o'clock Mr. Sniffen had burst from the room, drenched with perspiration and notably wild-eyed, and had gone out on the lawn, where he threw himself in a canvas chair and just lay there without moving a muscle, his eyes shut tight, for he does not remember how long.

At length, moved by some subconscious impulse, he rose, apparently in a somnambulistic state, and walked the length of the street, between the two short rows of houses, from each of which, through open windows, came, variously: "What Is This Thing Called Love?" "Give Yourself a Pat on the Back," "Springtime in the Rockies," "A Cottage for Sale," and other lovely melodies.

After a pause at the corner he drifted back, and still under impulse, stopped in front of the home of a Mr. Latham and called him loudly. Mr. Latham came to the bottom of his steps and stopped, evidently having been notified by other neighbors that Mr. Sniffen's behavior was not that of a man with both feet on the ground.

"What kind of a boiler-factory is that you've got?" Mr. Sniffen asked.

"If you are referring to my radio," Mr. Latham said, "it is an Imperial Super-Dynamic."

"Is your whole family deaf?" Mr. Sniffen asked then, without rancor.

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"I suppose not," Mr. Sniffen said. "I suppose all of you are like that."

"Like what?"

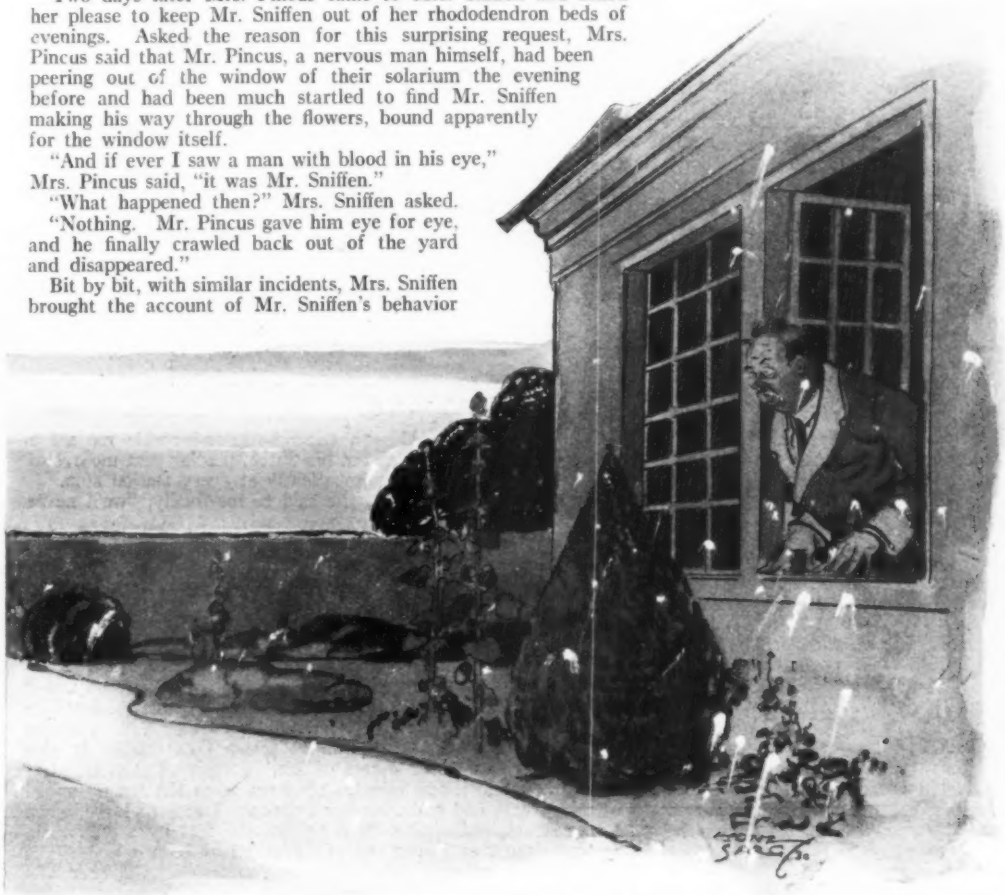
"Dopes," Mr. Sniffen said. "Thick-skulled, dumb-headed dopes."

"Listen," Mr. Latham began angrily, "if you think for a minute that I am going to stand for—"

"Very well," Mr. Sniffen said wearily, "come on out and I'll carve your gizzard right out of your body."

But Mr. Latham paused; then, concluding that whether Mr. Sniffen had both feet on the ground or not he talked remarkably like a man of his word, he muttered something and returned to his solarium. Mr. Sniffen stared lethargically after him and then, with a sigh, continued his stroll back to his own lawn. He walked once around his house and then came to a halt near his front door and stared absently at the tallest of the hollyhocks there.

There was nothing in physics to account for it, but when Mr.



lawn and growling at me! He had a monkey-wrench in his hand."

Sniffen had been staring at the hollyhock for about a minute a humming noise came from the topmost blossom. Interested, he peered closer. The hum became louder and then a voice emerged:

"Hello, everybody! It is now ten o'clock by courtesy of the Jim-Dandy Watch Company. The Five Lively Energy Eaters will begin their program with their own arrangement of 'I'm Dancing With Tears in My Eyes.' Let's go!"

"I'm not at all surprised," Mr. Sniffen said and sat down in front of the hollyhock. When the rendition was ended, Mr. Sniffen got up and went in the house, intending to waken Mrs. Sniffen, who had retired with a headache, and tell her of this extraordinary event. In the hall he looked at the clock, and as he looked, another hum came from its face and then again a voice. Quite prepared for it this time, Mr. Sniffen drew up a chair and waited.

"Now, kiddy-kiddies!" said the voice. "Let's all put on our wishing-caps and just wish-wishy ourselves up into the old icy-wicy land, with the Eskimos and polar bears and big ol' lumps of snow—"

Marveling, Mr. Sniffen heard the story through, and then, a thought occurring to him, he got up and went into the kitchen and opened the oven-door in the stove. There once more was the same hum and an orchestra, playing the "Maine Stein Song." He took the lid off the garbage-can; out of it came, "When the Little Red Roses Get the Blues for You." From the sink came, "Let Me Sing and I'm Happy."

Faster and faster he began to dart about the house, testing possible sources of radio entertainment From a bookshelf came a fast and completely incoherent account of a boat-race which the announcer admitted occasionally that he could not see. From a vase of nasturtiums he got a weather report, including a storm warning for ships in the North Atlantic. An umbrella-stand yielded a recipe for making a dainty salad out of an old carburetor and some shoe-laces. Nothing that he tried failed.

Exhausted at last, he put out the lights, all of which were singing "Pale Hands," and mounted slowly to the bedroom. Mulling the situation over, he turned on his bedside lamp and sat down to debate whether he should rouse his wife and astound her with his discoveries—when suddenly as he gazed at her face a hum started, a few sounds of static, and finally a deep bass voice.

"Rastus," it rumbled, "now Ah *is* regusted!"

Shaking his head sadly, Mr. Sniffen turned off the light, removed his clothes, and got into bed. . . .

This was the story that Mrs. Sniffen related to me that morning. There was of course but one interpretation to it, and that was that, whether I liked it or not, I had slipped up somehow in my diagnosis and that here was something a good deal more serious than a fairly simple instance of hyperæsthesia.

"It's the radios that have got him," Mrs. Sniffen said.

"I'm afraid," I told her, "that it is nothing so simple as that."

"Simple!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean—simple!"

"I've heard the radio," I explained. "It may have its faults, but it is scarcely capable of creating, alone, this situation. I wish that you would ask Mr. Sniffen to drop in to see me tomorrow."

"No," she objected, "I think you should come out here. During the day he is quite all right; it is the evenings that get him. I want you to come out tomorrow evening, have dinner, and just talk the thing over together here at home."

In the end I capitulated. I have never made a practice of visiting patients this way, but these circumstances did alter the case. The next afternoon, late, I was aboard a train bound for Port Neck. Mr. Sniffen's condition interested me vastly.

Abandoning words for action, he stepped forward, clearly bent on tearing Mr. Pepper's gizzard out.

The car was crowded with commuters, and beside me sat a gentleman who kept pulling out his watch, peering past me out of the window, and muttering impatiently at every station stop.

"If he doesn't step on it," he said to me finally, "we'll never make it."

"Make what?" I asked politely.

"Sam 'n' Rastus," he replied in some surprise.

"Friends of yours?" I inquired.

"Sam 'n' Rastus!"

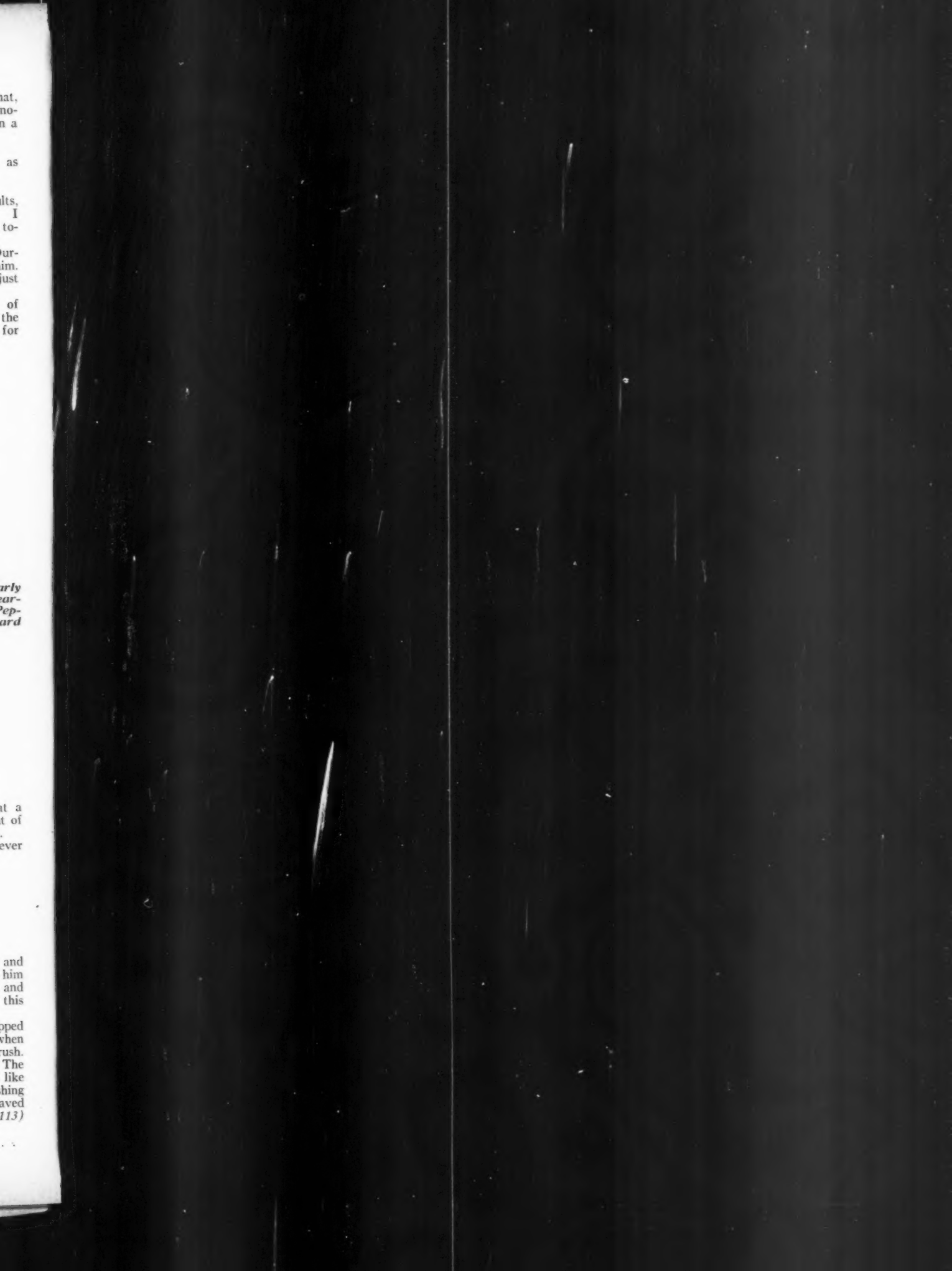
"I say, are they friends of yours?" I repeated.

"You mean you never heard of *Sam 'n' Rastus?*"

"If you would mention their last names—" I suggested.

But he did not reply. He simply stared at me blankly, and then got up and found another seat farther up the car. I saw him whispering to a group of other men and then they all turned and looked at me curiously. I fell to wondering whether in this group there were some others of Mr. Sniffen's neighbors.

It was within a few minutes of seven when the train stopped at Port Neck, and gathering my brief-case I rose to leave, when I was struck and almost thrown from my feet by a wild rush. It was almost as if the cry of "Fire!" had been raised. The Port Neck contingent of commuters swept down the aisle like mad men, and plunged pell-mell from the vestibules. Rushing frantically for private cars and taxicabs, they shouted and waved their arms. I was appalled. *(Please turn to page 113)*



In Tune *with* Our Times

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

HARRIET HOCTOR

Will-o'-the-wisp of the dance; most delightful of the recent discoveries of that supreme judge of the graces, Ziegfeld.

Photo by Lazarnick

OLIVE SHEA

Eyes of blue, hair of reddish gold, eighteen years old—inspirer of another such poem as "Kathleen Mavourneen," had she been born in Erin. Being American, she has posed for McClelland Barclay and James Montgomery Flagg; broadcasted and been awarded the title, "Most Beautiful Radio Artist in America"; played in sound pictures for Paramount and Warner Brothers, and now is being "lent" by Hollywood to the Broadway stage.

Photo by Warner Bros.

JOHN BARRYMORE

Prince Regent of the great American dramatic dynasty of the Barrymores, and who now has a daughter to succeed some day to the throne of favor. He is shown as "Moby Dick."

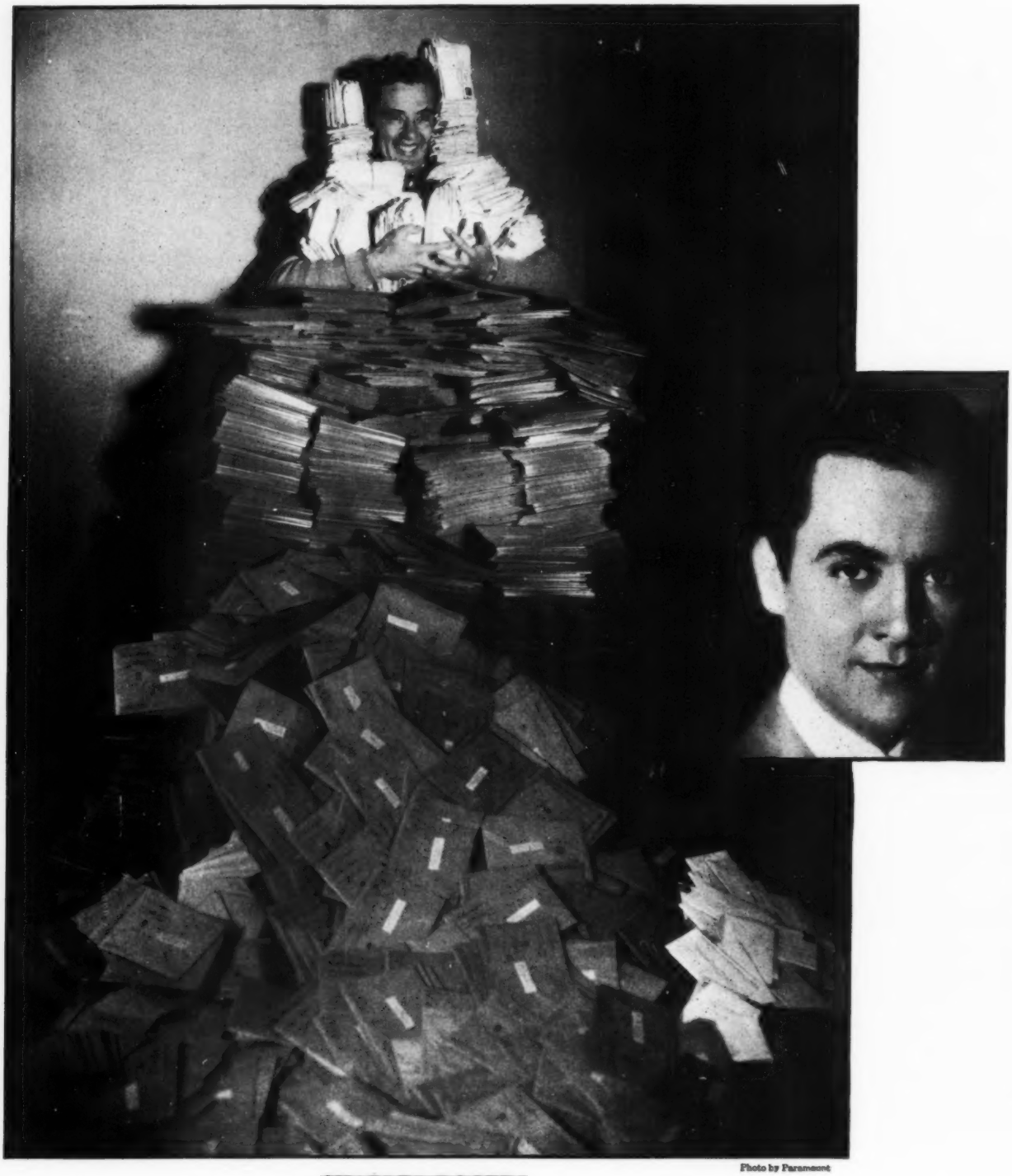


Photo by Paramount

CHARLES ROGERS

Otherwise "Buddy"—and one of the best reasons why young ladies write letters. Above is shown one use they may be put to. Apparently, the pile is partly composed of photographs ready to mail out in answer. Mr. Rogers' current picture is "Safety In Numbers."

Photo by Lasarnick

HELEN MORGAN

She crooned her way from a Chicago cabaret to the chorus of Ziegfeld's "Sally"; and then to the lead in "Sweet Adeline." She sits on pianos instead of playing them and everybody applauds.

Photo by Paul H. Reynolds

Garnet Carter

Otherwise "Tom Thumb from Tennessee" who had the foresight to add bunkers, traps and all sorts of engaging troubles to an ordinary putting-green and who thereby started a business — indeed a national industry — which has defied alike panic and drought throughout all this doleful year.

Photo by Harris & Ewing

Arthur Somers and Ethel Pettit Roche

If a man may make a book, so may a book make a man; and "Loot" and Arthur Somers Roche owe this reciprocal debt to each other. Seldom is there an instantaneous hit like that; more seldom still such an increase in popularity as has come to his writings. And his wife wrote that sensational success, "Move Over!"

Above are the Roches, husband and wife; and upon another page, "The Reckless Adventures of Lydia Grey."

Alice Lee Roosevelt Longworth

Silent (and undoubtedly wise) the Sphinx about public men and affairs, daughter of our most outspoken President, and wife of the Speaker of the House. At right, Mrs. Longworth and her daughter Paulina.

Winnie Lightner

The tomboy of the talkies was born, not made, that way. She is one of the few favored with a way of her own so popular that she is paid splendidly, merely for being herself. Vaudeville and "Gay Paree," George White's "Scandals" and the London Kit Kat Club preceded, in her career, "Hold Everything."

Photo by Warner Bros.

Floyd Gibbons

His is the radio staccato that thrills of adventure. He went down on the submarined *Laconia* and his story of it was read in Congress. He lost an eye at Chateau Thierry and the other has picked most fascinating paths of peril since.

Ruth Eastman

is a portrayer of our neighbors and of ourselves who depicts with unusual skill the freedom and gayety of young people. Every little decade boasts a boldness all its own and upon another page of this magazine you may observe the decorative assertiveness of a young lady of our day.

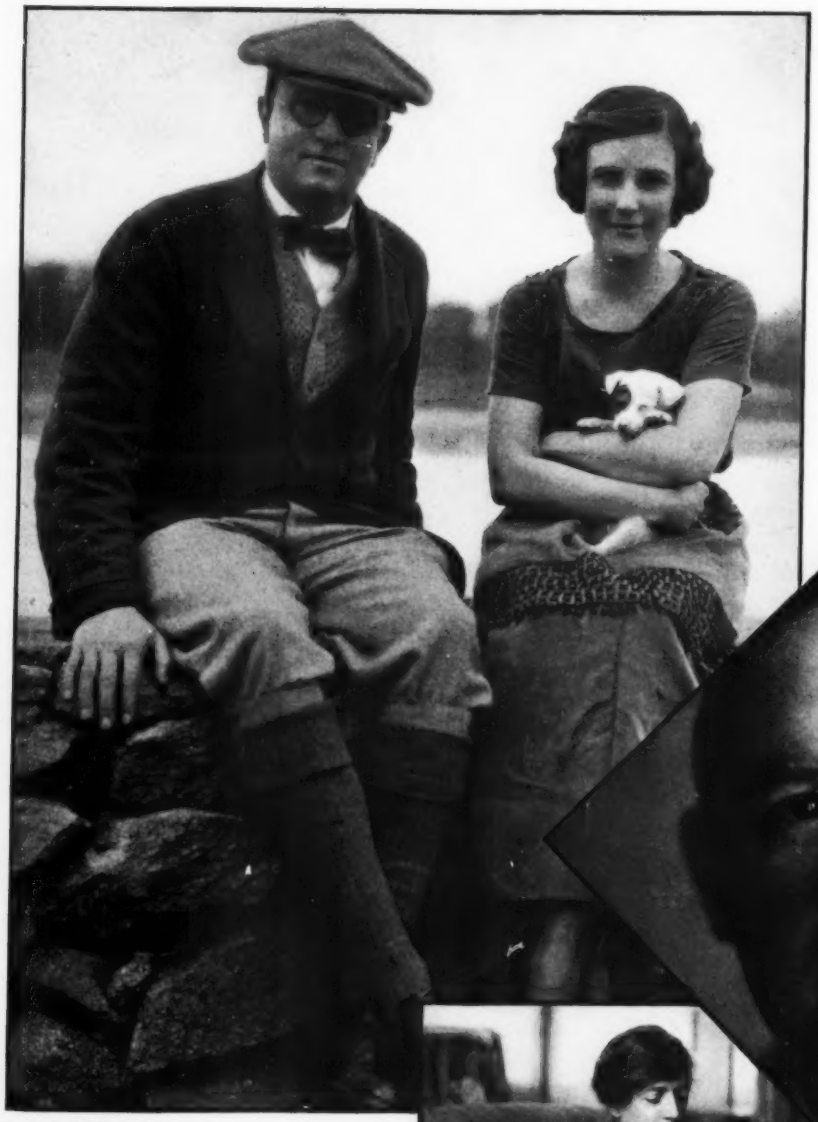


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Photo by Russell Ball

ANN HARDING

who has triumphed alike in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," in "Strange Interlude" in "Paris Bound" and in "Holiday."

The *Slower* Rhythm

by Angelo Patri

Decoration by Franklin Booth

IT is the impulse of man to dominate wherever, whenever he can. Where two or three are gathered, there is strife for leadership, a struggle for the authoritative word, for the power to extend the self into the selves of others. The impulse to grasp life and wrench it into step with one's own idea of progress makes for progress. It gives one a motive for living and for doing, and justification is sweet.

If that were all, life would be very simple; but limited by the threat of three score years and ten, man searches for shortcuts and time-savers. What so pat to the occasion as his fist? Force is the obvious way for the hurried reformer, the pressed employer, the worried parent and teacher.

Now, a punch in the eye is not the best stimulant to clear vision. It is better far to praise the keen eyesight of the disciple, and invite him to mount the slight eminence on which you stand to enjoy a better view. A note of comradeship, a hint of friendship, a common ground of understanding of common things, will open wide the mind to a new idea. Any suggestion of force shuts it tight in your face.

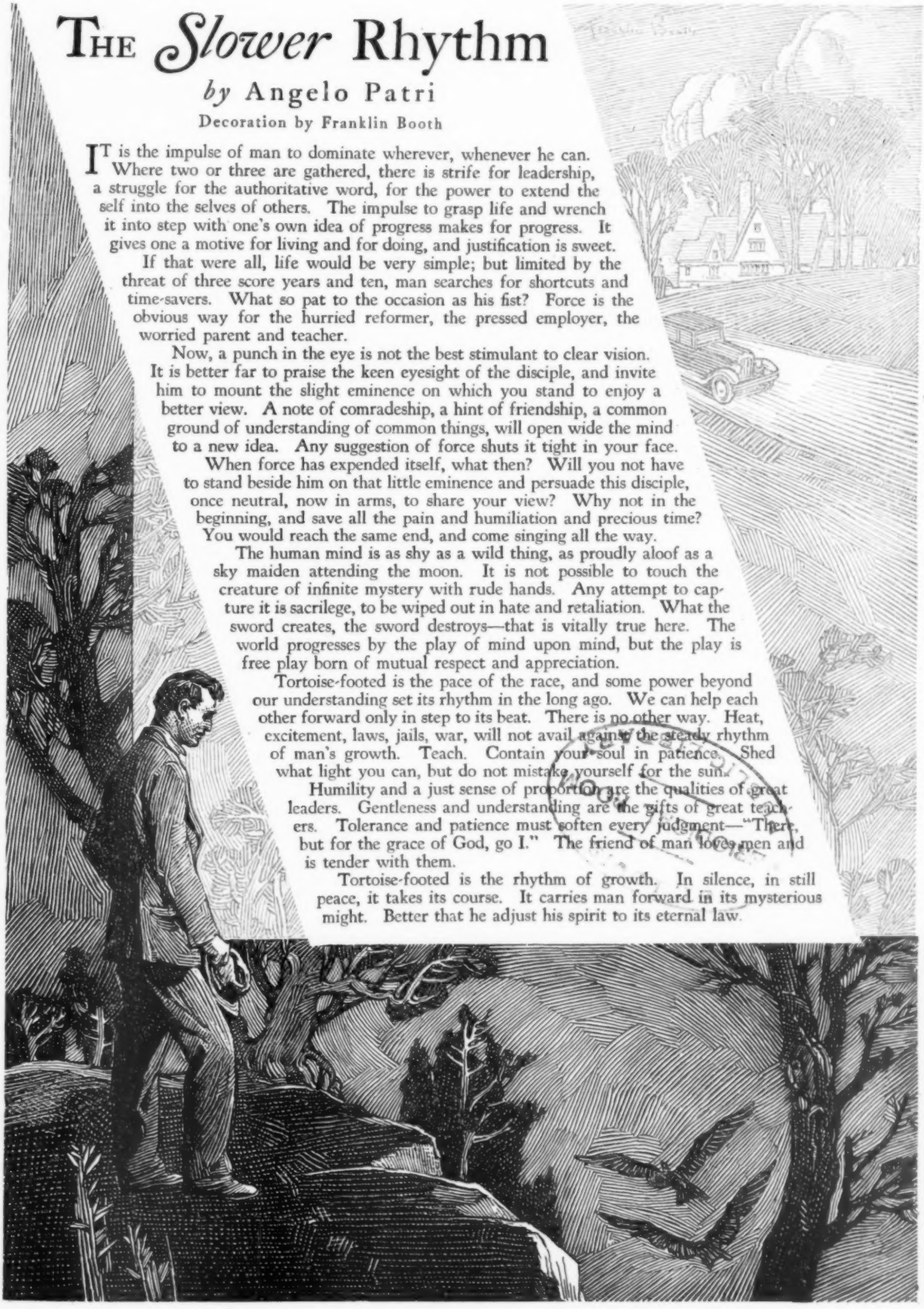
When force has expended itself, what then? Will you not have to stand beside him on that little eminence and persuade this disciple, once neutral, now in arms, to share your view? Why not in the beginning, and save all the pain and humiliation and precious time? You would reach the same end, and come singing all the way.

The human mind is as shy as a wild thing, as proudly aloof as a sky maiden attending the moon. It is not possible to touch the creature of infinite mystery with rude hands. Any attempt to capture it is sacrilege, to be wiped out in hate and retaliation. What the sword creates, the sword destroys—that is vitally true here. The world progresses by the play of mind upon mind, but the play is free play born of mutual respect and appreciation.

Tortoise-footed is the pace of the race, and some power beyond our understanding set its rhythm in the long ago. We can help each other forward only in step to its beat. There is no other way. Heat, excitement, laws, jails, war, will not avail against the steady rhythm of man's growth. Teach. Contain your soul in patience. Shed what light you can, but do not mistake yourself for the sun.

Humility and a just sense of proportion are the qualities of great leaders. Gentleness and understanding are the gifts of great teachers. Tolerance and patience must soften every judgment—"There, but for the grace of God, go I." The friend of man loves men and is tender with them.

Tortoise-footed is the rhythm of growth. In silence, in still peace, it takes its course. It carries man forward in its mysterious might. Better that he adjust his spirit to its eternal law.



Murder in ROOM 700

by Mary Hastings Bradley

What strange *conceal-ments* come to light, when a *great* man of *Broadway* is murdered!

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

"Here's the finger-

The Story So Far:

VIRGINIA CHANNING looked with horror at the dead man she had just dragged from the floor to the bed. She had scraped the monogram from her dressing-case and tucked some of the fittings about her—the silver slippers too, the wisp of a nightgown. She dared not go out carrying the case—her going must look natural and yet leave no trace.

Downstairs she said to the night clerk: "Is there a drug-store near? I must have a prescription filled."

She went to the drug-store—the clerk might be watching—then out and down the street. She couldn't go home—not at two in the morning. She took a subway to Brooklyn—another back to New York—a couple of taxi rides. On Sixth Avenue boys were crying the papers. "Murder—all about the hotel murder." She saw a headline: "Prominent Playwright Murdered—*Woman Companion Fled.*"

In a white-table restaurant she read the details. And now the morning was sufficiently advanced that she might go home.

"Is Miss Nina awake?" she asked her maid.

"No, ma'am, she came home after you left—was packing till late."

"Don't wake her—she doesn't sail till noon."

The bell rang. A visitor—important, he told the maid. Perhaps a reporter—already. Of course it was natural—Virginia Channing had been Philip Darrow's good friend.

It was another good friend of Philip's—one she had never happened to meet—Stephen Ryder, the Assistant District Attorney. He went straight to the point. "Could you give me any hint of the woman who was with him?"

She met his look frankly. "Not an idea or a hint."

"No concealment, please. You see I drew his will."

She looked amazed.

"Don't you know he left you his entire fortune?" he asked, and could not tell whether her surprise was real or feigned.

She stood up. "My daughter sails this noon for Europe. I am very busy."

He mustn't see Nina. He was going at last. She opened her bag to take out a handkerchief—and a hotel key clattered to the floor. She reached it before he did, but he had seen what it was. It was a friend's, she said—had been forgotten; she was returning it.

But Ryder, unconvinced, refused to accept this story, and to leave. He remained with her, indeed, until Nina had sailed. Then again he resumed his probing inquiry.

His glance disconcerted her. Breathlessly she said: "Yes, that was the key to his room. I am the woman who escaped. But I did not kill him. I was there to see him—to comfort him; you know how long his wife had been incurably insane—that he wanted a divorce to marry some one else—and that his brother-in-law had threatened to sue him for bigamy if he did divorce his wife. A bellboy came in and I stepped into the bedroom. When I came back he was shot—dying. That is all I know. You saw the key, so I decided to be truthful and have you help me instead of hunt me. Don't drag me in; I am an innocent woman. It would kill my child. Go hunt for the real criminal. I'll help all I can."

And Stephen Ryder, looking in her lovely beseeching eyes, hesitated as to his next move in hunting down Philip Darrow's murderer. *(The story continues in detail:)*

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IT was a wide field. In the taxi, on the way downtown, Ryder stared grimly at the problem. This was none of those convenient little house-party murders where you can count the suspects and find the footprints in the snow. The field for suspicion was as unlimited as Darrow's contacts.

A man was killed. Somewhere in his life he had aroused the animosity that had killed him. Find the animosity.

He did not doubt Virginia Channing's story. He reflected a little on his certainty of her unsupported word, for she had lied like a trooper during their first interview—but believe her he did. Only—he was not sure but that she was keeping something back. Was she shielding some man?

Darrow might not have been the only man in her life Her husband had been dead for ten years. Other men must have wanted to marry her. Darrow's ambiguous relation was explained by the impossibility of his marrying her; but there might well have been another, more legal aspirant, resenting, even to mad violence, Darrow's intru-

prints, one showing half a hand—got that off the door."

As Ryder bent over the photograph he was seeing Virginia Channing standing in terror.

sion. . . . And women are fanatically loyal to men who love them, even when they do not return the love.

It would bear thinking of.

He made one stop on the way to his appointment. He stopped at the Eastgate Hotel and wandered through the lobby to examine the entrance again, in the light of his new suspicions. He saw that the secondary entrance, at an angle from the main lobby, gave an approach to the elevators that might well be unseen by anyone at the desk.

Also there were stairs. They were continuous to the third floor, then their place was shifted farther to the rear. After the seventh floor there was another shift in the location of the stairs up to the fourteenth story, which was the last.

Some one who knew where Darrow's suite was, would have had no difficulty in gaining a stealthy entry to it.

At the desk Ryder disclosed his identity to the clerk, a young, foreign-looking chap, fulsomely hearty.

"I couldn't tell you a thing more than I did the other man from your office, Mr. Ryder. You know we're right with you—we haven't a thing to hide. I couldn't identify the woman. Mr. Dakin, the night clerk—he comes on at eleven—says that he could, all right. He saw her leave. All I got was a glimpse of some woman, smart-looking and pretty. She was standing out in the lobby, with the boy carrying the bag, while Mr. Deering—that's the name we knew him by—well, Mr. Deering comes up to me and says he's going to talk some matters over with his sister for awhile. They have some family matters to talk over, he says. I shot a look at her then, and she looked all right—like a sister of his might be, I mean. It was all right with me. That's all there was to it. The boy took them up—the boy that was carrying their bag."

"I suppose he'd know her again?"

"He says he aint sure—but the elevator-boy says he would—says she was an eyeful. Class all over. You can talk to them now, if you like," the clerk offered.

"Never mind. We can identify her all right—if we get her," Ryder returned. "What I want to know now—did you have anybody coming in here, after Mr. Darrow, who was a bit unusual? Who else took a room?"

"I can tell you that right off. No one but the Greelands, a couple from Newark that have been here before and a drummer called Sloane. He's been here before, too."

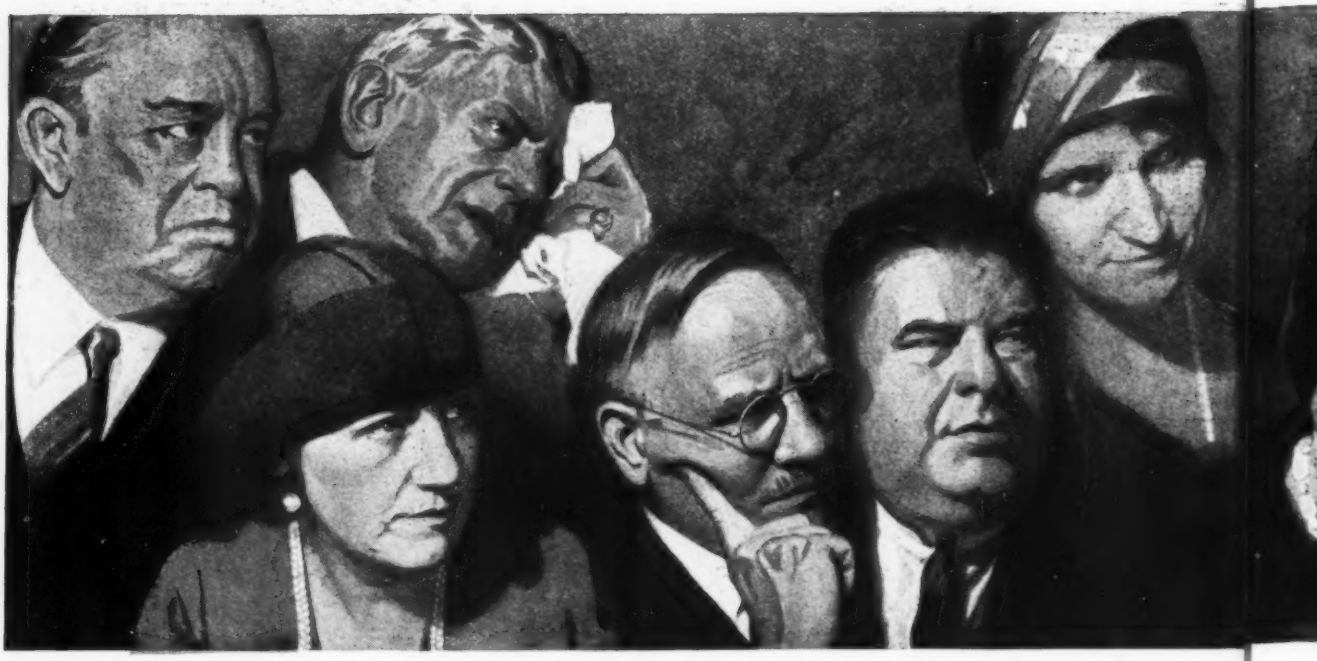
"Did anybody ask for Mr. Darrow—Mr. Deering, that is?"

The clerk reflected. "Nobody—that I know of. He seldom had people coming—he was here to work, he said. But sometimes there was a messenger-boy."

"A messenger-boy? Then somebody else must have been keeping in touch with him here."

"Yeah—or he could have left work to be copied or something and had it sent him. I don't know. He never said exactly what he did; said he was a copywriter or something. We got a big kick out of finding out who he was," said the clerk enthusiastically. "A real swell, wasn't he? One of the Broadway boys. . . . Yeah, society, too. No wonder the papers are scratching round."

"You are sure no one followed him in last evening?"



"Well, say, I'll ask the doorman. —Jim!"

The lounging negro at the door, who had been watching the colloquy, came forward.

"Jim comes on at noon and stays till midnight," the clerk explained, "three times a week—last night was his night on. Jim, this gentleman here is from Headquarters. He wants to ask you something."

"Yes, sir."

"Want to ask if you noticed anybody last evening, hanging about the entrance, or following Mr. Deering and the lady in."

"Following 'em in? No sir, no sir."

"Well, not *following* them, but just—just taking an interest."

"No sir; no sir. Nobody at all. . . . Just the old gentleman."

"The old gentleman? What about him?"

"Just an old party that steps up and says has Mr. Deering gone up? I looks and he's got into the elevator hall and I says he has and he says ne'mind, it can wait. He didn't want to bother him now, with the lady with him or something like that. Like it was no importance."

"I see." Ryder's voice was casual but his nerves were pricking. "Then what did he do?"

"Just nothing. Took himself away."

"What did he look like?"

"The old party? Oh, he looked like a preacher."

"A preacher? Was he tall?"

The doorman scratched his cheek. "No—kinda medium—just an old fella. And whiskery."

"He had a beard?"

"Well, there was hair on him."

"What color?"

"Kinda lightish gray—pretty old fella, I guess. Whispery sort of voice."

"Was he stout?"

"No *sir*—just a little old man. That's how I remembers him. Just a little old man."

"Would you know him again?"

"Well, now, if I see him again, I might. You know how it is—just an old fella asking for some one. I didn't give him two looks."

"Did he go in the lobby? Did he speak to you?" Ryder addressed the clerk.

"Never saw the fella."

"Then he couldn't have found out from you where Mr. Darrow's room was."

"Nope. Not from me."

"Could he have slipped around the side entrance and got up in the elevator with them?"

"No *sir,*" the doorman intervened, with his emphasis. "The el'vator was gone up when I looked in—they wasn't in sight, Mr. Deering and the lady. The old fella went away—down the street."

"Is the same elevator-boy on duty now?"

"Sure—he comes on at twelve. Get him over, Jim."

The boy was produced, eager to repeat his testimony. But Ryder cut him short in his description of the "classy dame." He wanted to know if the old man had approached him, had asked for Mr. Deering's room.

Nothing like that had happened, the boy said.

Had he taken any old man up in the elevator?

The boy shook his bullet head. "Don't recollect any at all of that description, sir. Course I take a lot of strangers up—people coming and going, all times. But nobody asked me nothing about Mr. Deering's room."

"Well, that's that." Ryder turned again to the clerk. "If something does come up—if anything occurs to you—let me know at once."

"Okay," said the clerk, with genial importance. "Say, Mr. Ryder, what do you think—"

But Ryder was back in his taxi, exhorting the man to make all speed to the Franklin Street entrance of the Criminal Courts Building.

Three men were in his office when he entered—Sergeant Devlin of the Homicide Bureau of the Detective Division of the New York Police Department, Detective Benson—one of his men—and Inspector Ascher, of the Detective Division.

Devlin was a long, loose-jointed individual, with a casual-seeming eye and the cynically jocose aspect of the old hand. A pendulous cigarette hung from his lips; his eyes were on the door as Ryder entered.

"Well, brother, got the murderess in your pocket?" was his greeting.

"Just what I haven't." Ryder dropped into a chair beside him.

"Too bad. Thought you were going to save our department a lot of work."

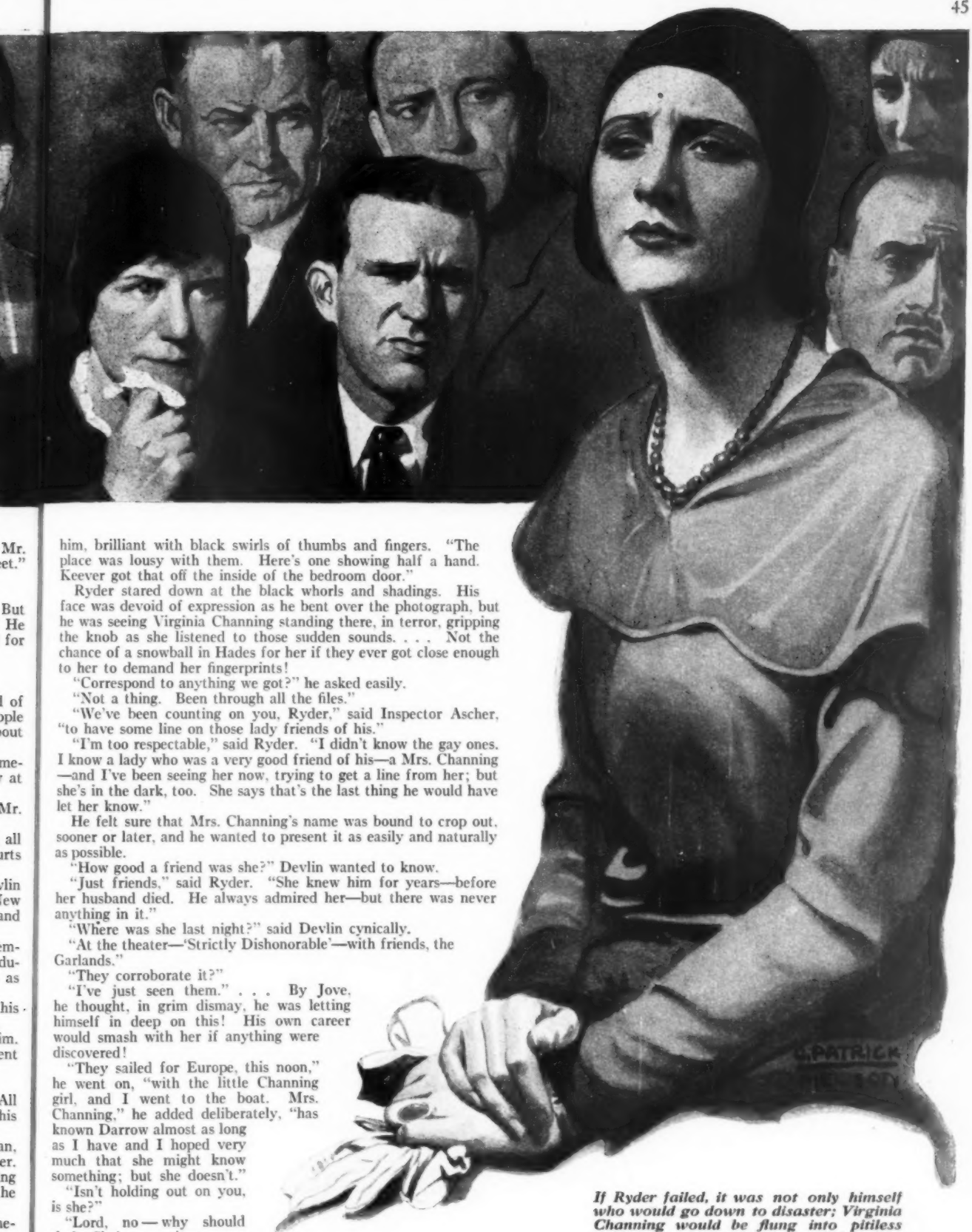
"Let me know what you have found," said Ryder.

"Not a damn' thing. Just as flat as we were this morning. All we know is that Darrow is dead as a door-nail from a bullet in his heart at the hands of person or persons unknown."

Ascher, who remembered Ryder's friendship for the dead man, said evenly, in his quiet voice, "Jorgensen's all through, Mr. Ryder. The remains are at Sill's mortuary. I understand you are making the arrangements for the funeral. We've locked the room at the hotel and left Walsh in charge."

"I've just been at the hotel—but not at the room. I've something to tell you later, but that can wait. Keever been over?"

"Here's the fingerprints." Devlin pushed a stack of papers to



him, brilliant with black swirls of thumbs and fingers. "The place was lousy with them. Here's one showing half a hand. Keever got that off the inside of the bedroom door."

Ryder stared down at the black whorls and shadings. His face was devoid of expression as he bent over the photograph, but he was seeing Virginia Channing standing there, in terror, gripping the knob as she listened to those sudden sounds. . . . Not the chance of a snowball in Hades for her if they ever got close enough to her to demand her fingerprints!

"Correspond to anything we got?" he asked easily.

"Not a thing. Been through all the files."

"We've been counting on you, Ryder," said Inspector Ascher, "to have some line on those lady friends of his."

"I'm too respectable," said Ryder. "I didn't know the gay ones. I know a lady who was a very good friend of his—a Mrs. Channing—and I've been seeing her now, trying to get a line from her; but she's in the dark, too. She says that's the last thing he would have let her know."

He felt sure that Mrs. Channing's name was bound to crop out, sooner or later, and he wanted to present it as easily and naturally as possible.

"How good a friend was she?" Devlin wanted to know.

"Just friends," said Ryder. "She knew him for years—before her husband died. He always admired her—but there was never anything in it."

"Where was she last night?" said Devlin cynically.

"At the theater—'Strictly Dishonorable'—with friends, the Garlands."

"They corroborate it?"

"I've just seen them." . . . By Jove, he thought, in grim dismay, he was letting himself in deep on this! His own career would smash with her if anything were discovered!

"They sailed for Europe, this noon," he went on, "with the little Channing girl, and I went to the boat. Mrs. Channing," he added deliberately, "has known Darrow almost as long as I have and I hoped very much that she might know something; but she doesn't."

"Isn't holding out on you, is she?"

"Lord, no — why should she? She's as anxious as we are to have Darrow's mur-

If Ryder failed, it was not only himself who would go down to disaster; Virginia Channing would be flung into pitiless publicity and into jeopardy of her life.

"I have no power to return this," Ryder was beginning—when Topsy Minn hurled herself upon him.

derer found. But she doesn't know a soul who hated him—except his brother-in-law. . . . Or rather," said Ryder thoughtfully, "it was Darrow who hated his brother-in-law. The man was blocking his divorce. Darrow had a furious row with him only yesterday—just before he came into my office."

"Swell!" said Devlin enthusiastically. "Can't we pin something on the brother-in-law? Who is the bird?"

"He's Henry Cass Bartlett."

Devlin gave a long whistle. "Laugh *that* off!" he observed. "But I'd sure like to pin something on Henry Cass Bartlett! What that snooper has cost me in trouble—"

For Bartlett was one of the men who feel themselves the custodians of public morals, busy with all enforcements, an untiring censor of plays and books. He was a well-known citizen of aggressive spirit, always taking a stand in the press, and making life uncomfortable for other-minded brethren.

"So Henry Bartlett is Phil Darrow's brother-in-law!" Devlin murmured. "Is he the brother of the crazy wife? . . . Well, I always knew he was a nut," he pronounced with satisfaction, and gave his cigarette a flip to the other side of the mouth where it hung, defying all laws of gravity. "But I don't just see him as shooting Darrow down."

"Hardly," said Inspector Ascher impatiently. "Bartlett might close one of Darrow's plays, but he would hardly murder—even for a bedroom scene. I think he is out of the picture."

"But he might have something on Darrow," Devlin cogitated. "You say they had a row yesterday? What was that about?"

Ryder told them, briefly.

"Naturally he didn't want to lose Darrow from the family," was Devlin's comment. "He was too good a thing. . . . By the way," he interjected, "who gets his money? He hadn't any kids. The crazy wife?"

"She did—in trust—until yesterday afternoon. Then Darrow was so mad at Bartlett he came into my office and made a new will."

"Now who gets it?"

"That will hasn't been opened. And I'd rather you didn't make this public yet. He left his estate—except an annuity for the wife's support—to Mrs. Channing. I feel there is nothing to be gained by dragging her into publicity."

He was conscious that Devlin was raking him with that slant-angled glance of his, and Ascher was staring fixedly.

"Give the public something to chew on," Devlin urged. "Seen the noon papers yet? *Hotel Murder Baffling Police—Mystery Woman Escapes the Law!* Oh, the press is howling for action."

"We'll give them action," Ryder promised grimly. "They will have plenty without Darrow's will. . . . I ask you to regard that as a confidence."

In the derisive eye that Devlin cocked at him was a quick and ribald speculation, but Ryder outstared him and said calmly: "Not so good, this publicity, when you know the people."

"How long you known this widow?" Devlin inquired.

"I couldn't tell you the exact number of years."

"I don't see that publishing the will does any good," Ascher agreed pacifically. "It would distract attention —but we are not here exactly to serve the press. We're after the woman."

"The murderer," Ryder amended.

"Same thing, isn't it? Don't you think so?"

"I think it looks like it," said Ryder cautiously. He leaned back, straightening his long legs under the table and lighted a cigarette. "But I hate snap conclusions. . . . I've been over that hotel. There's a second entrance to the elevators that's practically invisible to the desk. Anyone could have got to Darrow's room who knew where it was. And just after he entered a man came to the door and asked if Mr. Deering had gone in."

He related the details. "It may be anything or nothing," he concluded. "But we don't want to forget it. Somebody may have got up there, and shot him—perhaps out of jealousy. The woman may have beaten it in panic later."

"Why does she do that instead of giving information?"

"Her reputation," said Ryder promptly. "Even chorus-girls have reputations, Ascher! Besides, it might have been her husband. Even chorus-girls have husbands."

"Well, whether the man did it or the woman, the woman knows —and we want the woman," said Devlin. "And if he wanted to get married so bad that he rowed with his brother-in-law for standing him off a divorce, then there's some [*Please turn to page 120*]

Echo of Heart-beat

Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

A story *of* people who *attempted* to do what they *wanted*

by Philip Wylie

Last night Patricia had seized one isolated second in which to speak to him. "Good-night, Gibraltar!" That is what she had said.

IN the first copy of the Social Register, now more than forty years old, were less than enough names to make the full and famous quotient of the "Four Hundred." At present the same lofty blue-bound book holds the records of fifteen thousand families, together with their addresses in New York, Newport and Palm Beach. Over the intervening half-century every medium has been used to make their types and activities publicly familiar: screaming scandal headlines, witty week-end novels and modernistic sets in the Los Angeles studios.

To him who thinks of New York from afar, and often enough to him who walks daily along Fifth Avenue, these premier families represent the cream, the emblem, the essence of Manhattan. Yet in the vast rectangle of smart hotels and skyscraper apartments which rises to the east of Central Park there is another cohort much more representative, because it is much more numerous.

These people are not in the Social Register. They are not millionaires. Their names are not front-page material. They do not possess yachts. Nevertheless they are well-born and cultured; their incomes are expressed in five and sometimes six figures; the husbands' names appear in gold letters on the office doors of brokerage houses and law firms; in the summer they find each other at Deauville—in the winter at Miami.

Other points distinguish them from the myriads who live in the suburbs, the Broadway multitudes and the lower orders of the White Collar. For example, the men are always about forty years old and the women exactly thirty. Three nights out of seven they dress for dinner. They actually read the flow of books which have to do with unrest, be it religious, economic or marital. They see all the good shows, they sit in night-clubs, they attend the opera, they go to hockey-games and prize-fights, they play excellent bridge. Occasionally one of them slips into the Register, the millionaire class, or away to Reno.

Not fifteen thousand of them, but a hundred and fifty thousand —good-looking, debonair, sophisticated, faintly important. When they die, perhaps they go to heaven, although not many of them believe in a life hereafter. They have tried all the good things in life and found them pretty good. Conventions do not interest them; nor are they obsessed with a desire to violate the conventions. The husbands were in the War. They try most, probably, to be happy, and if they have discovered anything it is that the real substance on which life can be founded is very rare and elusive. Bill and Alice Hoyt, Perry and Patricia Baron were like that.

For early September, it was cold: top-coat cold in the city and fire-in-the-grate cold for those who had not yet left the country. The sky was the color of canvas. A steamship with three huge funnels allowed itself to be tugged disdainfully up the river and pushed against the long pier. In the mêlée beneath the dock-house Bill and Alice waited. Hand trucks rumbled over the concrete, bells jangled, whistles droned and coughed in the middle distance. A gangplank flopped ashore and people swarmed over it.

Bill saw them, waved, and for the tenth time looked directly into the dark blue eyes of Patricia Baron, to find them fixed on his face with intimate wondering. It was he who had insisted on the meeting at the pier: he wanted to know if that expression would still be in Patricia's eyes—after a wedding and a honeymoon. It was. So his inner, defensive mind promptly insisted that the soft, persuasive gaze was a trick to disconcert him. . . .

He broke his invisible reverie to wring Perry Baron's hand.

"Glad you're back. The town's missed you. Scrape your luggage together and get it ransacked. Then we'll go up to our place for dinner. Car's outside."

"Swell! Marvelous to be home. Just as soon as I find an inspector—" Perry's voice was lost in the bedlam of descending baggage, Customs, debarkation.

Patricia and Alice were enfolding each other. Beautiful women are seldom mutually amenable, but if one is golden-blonde and the other an exotic black and violet, there is a possibility of alliance. Bill Hoyt withdrew himself a little. "Cutest" and "dearest" were

in the air—terms applied to hats from the Rue de la Paix and provincial taverns in Lombardy.

By and by he lifted himself and his cane onto a wardrobe trunk. He sat there, his coat folded into straight lines, his well-tailored clothes flexed at angles. His face partook of the same straight lines and angles, in spite of the fact that it was a reflective face. His hat was slightly aslant. Skin, eyes, hair were shades of darkness, each with a separate expression of vitality.

Unlike most men, he could be interested in what the two women were saying even at that feminine and rhapsodical instant. He had a feeling for color and material, for fashion and decoration, which would have been called artistic in a weaker man. In a successful broker it could be called only by the name of taste.

Perry returned—short, stocky, smiling, a person who could never be marked absent if he were anywhere near. Perry had been Hoyt's friend for fourteen years. He had been Patricia's husband for four months. Lines of concern marked his face as he talked to the Customs inspector. Patricia interjected memoranda of prices in francs, marks and lira. Trunks displayed their contents and were closed. Presently the interlude was ended and they made their way through people who hurried in every direction—like the customers of a merry-go-round when it has come to rest, thought Hoyt.

He drove them up town to his apartment; seven rooms recently done over by a decorator who had been studying modernistic exhibits in Paris.

Hoyt and Perry Baron washed their hands *à deux* in the tile bath off the hall.

"Well, how's married life?" Hoyt asked.

Perry splashed warm water onto his face. "Elegant!"

"Extraordinary girl, Patricia."

"Grand." The word was taken for granted. "Had a gorgeous time. Glad to be back again, though. I couldn't help thinking about the office all the way over."

Hoyt chuckled. "A chance for something neat about the gingerbread, the gilt and erosion."

Perry had dried his face. "The pall of marriage? Nonsense. But you can't devote your life to it."

"Perhaps not. Alice and I—"

"You and Alice are in a class apart. Your undisturbed five years of bliss are whispered about—behind fans at the opera. Bachelor dinners toast you. The perfect husband."

"A bridegroom shouldn't talk that way."

"Oh, we're going to be modern—Pat and I."

Hoyt experienced a twinge—of exultation or of fear. When he tried to define it, the emotion vanished. Perry's hand was on his shoulder. They looked squarely at each other, chuckled for no reason at all, and walked out.

That was all there was to it. Both men were prosperous. They liked each other. The business of life had never put any great strain on their friendship, so it was unnecessary for them to wonder about the stuff of its composition. All men of their class were similar in that respect. They had good heads, a good appearance, good jobs, excellent salaries, refined and handsome wives, many friends of all degrees of casualness, and they ran through the years on the calendar as smoothly as the machines alleged to be responsible for their prosperity.

Alice had made cocktails and the shaker stood ready, cold and streaming with condensed moisture. There were four glasses with lemon peel on their edges. Like the sails of Portuguese men-of-war, Hoyt thought, as he poured them.

He lifted his drink. *"Vive les Barons—ensembles!"*

Patricia was looking at him. He felt the pressure of her gaze against his whole body. That casual French phrase had meant something definite to her; or so she was pretending. Deliberately he smiled at his wife and her bright response stabilized him. People who had been friends before they were married ought to remain on the same plane afterward. Being allied should make no difference. The code of his youth had stated that lucidly. Adults unfortunately held another viewpoint. His mind trailed through the metaphysics of marriage. . . .

"Dinner is served," announced the maid.

Patricia sat at his right so that he could see her only obliquely and was face-to-face with his wife over the bowl of short-stemmed flowers. He had loved Alice with an easy and steady passion for five years. That those years were now turning themselves over in his head must be a sign of senility—or of Patricia. To consider them a sign of Patricia was ridiculous.

Hoyt realized that he was looking at her again, at her throat and lips when they moved to make words. He felt feverish. He was about to ask the others if the room was too warm. On reconsideration, he said nothing.

Perry looked up from his plate.

"Patricia," said Alice, "why did you marry this man? Not because of his looks. Not because of his clubs—you can't get into them. Or his money."

Perry's voice was deep and wistful. "It isn't the feeling they have

Perry grinned. "My voice."

"Because he's good-natured and kind," Patricia answered. "Not my type, you might say. But the best."

"Ah," Perry murmured.

"And we've had our moments."

"Ecstatic or accusative?"

"Both. We've found out that the art of being together is knowing when to be apart."

Alice laughed. "You read that somewhere."

"And the art of knowing when to be together?" Hoyt suggested. He felt immediately that the words were obvious and

silly. The whole world seemed obvious and silly. Then the maid came for the plates.

Alice began on a new tangent. "You wait, Pat. Wait till he has business at all hours—till he has club-meetings from which he returns smelling vaguely of *Nuit de Folie*. The funny papers ought to be a lesson to you. Then you can become a bitter woman, a divorcée or an interior decorator—or, better, all three."

"Bill's been disillusioning you!" Perry exclaimed in mock horror.

Patricia's eyes, lifted again to Hoyt's, held a remote question. He served the plates attentively and wished that they were ready to play bridge—or that the Barons would be too travel-weary to

for each other that is so sad. It's the fact that they'll go away."

care for bridge. He wondered why Alice had set up that palpable charade of words about *Nuit de Folie*. Was she, herself, restless? Did she feel that five constant years represented a tyranny which she should bravely offer to end? Was she merely making conversation on lines she had not chosen? Among all their friends it was habitual to take marriage lightly in conversation. There was no reason why this evening's chatter should upset him. . . .

In the morning he joined the thin human stream that trickled into the subway station after nine o'clock. Already the roar of business had risen to an all-pervading pitch downtown. Already, before the black-boarded wall, a cluster of men was waiting for the market to open—their cigars alight. Soon the ticker would begin to clatter, the messenger-boys to run, the telephone to jangle.

He sat down at his desk and surveyed the papers his secretary had brought to him. After an interval his eyes strayed through the window to the shipping in the harbor. Romance was rising there in black smoke and white steam. The telephone summoned him.

"National Condensed is slipping, Bill. Want to come down?"

"Damn!"

At lunch-time he sent the office-boy for sandwiches and coffee. While he was ruminating his meal a thought struck him and he gave a number to the operator.

"Hello? Bantan's? Have you some gladioli? This is W. L. Hoyt speaking. I want the large ones—peach—with vermilion centers. . . . You have? Good. Send two dozen to Mrs. Hoyt at my house this afternoon. . . . Yes, she has a vase big enough. Good. Good-by."

He finished his food with gusto and plunged into the afternoon trading. Through the intricacies of buying and selling his stock specialties he wove like a football player on a broken field. He made money for himself and his clients.

Only in the last slack hour when the clerks looked covetously at the hat-stands and made frequent trips for cups of water did he relent. Then the memory of Patricia flashed clearly into his mind. Dark-blue eyes, dark hair—lips adequate for any kissing, sensuous lips. Particularly he thought of her slimness, which was paradoxically voluptuous because it was a flowing slimness, a rhythmic slimness. He ached to the marrow, like a man with grippe.

Beside this dark and Borgian appeal was the shining whiteness of Alice, slowly submerging in the gloom. His pounding head muttered that this was no dark age, no epoch of taboo. His male friends would understand this irrelevant craving—even his wife would not greet it with Victorian horror. It was folly to fence so desperately with a shadow. He could call her up—

But Perry? Dilemma beset him. Square, a squat, amiable Perry. Perry, his friend. Perry, married for four months. Perry, talking about being modern—and then revealing suddenly little wrinkles on his face. Perry, watching Patricia's back with fascination when she walked in front of him. . . . Perspiration leaked through Hoyt's fingers. Nothing mattered in these days, they said. And yet—

Patricia again. Last night Patricia had stood at the door and seized one isolated second in which to speak to him.

"Good-night, Gibraltar!"

That is what she had said. With those words the whispers in her eyes had become shouts. And he had stood there, holding Perry's hat.

He lifted his face and started, as he realized that he was still sitting in his office. Out of a basket he snatched a handful of paper ribbon and ran it mechanically through his fingers. The world was insupportable. Almost he wished he was a monk instead of a man with his principles washed away by a flippant society and only himself remaining.

When he arrived home, Alice opened the door and said: "You look all worn out, dear."

He kissed her and shook his head. "Big day. But I'm still peppy. Let's go places and do things."

He telephoned for tickets to a play. It turned out to be a comedy of the manners of the eighties, filled with amusing infidelities. Alice had suggested it. The epigrams stung Hoyt. Once, in the darkness of the theater, he looked narrowly at his wife as if to discern by sheer concentration whether or not her selection had point. She was laughing. Even so, he thought, love is the one thing about which a woman can be inscrutable. Then he rallied himself against such disloyalty.

Afterward she said: "Don't you think you ought to go home and sleep?"

He knew he would not sleep. "Let's take in the Vanity Club. They have a new show."

Much later, he lay in his room thinking. There was the infestuous fact that Patricia was alone all day—and his time was his own. Nearly every one he knew was cynical about marriage. But he was

not a trifler; to take Pat, for him, would be to discard everything else. No one in their set would be surprised. It happened, they would say. Better to do the deed than to be too weak to do it. As a challenge, that seemed unfair. If he and Pat came back after an interval, divorced and re-married, they might expect to be kidded by their intimates, but not shunned by any one. Business had learned to ignore such things. So had clubs and so had the hostesses who entertained Bill and Alice, who might be expected to entertain Bill and Patricia.

Upon the heels of that came a procession of miseries. The fact that the world, or his world, would not care was scant comfort. Imagining that he had already run away with Patricia, his longing for Alice became agonizing, his introspective sympathy for Perry unendurable.

He whispered to himself that the very strength of his nature was responsible for his indecision. That was human. It lulled his stricken vanity a little. He slept.

The next day, which he had anticipated with dread, was crystal clear and autumnally cold. As if it acted in a particular emergency, the sun, so unfamiliar to Manhattan mornings, had penetrated his window and laid patterns on the ceiling. Upon those patterns he opened his eyes and into his lungs he drew a breath of air come virginally through trees and over hills.

At breakfast he varied his routine of coffee with orange juice, eggs, buttered toast—all three, he thought, golden like the sun. Such a day made him gay. In another age, he might have been a fellow of rare whimsy. He kissed Alice three times. In the hall he picked up a cane, the natural consequence of which was that he gleefully eschewed the subway and took a cab to his office.

He felt fit. It would not have occurred to him that his was merely a physical resilience from a long depression. It seemed to Hoyt that he would always remain the man he was that morning; his trouble had evaporated. Over the sharp air sounds were vivid. Patricia? The horn of an automobile roused a tumbling medley within him. Patricia? He could see through her. She was a nice girl—nothing more. She had been teasing him. There must be something wrong with his stomach that had made him brood over being called Gibraltar. She was laughing at him. If he so much as reached out his hand, she would run away. Temptation for fun —quickly withdrawn; that was the riddle of those recondite eyes.

He smiled with a superior appreciation.

There was no way by which he could see either into Patricia's house or her head—and perhaps he doubted himself a little even at the peak of that frothy jubilation. Patricia had kissed her husband perfunctorily and was going about the fidgety routine of ordering her house to be set in order. Her thoughts were far away: tinged with annoyance at Hoyt and moving along that annoyance toward action. The gay properties that she and Perry had bought in Paris, Milan, and Munich did not capture her sentiment any longer.

She excited herself over the emptiness of her days: overseeing the work of two maids, discussing menus and markets, pretending to be occupied in the afternoons with concert- and lecture-subscriptions and with the vapid and clamorous gatherings of other married women like herself. Life with Perry had to be that life; with Hoyt, it might be different. The little moments followed each other; Patricia began to believe that this would be her morning, the bright, salient day when she would throw all the dull and ordinary things to the winds and become a woman who loved for the sake of love.

It made her eyes warmer and her cheeks redder to stand in the frame of that rapturous portrait. . . . Love for love. A moment before, her motive had been escape from a repetitive environment. Now it was a passionate career. Patricia did not bother to associate or compare the two. She began to sing and to tremble and to laugh, out of earshot of the maids. The hour for the romantic plunge was at hand. She could not see and she could not have understood the mood that held Hoyt as he stepped from his taxi at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, any more than he could read her inmost self.

Hoyt over-tipped; he walked gayly into the office. By eleven-thirty he had accomplished prodigies. Then the phone rang.

"Hello! Bill?"

The world turned upside-down. It was Patricia's voice, languid, caressing. He made one feeble attempt to regain his equilibrium: he answered gruffly. No more.

"'Lo?"

"This is Pat. How is Gibraltar this morning?"

"Fine. How're you?"

She hesitated. "Aren't you anything but rude to the all-day widows who would die at your slightest word?"

"Why—I don't—"

"Yes, you do. You're a bully. The question is—are you going to lunch with me or are you not?"

Hoyt no longer doubted what he would do. His only uncertainty now concerned the form in which he would do it. Every man had his style, he presumed, and for himself he wanted dignity with a kind of spirit. Even that struggle for a form did not cover the gruffness of his voice; he would have been loath to call it huskiness.

"Certainly I'm going to lunch with you. When and where?"

"I'm glad—Billy."

"Yes. I'm glad now—too."

"Will you always be?"

He did not wish to become so serious over the telephone. The arpeggios of passion should be reserved for privacy.

"Let's talk about it then."

He rode uptown amid his disheveled thoughts. She was waiting for him at the restaurant. Her gestures when she saw him were fugitive and pitiful.

"I couldn't stand it any longer, Billy."

"Neither could I."

"It was wicked of you to make me call."

He was contrite. "I'll never do it again."

Her agitation increased. "What are we going to do, Billy?"

That did not fit with his immediate mood.

"Why—nothing!"

"Nothing! Are you out of your head? We've got to do something right away."

He smiled awkwardly. "I'm not a very experienced or skillful philanderer. But I'm not given to temporizing." The waiter hovered over the table and he interrupted himself to order. "What do you think?" he asked then.

"We've got to go away."

"I presume so."

"Nobody seems to think much about that any more."

She nodded. "I know it. It's become so conventional that the glamour is all gone from it. Two days after we've left you'll be sneaking a paper to read the stock-quotations. And neither Alice nor Perry will cry—which is worse than if they had hysterics. But we can't think of them."

"No."

"Which is a little bit sad," she contradicted.

"We'll go to Capri—and around the world that way. And stop at Reno when we get there."

"A playwright and an artist's wife did that this summer."

"What else?"

"I don't know," Patricia said. "I don't know. You've got to decide."

He ate a few bites *(Please turn to page 90)*

"A bridegroom shouldn't talk that way." "Oh, we're going to be modern —Pat and I!"

BLOCK THAT KICK!

Great moments in the Great American Game — and their meaning

by Edwin Balmer

TWELVE immortal minutes.

What came before them was expected, and therefore almost ordinary. They ended with the crack of the gun that called, for one side, a tremendous, triumphant "*Time!*"

Princeton, the first of the "Big Three" of the East to journey west for a football game, was playing Chicago. It was one of the greatest of Tiger teams; later, it defeated both Harvard and Yale. It was a fit team, accordingly, to reply to the challenge of the Midwest and to seek revenge for the defeat handed Princeton on their own field by Chicago the autumn before.

The three great Chicago full-backs—Timme, Thomas and Zorn—had been used in rotation to tear up the Tiger line; and how they had gone through! Timme had averaged five yards and a quarter every time he carried the ball; Thomas had taken it on each play for five and a half. The score was ten to nothing. That was last year, at Princeton.

Here was Princeton at Chicago for the first time; Princeton grads from all the West jammed the stands to greet them, and Western college men from everywhere were there to see the East turned back, beaten. Two hundred thousand people applied for tickets in addition to the forty thousand who got them and who could find places about the field.

Three-quarters of the game was gone, and three minutes of the final quarter. A good game, so far; plenty of fine plays and cheering—but nothing had happened to give warning of what was to come. So far the game had followed form.

Chicago had scored three touchdowns, mostly on line-plays by Thomas and Zorn. "Thomas, through the line, for five yards. . . Again Thomas through the line for six yards; first down. . . He goes through tackle for five more. . . . Zorn substitutes for Thomas. . . Zorn through tackle for seven yards. . . Zorn goes through for first down. . ." So it had run, much like the previous year, to the tune of three touchdowns for Chicago—after each of which the goal-kick failed. Princeton had one touchdown, largely the result of a long, successful forward-pass; and they had kicked goal. So the score was eighteen to seven—a safe lead for Chicago, it seemed, especially when the last quarter opened with the ball in Chicago's possession in Princeton territory.

On the Princeton forty-yard line, Chicago kicked; Johnny Gorman caught the punt and tried a long, lateral pass to another Princeton back, Cleaves, in the hope that he could get clear in the broken field.

The pass, however, was thrown forward slightly and so, in that situation, it was illegal. Instead of a gain, Princeton got a fifteen-yard penalty which put them back to their own two-yard line.

Princeton's ball on their two-yard line; score eighteen to seven against them; twelve minutes to play! Gorman called for punt formation and the Princeton forwards lined up almost on the last chalk-mark; the backs were behind the goal, one man far back to kick.

"Cleaves!" called the announcer. "Cleaves has dropped directly back of his own goal-posts to punt for Princeton. The Chicago stands are clamoring to '*Block that kick!*' The Chicago line, which has overpowered Princeton all afternoon, is bracing to break through. The Tigers are in a hole—decidedly in a hole.

"If Cleaves can get away a good punt, he can save the situation temporarily, perhaps. The other Princeton backs are placing themselves carefully to protect him while he gets away this kick. Now—"

Chicago stands, eager for another score, were shouting.

"Block that kick!" And the Chicago line was bracing to break through.

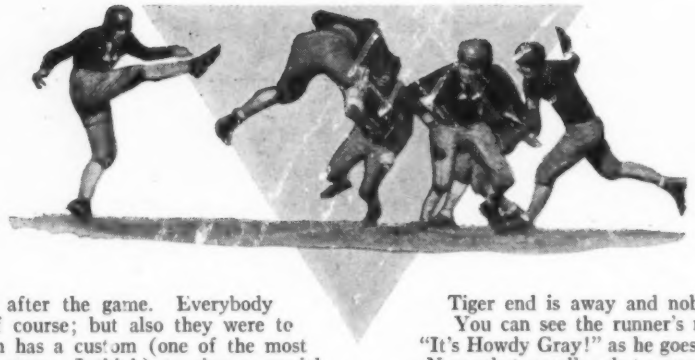
For of course it was going to be a kick; it had to be a kick—nothing else was conceivable in such a situation.

It wasn't a kick. Cleaves caught the ball and ran farther back with it; farther behind his own goal-posts. He poised, looked down the field and waited for Johnny Gorman to be "clear." There was Gorman; and Cleaves passed. Up Gorman leaped, caught it, ran down the field and reached the middle of the field before Chicago caught him. Then three men struck him, almost at once.

Gorman held the ball but went down, hard. He got up, but was groggy; a substitute for him ran in. Forty thousand people were on their feet, cheering and clapping—the Princeton people ecstatic, the Chicago people applauding. Good nerve, that, to forward-pass from behind your own goal-line—and get away with it for a gain of half the length of the field! Johnny Gorman, who had caught the pass—and who was now leaving the field—had called the signal for the play. Give him a hand! The Chicago twenty thousand settled down in their seats. Their lead was safe.

Princeton people could not settle down; something new was stirring; something—everything—seemed changed.

Though not a Princeton man, I happened to be on the Princeton side near the cheering section; and a moment or two before that bold, spectacular forward-pass, word was going around for everybody to remember to stay in the stands after the game. Everybody would stay till the end, of course; but also they were to stay longer. For Princeton has a custom (one of the most chivalrous of all college customs, I think) to sing a special song, if their team is beaten. In any case, after a big game, they sing "Old Nassau;" and then:



"Hear the echoes ring,
Cheer the team, their game was mighty fine!"

It must be some help for a boy to hear that after he has played himself out against a better team and is leaving the field, beaten.

This was what was in mind a minute ago; but now—

Gorman's substitute was in his place. They're lining up!

"Princeton's ball in the middle of the field. First down!"

There they go. But Chicago stops them. Princeton has to kick and Chicago brings back the ball.

"Chicago's ball on their own forty-two-yard line. First down!"

"Touchdown, Chicago! . . . Another touchdown! Touchdown!"

Chicago rushes; and one man does not get up. It's King, the Chicago center. A cheer for King! "Chicago! Chicago! Chicago-go-go! King! King! King!" They're helping him to the sidelines, as Chicago cheers and Princeton applauds. His substitute runs in.

Line-up! The substitute shoots back a pass for a running play and Zorn—who has been tearing through that Princeton line—crouches, running, to catch the ball; but the pass is too low. The ball hits his knee and bounds up and sidewise. The ball's in the air! Free ball!

Not free for long. A Princeton end had come through to take off the interference in the running play; and into his arms falls the ball. And nobody before him.

A clear field! Everybody can see it; and what a yell from the stands:

"Touchdown! Oh, touchdown!"

From across the field, a yell of dismay; for the Tiger end is away and nobody near him.

You can see the runner's number now. Somebody yells, "It's Howdy Gray!" as he goes over the line for a touchdown.

Now what a yell; what screams and stamping of delight!

Coach Roper, of Princeton, relates that "Howdy" Gray's father, president of the Union Pacific Railroad, had called off a meeting of the Board of Directors in order to see this game. Well, whatever might have happened at that meeting may have been important; but what could have occurred in a board-room which will be as long remembered as this?

Twenty thousand people leaping, cheering! Six points. There's the goal. Seven points. Chicago eighteen still; but Princeton now fourteen. One more touchdown means a win; and six minutes left to play!

The whole of the Princeton stands are singing:

"Break through that line of Blue,
Send the backs around the ends
Fighting for every yard. . . .
Fight with a vim that is dead sure to win
For old Nassau!"

The Chicago line, of course, isn't Blue; it is Maroon. The song is one for Yale when Princeton is fighting, *in extremis*, against its oldest and dearest rival; but it has to do for this emergency.

The Princeton players are slapping each other as the Chicago eleven consults. Having been scored on, it can choose whether to kick off or receive. Chicago elects to kick off, and Princeton spreads out.

The "record" crowd for American football—110,000 people at the twenty-ninth

A good kick, deep in Princeton territory and the Chicago ends are down, covering it. Princeton lines up. Wingate, substituting for Gorman, is calling the signals; you can feel the snap in them.

"Break through that line of Blue—" The old Yale battle-cry. And there they come through tackle. Chicago gives ground. Impact and pile-up; and line-up again, each time a little nearer the Chicago goal. They run the ends and Chicago spreads out and pulls them down; but the linesmen move their posts again and nearer the Chicago goal.

Princeton spreads out. Punt formation! But nobody believes that Princeton now is going to kick. An end run or a pass. . . . It's a pass! There it goes, with Maroon arms reaching for it. On it sails to Tiger-striped arms, which pull it down and hug it. Instantly the receiver is tackled and thrown; but he falls near the Chicago thirty-yard line. The referee waves the linesmen along. "First down, Princeton!"

Now bedlam in the stands; a mounting, swelling roar.

"Fight, Chicago, fight!"

Chicago *is* fighting. They're lining up and spreading out as the backs see that Princeton is going to pass again. It is a pass.

"Second down, Princeton! Six to gain!"

"All right, fellows; all right!" But again some one in the Chicago line is too eager; he charges too soon and the umpire's whistle shrills. The referee takes the ball and strides five long steps toward the Chicago goal.

"Princeton's ball; first down!" It is on the Chicago six-yard line. Bedlam all about the field. One play at the line—one yard gain. Another play—no gain. A third—one yard gained.

Fourth down! The last chance—and four yards to gain. The play halts for a few seconds; and out from the Princeton side of the field runs a substitute, his arm high to attract attention. The umpire sees him and the play waits for him.

His number is on his jersey; and so you learn from the program his name and position, "Crum: fullback."

Roper, the coach, later told how he was sent in. The substitutes barely could keep on their side of the chalk-lines as they saw their team stopped after that long march down the field.

"Listen, Bill," begged Crum. "I can score this touchdown! Put me in there—please!"

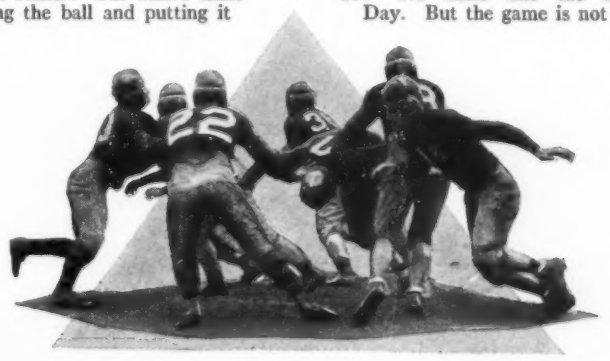
"Go ahead!"

annual Army-Navy Game, Soldier Field, Chicago, November 27, 1926. Score: 21-21.

There it goes! Oh! Oh! *Oh.* . . . The cry and then the sigh of ten thousand together as, at first, they see the ball sail clear and then fall, untouched, to the ground. An incomplete pass; back the ball must go.

A roar of relief from the Chicago stands. But what's that? A field judge is running in, claiming the ball and putting it down on the Chicago fifteen-yard line and giving it to Princeton. A penalty; a Chicago end, too eager and excited, had interfered illegally with a Princeton end; and the pass goes as if caught by Princeton. Princeton's ball on the Chicago fifteen-yard line; first down!

"All right, fellows; all right!" A back is slapping the linesman as Chicago crouches for the charge. The ball is snapped and they go in; and the Tigers charge against them. Four yards!



One man, head bowed with exhaustion, is coming out. Crum lines up. The ball comes back to him. He leaps and before him the Tiger line makes a last, tremendous effort. He's over!

And there's the goal-kick! Goal! Princeton 21; Chicago 18! No noise like the next minutes, since Armistice Day. But the game is not yet over; three minutes of play remains.

Having been scored on again, Chicago can again elect whether to kick off or receive. This time Chicago receives and runs the ball back to their own thirty-four-yard line.

And now Thomas—John Thomas—into the line again. Thomas, who, more than any other man, won the game last year—Thomas, who alternating with Zorn, plowed through the Princeton line

(Please turn to page 105)

Overdue

Illustrated by
Marshall Frantz

The Story So Far:

EMILY RALLIFER was marrying Malcolm Crayn, and the bride's old Southern home was full of guests for the wedding. Malcolm's mother, who had come from Massachusetts for the occasion, gave Emily a box as she was dressing for the ceremony—her presents, she said. They consisted of a beautiful little pearl brooch and a thousand-dollar check.

"The check is to help furnish your new home," said Mrs. Crayn; "but remember, only you, and not Malcolm, are to have the spending of it."

Emily thanked her warmly, hardly hearing what she said, because she heard Malcolm's voice outside talking to Tory Birch, the best man. She couldn't hear that he was saying, however: "Sorry to hold up things, old man—but I just had a long-distance call from Hale in New York, yelling for more margin for that Bexley Oil I bought. I'm cleaned out."

In the train after the ceremony, Emily showed him his mother's check.

"Well," he said, "talk about manna in the wilderness!"

"Isn't it?" said Emily. "And now we won't have to buy our furniture in installments. I'm so sick of debts—we had too many at home."

"I'll keep the check," suggested Malcolm. "You just indorse it and I'll bank it till we need it."

But a few weeks later he was confessing to her; "Darling girl, there's hardly a nickel left of that furniture-money. We spent it on our honeymoon."

And then Emily wished she had urged harder that they get an apartment of their own quickly instead of staying at that expensive hotel.

They did get it finally, but it developed that Malcolm had also borrowed from Tory to help finance the honeymoon. When Emily learned that she insisted it be paid back right away. After some delay Malcolm did this, but he was rather sulky about it.

As the months went on, financial conditions got worse in the little new household. Malcolm would invest wildly on the market—and often lost.

Emily was inconsolable. "I can't bear to owe money," she wailed. But Malcolm would urge: "But I heard of a little curb stock just due for a rise, darling. I had to have it!"

The old bills kept coming in, unpaid, much to Emily's dismay. But—"Paying bills is no sign of character," Malcolm argued. "If you pay up too fast the shops think there is something wrong and will refuse credit."

At last Emily was forced to admit to herself that Malcolm loved only the quick chance, not the long slow pull, to success—that he was a market gambler, always hot after new tips, sometimes winning, but oftener losing.

They made new friends, among them the Govers—Ted, who couldn't stop drinking, and his lovely wife Edith, who never complained, but who suffered from her husband's vice. There was Bette, too, another bride. When Malcolm learned that Bette was getting a new ermine coat, he came home with a package—an ermine coat for Emily. She found the bill in the bottom of the box—five hundred dollars paid down, two hundred fifty a month due, till fifteen hundred was paid. She wore it to a party over a frock she herself had remade.

Once Emily had a bit of money ahead, and she bought a bond. She hid the fact from Mac, but she felt almost guilty about it that night when he said to her suddenly: "When I just think about you, darling— But what's the use? There aren't any words for the way I feel about you!" And his words made her realize how much she loved him too.

"Nothing," she said to herself, "matters if he feels like that."

And then—Mac's mother came to visit for a day on her way South. Emily paid up the gas and electricity and such necessities; when Mrs. Crayn arrived there was just forty cents left in her purse.

While Mrs. Crayn was admiring the furniture which she thought had been bought with her check, a man came to the door to collect a three-year-old bill. "If I don't get it, I'll get an order on your furniture," he threatened.

Sick at heart, Emily was able to put him off by sheer nerve and went back to face Mrs. Crayn, who had overheard. "Oh, Emily," she said, "I was afraid of this! But I was hoping you could change Mac, make him more honest."

"It isn't that he's dishonest," defended Emily. "He has different ideas of money, that's all."

"There's only one kind of honesty and it isn't my son's," said Mrs. Crayn flatly.

But Emily was glad that her mother-in-law went away next day before she found out just how many bills there really were.

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"It's a dead-sure bet! Listen here, darling girl—if I don't come home with a thousand dollars in my pocket, I give you leave to get a divorce."

A Novel of Love—and Debt *by Sophie Kerr*

That night Malcolm came home with clouded brow. He had been discharged—"for being late too often. Too bad Mother didn't stay—she wanted more news!"

"It is too bad," agreed Emily quietly. "I have news for her too. I could tell her that she is likely to be a grandmother next July or August." *(The story continues in detail:)*

"EMILY, are you sure?" Malcolm asked.

She nodded yes.

"And I came home beefing about Van Deman, and telling a hard-luck story! I ought to be shot. Dear, do forgive me. I'm always asking you to forgive me for something dumbell-ish." His arms were about her, strong and sustaining.

"Are you glad, Mac?"

"I'm glad if you are. Only you must take care of yourself—the best of care. I wouldn't risk any danger to you, Emily, not if we never had any children! When I was a kid going to Sunday-school I used to read about the old patriarchs and prophets and their large abounding families, and I can remember wondering whether the Mrs. Patriarchs liked such a lot of children. I asked Dad about it once, and he burst out laughing and gave me a quarter."

"You funny!"

"I'm not funny when I talk about you taking care of yourself. The first thing, of course, is either to get Rendivoo back, or hire a new maid."

"But Mac, we can't pay her. We haven't anything at all, now that you've lost your job. I don't know what we *are* going to do. I've got two hundred-dollar bonds, and your mother gave me another hundred this morning, but our bills amount to—"

"Emily, you've got three hundred dollars! Why, you're an heiress! My glory, if I'd had it today! But tomorrow morning'll do, though it won't be quite so good. I'll be in town when the market opens, get my order in—it's the measliest little pup on the curb, but one of the big fellows is going to take hold of it, and it began to go up late yesterday afternoon. I'd have put something on it myself, but every cent I could rake or scrape I've had to use to bolster up my Vikane, and if Hale hadn't been my friend he'd have closed me out before this, for I sure am thin on it—"

"But Mac—"

"I know you think it's a risk. But it isn't. It's a dead-sure bet, if there ever was one! Listen here, darling girl—if I don't come home tomorrow night with a thousand dollars in my hip pocket, well, I give you leave to get a divorce, that's all."

Emily smiled at this.

"I won't have any money to pay a lawyer."

"You won't need to pay him; just pick out an old one, go in and use your eyes on him, and he'll fall. Where is the three hundred, angel?"

"I'll let you have it, Mac, on one condition—if you do make something with it, you must give it back to me. It's my stake."

"Emily, I promise you I'll give it back to you doubled. How's that? Darling, this isn't any more speculation than going down to the grocery and buying potatoes. Only I'm going to get a lot more potatoes for my money than the grocer imagines, that's all. I'm not going to hold onto the stock, dear; I'm going to watch it like the well-known Argus, and when it reaches a reasonable high—which it will do in about three shakes, believe me—I'm going to sell out. Then, with my roll in my hand, I'll come home. And a darned lucky thing I lost my job, for it leaves me free to keep my eye on my investments, whereas before Van Deman was as sore as a crab if I telephoned a broker in office-hours, or if one called me up."

"After all," Emily thought, "it's money he and his mother gave me. I haven't the right to keep it from him. Maybe he will make something with it. If he doesn't, he'll have to look for another job. If he does, maybe it'll be enough to get out of this hole."

"And dear," he was saying, "you'll do what I ask about Rendivoo, won't you? It's too ridiculous to wait for her to finish her loafing and come back when she pleases. Get another girl at once."

"I'll do it if you make a lot of money tomorrow. If you don't I won't, for as I pointed out to you a minute ago, we can't pay her. And we must settle some of our bills—we *must*. I can't stand having collectors come here and make scenes. I can't stand it!"

"But don't open the door. We'll tell everybody we know to ring three times—and anyone who doesn't ring three times won't get in. That's simple."

"It seems to me it would be lots simpler to pay the bills."

"But dear, we'll pay them sometime—as soon as we get any money. I tell you—when this Vikane thing goes through we'll pay up every nickel we owe. How's that?"

"We'll pay all we can in the meantime. I won't be made so ignominious as to be afraid to open my door when the bell rings."

"Darling, you're not behaving at all in the traditional proper way. We ought to be talking shyly and sweetly, as the books say, about the coming generation, and the solemn responsibilities of parenthood."

"And instead of that we're talking loudly and boldly about the responsibilities of owing a lot of money."

"But don't forget we're going to pay it."

"Oh, Mac, I do hope so! And I hope you're going to find another job right away."

"You don't want me around the house?"

"No, I want you working your head off downtown. You know it. Leaving early and coming home late, all full of business cares."

"Like Andy."

"Andy has his points."

"So have I. You really wouldn't want to be married to Andy, would you?"

"If you're fishing, you're due to be disappointed."

Their talk went on, light nonsense, but threaded through with tenderness and solicitude. In a way Emily felt a certain relief and satisfaction in giving him the money she had saved and that had meant so much to her. In doing so she gave all—she offered him once more her complete trust, as she had offered him her untouched body and her heart's devotion. Within her nature was this need of trusting him. She could not have lived by withholding and demanding, as Bette did. This need looked past the obstacles reason showed her so plainly, the difficult facts which her native common-sense could not ignore. Beyond common-sense, beyond reason, there was an impulse which told her she must go with him, however far he ventured into danger, into mistakes, into suffering.

But the impulse could not outlast the compulsion of his presence. After he had gone in the morning, common-sense and reason had their innings, and turned her high mood into a gloom in which she struggled helplessly. The liabilities of the situation grew bigger and darker: The lost job—lost in a way to make getting another more difficult, for Van Deman would never recommend him to another employer; the bills, a fresh sheaf in the mail; her own bit of money taken by his careless hands; the apartment, too big, too expensive; her own state, requiring ease of mind and care of body. The list went back and forth in her mind restlessly, painfully. Her nerves grew tight and would not let her be still. She worked about her apartment energetically, cleaning, polishing, putting all in meticulous order, for she did not intend to go out until afternoon. If Mac should, by any miracle of chance, win out in this last foolish plan of speculation, he would telephone, she knew, and she waited for that, leaving the doors open lest she should miss the ring, ready to run at the very first peal.

But the telephone did not ring. However, about half-past eleven the door-bell did, and Emily went to answer it, wondering if it might be the collector of two days before, with legal reinforcements. For a second she hesitated, remembering Mac's counsel that she shouldn't open unless she knew who was there; then she straightened her shoulders and flung the door wide. The sight of Edith Gover was an almost comic let-down.

"I had an errand down your street, and so I did what I hate to have people do to me—I just dropped in," explained Edith. "If you're busy I'll run along."

Her tragic eyes were more tragic than ever, her face was pinched and drawn and pale as if she had not slept for days.

"I love people dropping in," said Emily. "It's the way we do down home. No cautious telephoning to find out if you're wanted. Come along, sit down, and tell me the news. And let me make you a cup of tea, even if it is the middle of the morning. You look tired."

"I don't want to be a bother."

"But I'd love to do it. Come along out into the kitchen."

Edith sat down beside the kitchen table while Emily put on the kettle. She clasped and unclasped her hands nervously, distractedly. Emily could not help noticing the pearls about her throat, her smart expensive dress and coat, and the deep square emerald ring she wore; they seemed so ironically miscast as accessories to such utter misery.

"I wanted to see you, Emily; I wanted to look at you and be sure that you were happy. It's an antidote to a lot of poisonous things I've been up against lately. It seemed to me that if I knew some one else was really happy and content and living—oh, decently and comfortably—I might not mind so much."

Emily poured the hot water on the tea, brought a cup and spoon, sugar, and a slice of lemon. She could not ask any questions; she didn't know what to say. At last she spoke slowly. "If there's anything in the world I could do—"

"There isn't, not a thing. And I haven't a bit of business to come weeping on your shoulder. But I'm not very well, and—well—it got me."

Emily poured the tea and set the cup beside her. "Drink that; and here—I've got some nice little crackers. Made them myself. I don't believe you ate any breakfast."

But instead of eating and drinking Edith began to speak, sitting perfectly still and looking before her, but with tears running helplessly down her cheeks onto her pearls, her dress.

"It's like watching some one you love die with some horrible disease. All that's fine and sweet and good in him is dying, a little bit more every day. His love for me is dying. And he used to care whether people saw him when he—wasn't himself. That's dead, too. He used to be sorry—and ashamed of himself. He's not any more. And he used to *try*, he honestly used to try with all his strength to stop. He only tries now to keep on. Sometimes I think it's my fault, Emily; perhaps some other woman would have known how to manage him better, could have helped him more. I've done everything I could, but it isn't enough. So there I sit, and watch his face get red and bloated and coarse,—when we were married he was as handsome as a prince,—and I hear his voice stutter and stammer all sorts of silly rotten things, and he can't walk straight, or sit up in his chair. Sometimes I think I'll kill myself and him too—and put an end to it. It isn't as if we had any children, or even any near relatives who'd care. We're both of us utter, rank failures, and the sooner we get off the earth the better."

"Perhaps some other woman could have helped him more, Emily. I've done all I could, but it isn't enough. Sometimes I think I'll kill myself and him too."

Emily took her handkerchief and wiped Edith's eyes and cheeks. "Please drink your tea," she said, and lifted the cup to Edith's lips as she would to a child. Obediently, Edith sipped it.

Presently Edith looked up at her. "I'm frightfully tired," she said, in her natural voice. "Emily, I'm sorry to make such a show of myself. I haven't spilled out to a living soul for years; I've always thought it was a coward's trick to dump your own troubles on anybody else."

"You don't need to mind me. Maybe you'd like to hear my troubles in exchange."

"You—troubles! You don't know the first letter of the word, Emily."

"Maybe not. But if I tell you that Mac has lost his job, that he took the last cent we have in the world to speculate with on some wildcat stock or other this morning, that we owe for rent, and food, and everything else anybody *can* owe for, that my famous ermine coat isn't paid for, and that I'm going to have a baby—"

It was effective. Edith forgot herself. "Emily! Emily dear! Oh, thank heaven I can do something for your troubles—you must let me—"

"No, you don't. Not a cent. No charity from my friends—that would be the last straw!"

"But what are you going to do? Emily, you know how fond I am of you. It will worry me sick to think of you—I hadn't the least idea—of course I noticed that you spent awfully little on yourself, but—"

"I don't know what we'll do, but I can't take any money from you. And as I said, Mac took our last cent to invest on a wildcat stock. Maybe he'll win. But I've been waiting, thinking he'd telephone if he did—"

"And he hasn't?"

"Not yet."

"But why did you let him? Wouldn't it have been better—"

"You can't stop Ted being as he is, and I can't stop Mac. That's the way he lives, Edith. So maybe you and I are both failures. Now you said you'd told me things you'd never breathed to a living soul before, and that's true of what I've told you. Promise me you'll never let anybody else know, and I'll do the same for you. And stop this wild talk about killing yourself, dear. That's not the answer."

"No, I suppose not. But, Emily, I can't help thinking of you. Why won't you let me only lend you enough to tide you over? I'll feel so awful thinking how much I have, and how little it means to me, while you—"

"No," said Emily. "I knew you'd offer, but I can't. I *can't*. You couldn't in my place, either, Edith. If I did, you can see that it would make Mac seem no good at all. I've got to stand by Mac. You can understand that."

"Yes, but—if you're going to have a child, Emily, you'll need—"

"But it's Mac who must give me the things I need. I'm Mac's responsibility, not yours."

"It's the devil when you love a man—I mean for women like you and me. Bette would never get herself in any jam like either of ours."

"Would you like to change places with Bette?" Emily asked slowly.

"No, I should say not. That's ridiculous, on the face of it, but it's true. I suppose there's something inside each of us, a sort of individual integrity, that we can't separate from our troubles even at their worst. Our own fate, our own destiny, or whatever it is, seems to belong to our own personal entity and we daren't deny it." She opened her bag, took out a vanity-case. "I must look a fright. I feel a thousand years old, all wrinkled and gray and sagging, inside and out. But, Emily, you've no idea how much this has helped me."

"And promise me this—if you get in too much of a hole, you'll be reasonable and let me pull you out. For my own selfish ease, Emily, because I don't want to be worrying about you all the time. I simply can't endure anything more to worry about. I want to think of you as happy and contented. You're much too young to have to face money troubles. And money has no real significance—"

"Maybe it hasn't if you've got it—but it's certainly significant if you haven't got any, and owe it! But we'll come right; it only takes time—" The telephone, ringing, broke into her speech. She ran into the living-room. Edith could hear her. "Yes—yes, Mac. . . . Oh, did you—really and truly?. . . . That's wonderful . . . . Yes, yes—that's splendid. . . . I've been waiting all morning on pins and needles. . . . Yes, everything's all right now—and you'll be home early. . . . Yes, foolish, you know I love you. . . . Good-by!"

"There now, Edith," she said as she came back, "you won't have to worry about me, for Mac made a lot of money this morning, and I can pay my bills and face the grocer again. I'm ashamed of whining to you. Try to forget it. I'll never do it again."

"Don't say that; you make me feel that I shouldn't have told *you* what I did. And I'm not sorry. I couldn't have stood it any longer alone. I'd reached the jumping-off place. I'm terribly glad for you that things are straight again. I hope they stay so."

"I wish your troubles would straighten out so easily. I wish I could do something for you."

"You've done a lot for me. I'd begun to feel as if I was the only soul alive who had any trouble. I've got a grip on myself again, and it won't be so hard to go on. For after all, that's the test, Emily. Ever so many people can make a grand gesture—offer some overwhelming sacrifice, something spectacular, that's over in a little while. But to live with trouble, day in and day out, and never see the end of it, and not let it get you—that's not so easy; particularly when all your friends think you're a fool. I know mine think that of me. But it's only because they don't realize what Ted used to be to me, and how we— No, I won't begin again. It's no use, it only works me up. Good-by, my dear. You've been awfully sweet; I'll never forget it."

After Edith Gover had gone, Emily indulged in an hour of acid self-reproach. She had been disloyal to Mac; she had been stupid! Surely she could have found some other way to jolt Edith's mind out of its bitter concentration than by blurting out her own difficulties. She hadn't told them to Mac's mother. But she justified herself by considering that there was more reason for silence to her. Mrs. Crayn was too sharp against Mac, anyway. "I couldn't seem to think of anything else," she thought. "But I shouldn't have done it. Mac wouldn't have complained of me to any man he knows, no matter what I'd done. And it was all so unnecessary—it fell so flat when he telephoned and I knew we were all right again. Not that it wasn't welcome news, but it showed me up as crying before I was hurt. Considering what Edith is going through, I haven't a care or a worry. Well, I suppose this prospect of having a baby made me lose my nerve—that, and everything else on top of it. But I'll never spill over to another soul, not so long as I live—and that's that!"

She began to think of the coming child, and once again the precariousness of her existence swept over her, and her helplessness. At last she went into the living-room and took out all the bills and accounts in her desk, separating them into those which must be paid immediately, those which must receive part payment, and those which could be put off a little longer. It was a dreary array. There were two months' market bills, which in spite of her economy totaled over a hundred dollars. They must be paid in full. Gas, two months, six-ninety; electricity, seven-eighty; milk, eight-forty; telephone, twelve-forty. All these were stamped ominously, "Overdue."

"I hate that word," thought Emily. "I wish I need never see it again."

There were other small bills; together they totaled nearly another hundred. And there was a threatening letter from the fur company about the remaining payments on the ermine coat. There was also the rent. On Mac's pre-marriage liabilities she found, on adding them carefully twice, a discouraging total still due of some twelve hundred dollars. Last of all there was that hateful hotel bill for the final week of their stay—a hundred and five dollars. The grand total approximated twenty-five hundred. She knew without telling that Mac had not made so much with the sum he had taken with him in the morning. But if he had only made enough to settle the rent, the market and little bills, and perhaps pay something on the worst of the others, including that wretched coat, she might—she thought—go on with a certain courage.

Something more loomed before her—an impending visit from her mother. Mrs. Rallifer was becoming more and more plaintive by letter about the long time since she had seen her daughter, and in her last she had said quite frankly that if she was going to get in a visit to New York—and Emily—before summer arrived, she would like to come right away.

"I can't tell her that I've no money to give parties for her and take her about—I simply can't! And she mustn't see that I've got no new clothes and that I don't keep a servant." This had been Emily's despairing commentary. "If a collector should come like the one Mrs. Crayn saw, Mother'd simply pass out. She'd never forgive Mac; she'd never understand." So that letter remained unanswered; but a reply must be sent soon.

Mac breezed in at half-past four, excited, triumphant.

"What did I tell you, darling? My rotten little pup swelled right up into a Great Dane—eighteen points in an hour, and me sitting by, pyramiding like mad! I sold out on high, and got my cash. Here's your six hundred, and a hundred extra for interest, and a hundred

Mrs. Rallifer coquetted facetiously with every man in sight, even the

more to play around with, and a hundred more for being such a nice girl."

"Did you pay the rent?"

He flung her a receipt for one month only. "I didn't think it was a good idea to let him have it all; it might give him a stroke of apoplexy." He went on talking gayly while Emily did mental arithmetic. The market, the little bills, a payment on the coat, at least half that hotel bill, and a dribble of cash to everyone else. She would once more put by her three hundred dollars and have something substantial left and she must make the most of it. She interrupted Mac in the middle of his recital.

"I'd like to ask Mother to come to visit us right away," she said—thinking, "while we can afford it!"

Chapter Ten

MRS. RALLIFER was, like most Southerners, a good visitor. She admired—she didn't interfere or criticise or ask questions. She liked each of Emily's friends, she renewed contact with Cousin Louisa James on the right note of impersonal affection,—though she remarked privately, with satisfaction, that Louisa certainly did look her age,—she played cards and went to the theater and shopped with all the avidity of a child at its first circus, and she coquetted facetiously with every man in sight, even the staid and serious Andrew, and yet, in some mysterious way, was not ridiculous. She brought Emily a large budget of local and family news, containing the interesting item that Johnny Keller was showing signs of making up to Lucy Coleman.

"Lucy says it's nothing but so she'll listen to him rave about you; she says he doesn't know anything exists of her except her ears. But she might get him, Emily, on the rebound. It's been done lots of times. Consolation prize, you know."

staid and serious Andrew—and yet somehow was not ridiculous.

It made Emily homesick to hear her—pleasant, dreamy homesickness, without any real pang. "I'll send Lucy a vanity-case with a new kind of lipstick," she said. "Maybe that'll bring Johnny up to the scratch."

There was other news, too. Cousin Ada Dennis' sick girl was getting better, and the other one was working in Richmond in the Woman's Exchange, and doing real well—though Cousin Ada deplored what she called her child's presence in the marts of trade. "But Ma'Sue told her all the débutantes were going into shops and that it was the stylish thing to do—so Ada's more reconciled now." Ma'Sue, Mrs. Rallifer added, was more managing than ever, and really ought to be President of the United States.

Emily did not tell her mother that Mac had lost his job, and she observed that Mac also kept silence on that subject, though they had not agreed together to do this. He went into town each morning, and came back each afternoon exactly as if he were working. He seemed to be cheerful, and to have plenty of money; at least he spent freely in entertainment for the visitor—dinners in town, taxis, and theater tickets.

Emily asked him nothing; she made her mother's presence a rest and respite from her own cares—reassurance, too—for as she realized how long and comfortably her mother had lived in the shadow of overwhelming debt, she found comfort for her own case, thinking that perhaps time would make it easier for herself. Only, of course, her father was not like Mac; he recognized debts as something to be paid, whereas Mac saw them only as something to be avoided. Her father had not needed to shoulder the burden of his brother's extravagance, but he could not endure that any man should lose a dollar by the folly of one of his own blood. Mac would never have done the same, given the same circumstances.

But Emily did not want Mac to be quixotic, she did not even feel that her father's course had been entirely right; her uncle should have been made to face his own disaster with less help. "Mother and I ought not to have suffered from it," she thought, and she realized as never before how a man's wife and children are bound up with his strength and his weakness. She was bound with Mac, whatever he did; and when their child came, he too would be bound to his father until he reached the age of self-support.

She asked her mother: "Didn't you ever mind about Father paying Uncle Joe's debts? Didn't you ever wish he hadn't taken them on?"

Mrs. Rallifer's ready smile changed into an unusual gravity. "Dear knows I don't like to be poor, but I don't see what else your father could do! Joe Rallifer was a weak sister, but nobody ever thought he was crooked, and if the debts hadn't been paid that's what people would have said about him, and about your father, too. Honesty's so important, Emily—it's so much more important than being poor."

"Oh, Mother, that's the truth!" cried Emily with fervor. "You're awfully wise—and brave."

"I'd a heap rather be told I was handsome."

Emily could not help laughing. "You're handsome too. I only hope I'll be as good-looking when I'm your age."

"I don't care for any kind of compliment with allusions to my age in it. And now I'm going to be a grandmother! No woman can ever visualize herself as a grandmother."

"You're vain, that's what."

"Of course I'm vain. What use is a woman unless she's vain. I tell you, Emily, unless a woman takes care of her hair and her hands and her complexion— Well, she may be educated and cultured and so forth, but she's not intelligent! I don't know why," went on Mrs. Rallifer meditatively, "you wanted to bring up that old question of your Uncle Joe's debts. I'm so used to 'em I'd feel lost without 'em! All I hope now is that we get 'em paid up before we die so they won't descend to you. But I think we will; besides your father had his life insured to finish up the payments in case of his death."

(Please turn to page 135)

Pied Piper

by

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

"Jerry ordered her to quit the course. She couldn't see herself missing a degree just to please Jerry."

WHEN I was a reporter on the Evening *News* I found considerable truth in the saying: "The best stories are those you can't print." I'm thinking of Professor Gelbert over at the State University. There was a great story in Gelbert. Love, conflict, drama, human interest—a yarn with a wallop. But I couldn't write it for the *News*. I didn't even try.

Just the usual stuff got into the papers: *State University Professor Under Fire. . . . Gelbert Suspended After Radical Speech. . . . Legislator Attacks Gelbert as "Filthy Atheist" . . . . Curators Debate Gelbert's Dismissal. . . . Liberals Rally to Defense of State University Professor.* That last headline was one of ours. The *News* is a liberal paper.

In the city room we used to get rather peeved at our editorial writers. Every time an I. W. W. was tarred and feathered, or prohibition agents potted a bootlegger, the *News*' editorial page would raise a hullabaloo and we'd have to run our legs off gathering the facts. Usually the facts would show that the I. W. W. might have been lynched but for remarkable Christian forbearance, and had the prohibition agents been ordinary coppers the *News* would have praised them for doing their duty.

I mention this by way of explaining why, when the Gelbert story broke, I was sent half across the State with orders to file "a full and comprehensive report" of the controversy.

It was some row by the time I got to Statetown. The legislature was passing resolutions condemning Gelbert; a representative of the Free Speech League was organizing a students' protest against Gelbert's suspension, and the Association of Women's Clubs had sent a special committee to investigate. Ministers were having their say and liberal leaders rounded up by the Professor's friends were having theirs. The national news services carried reports that the secretary of some atheist society in New York was on his way to take a hand in the scrap. It was also reported that the Scopes trial lawyers had been invited to appear as counsel for Gelbert.

My first job was to get an interview with the Professor. The clerk on duty at the College Hotel that morning was pleased to direct me. "He lives in an old flat-building across from Administration Hall," said my informant, grinning. "Ask the first long-haired goggle-eyed stude you meet. He'll know." I found the place without any trouble; a ramshackle four-storied brick rookery. It looked much older than the ivy-colored buildings on the campus.

Gelbert's quarters were on the third floor. There was no elevator. As I went in the old place seemed suddenly young and fresh; it was noisy with students. They galloped past me up the stairs and slid by me coming down. I had three or four tight squeezes when I thought the rickety banisters would give way and we'd all break our necks. "I'm sorry," they said, and, "Oh, pardon me!" with the automatic meaninglessness of a heedless generation.

I puffed my way up two flights of stairs, thinking that each time I visited a college the kids looked younger and I felt aged ten years. Before I reached the third floor I began to discern that this stream of girls and boys had a definite focus. Professor Gelbert was holding a salon.

It overflowed into the dark musty hall. Girls and boys stood in chattering groups; their faces gave off an eager glowing that was like light. I sensed a nervous vivacity which I somehow compared to the tension of religionists at a camp-meeting. Snatches of talk: "—the Dean's like all the rest—jealous". . . . "—they don't dare fire him" . . . . "dumb narrow-minded bigots" . . . . "did you see what Prexy said, the old pussyfooter!". . . .

Shoving my way through, I entered an old-fashioned living-room. Youngsters and books. That was the impression I got. The youngsters cluttered up the place, and the books were everywhere.

"Is Professor Gelbert in?" I inquired of three girls and a pair of spectacles—behind which, I felt fairly certain, was a young man.

They stared and then one said: "*Doctor* Gelbert is over there."

A large group parted sufficiently to admit me to the presence of Professor Gelbert.

. . . .

A Great newspaper story that *never* "Got out"

He was seated in a huge chair, his hands resting on its fat arms. I did not at once notice the cane. His eyes caught my gaze and held it. "Look *here*," they seemed to say.

Gelbert was one of the handsomest men I've ever seen. Large, deep-set, brilliant brown eyes; thick wavy hair shot with silver and frosty at the temples; a ruthless-looking mouth set in an uneven line which might have served as a shorthand hieroglyphic for the words "humorous contempt." He was shabbily dressed, the effect of his pepper-and-salt tweed suit and careless tie endowing him with a note of pathos. His clothes appeared to have lines of suffering about them which matched the lines in his strong face; tired little wrinkles about his coat collar spoke as definitely as the frown-marks between his eyes.

I told him my name and the name of my paper. I said the usual thing about the widespread public interest his case had aroused and our desire to print a complete statement of his position.

He did not offer to get up or shake hands. He stared at me momentarily while perhaps a score of students gathered about.

"An appeal to the newspapers," he said slowly, "is the first recourse of a blatherskite and the intellectual suicide of an intelligent man."

I was prepared for that. I brought out a copy of the *News* conveniently opened at the editorial page.

"We're a liberal newspaper, Dr. Gelbert," I said. "We have already defended you editorially."

I handed him the paper. He read the editorial, frowning ruefully. An awed silence settled on the students surrounding us.

Gelbert sighed, turned to an earnest young man at his elbow and handed him the paper, saying: "This is what passes for journalistic liberalism nowadays." The student grinned understandingly and proceeded to read, while others crowded about to look over his shoulders.

"No," said Gelbert to me, "I'm afraid I can't offer myself for further crucifixion in the press."

I said: "The *News* is your friend, Dr. Gelbert. We want to see that you get a square deal. We want to give the public your side of it."

He shrugged and his voice was bitter.

"What's the use? Do you think I'm fool enough to believe *they'd* understand? No,"—he shook his head,—"I'd rather talk to a herd of swine."

"Well," I said, "at least you'll put us straight on what you actually said that night in your speech to the Students' Forum? There have been so many garbled versions, Dr. Gelbert, that we would like to have the correct one."

Gelbert laughed harshly.

"I don't want to frighten your readers," he said.

It occurred to me that a bit of strategy might work.

"Of course, if you've recanted, Doctor—" I began.

"I've recanted nothing! I said,"—he quelled an angry muttering among the students with a wave of his hand,—"I said: 'American standards of sex morality are not sociologically desirable.' Got that? Write it down. I do not retract a word of it."

"I've got that. Now, couldn't you explain the statement or tell me why—"

The Professor snorted.

"Not so you or your editors or their readers could understand it, my dear sir." He got to his feet, leaning on the cane, and glared at me: "Now, please be good enough to excuse me."

I fired a dozen questions at him. What precisely did he advocate? Were the charges true that he was an atheist? Would he fight suspension? Was he a communist? Had he made any explanations to the Board of Curators? Did he think it right to treat a friendly newspaper so shabbily?

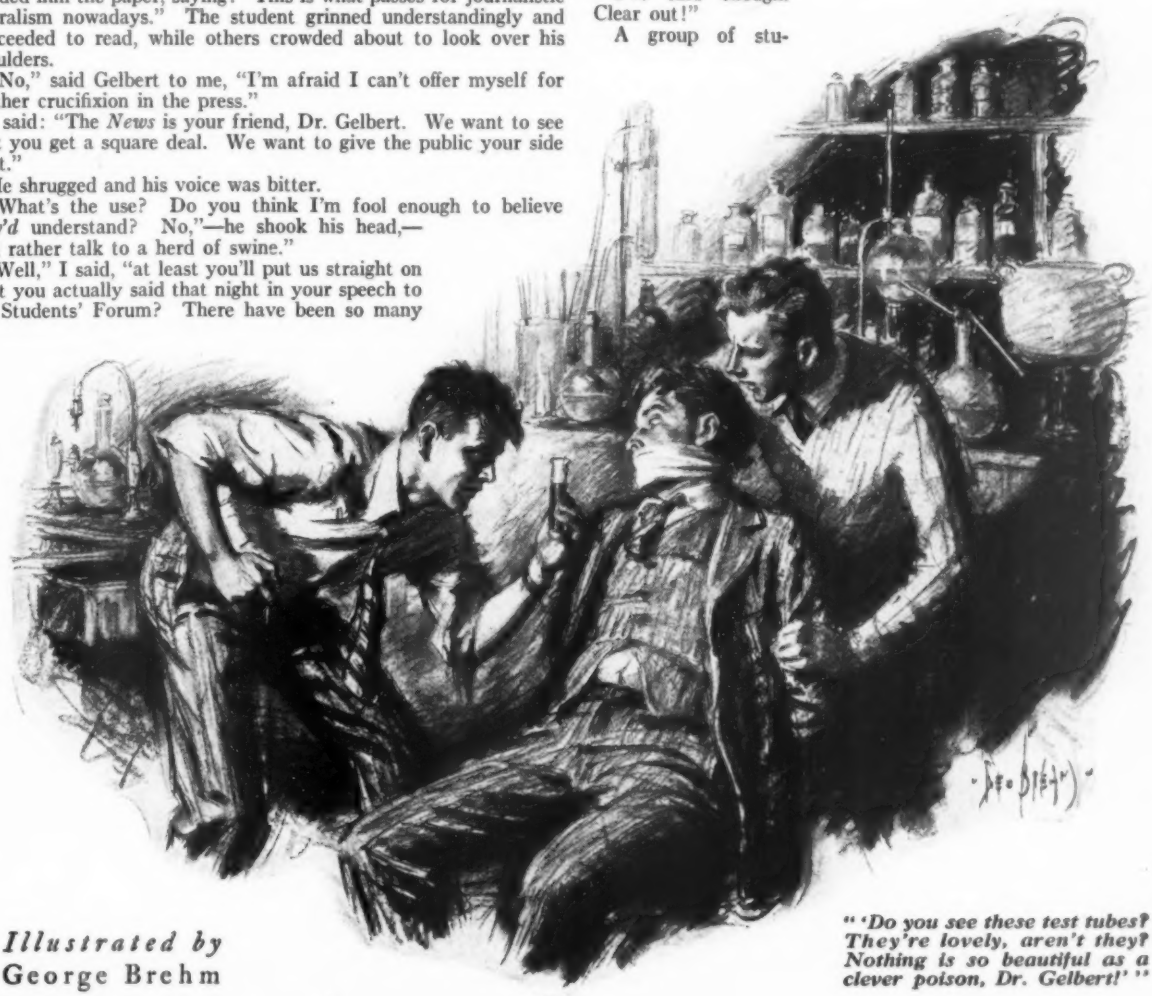
That touched off a final spark.

"Damn it, man, can't you see I'm half crazy over this thing? They're crucifying me for telling them the truth—for daring to teach the young men and women of this university that science has no morals. I'm seeing the death of education at this school and you expect me to babble sweet nothings to placate the dolts who read newspapers. No

—I've said enough.

Clear out!"

A group of stu-



Illustrated by George Brehm

"'Do you see these test tubes? They're lovely, aren't they? Nothing is so beautiful as a clever poison, Dr. Gelbert!'"

. . . .

dents followed me outside. They set up a bitter partisan clamor. Surely I wasn't going to take the part of the faculty dimwits who were persecuting Doctor Gelbert? Didn't I know that Doctor Gelbert was the only prof with a national reputation the university had? Was I going to side with a pack of hidebound hard-shell hick legislators? Doctor Gelbert had told the truth, hadn't he?

I kept them talking for the benefit of several paragraphs on "student sentiment" I wanted to include in my story. I must have heard expressions from at least fifty.

Finally, a bell tolled somewhere on the campus and the group melted away. One student, who introduced himself as Ralph Brownell, swung into step with me as I started for the hotel. I was in a hurry to catch our city edition which went in at one-ten. It was now nearly noon.

"I'm taking journalism," said young Brownell rather diffidently. "I'm vice-president of the Student Council, and I thought maybe I could give you a slant on how the school stands in this case."

"Glad to get your ideas," I said. "The students seem to be lined up rather solidly for Gelbert."

The boy nodded.

"Everybody who has ever been in his classes darn' near worships him."

"He has personality," I said.

"He's got more than that." An awkwardness born of enthusiasm made the boy's voice husky. "He's got brains! That's what makes it so rotten to see dimwits like Dean Keogh and Prexy Tilton jumping on him. Say, did you ever read any of Doctor Gelbert's books?"

I said I hadn't.

"He's written eight," the boy went on. "Spengler wrote him a letter about his 'Social Ethics.' Havelock Ellis gave him a swell send-off for that history of morals he wrote. Doctor Gelbert's publishers wanted to print the letter on the cover of the book, but Doctor Gelbert wouldn't let 'em. He doesn't care anything about money. He gives away nearly all his salary to hoboes."

"Quite a character," I murmured.

The boy turned to me as we halted on a corner to let a truck pass. His eyes were alight with hero-worship.

"Listen," he said, "I hope you'll get us studes right. I'll tell you why we're so strong for Doctor Gelbert. He does things. He doesn't memorize other men's textbooks and put us to sleep reciting 'em. He writes his own textbooks. He's got a head on him. I wish you'd stick around long enough to hear him lecture once!"

My informant seemed a little ashamed of his enthusiasm. He stuffed his hands in his pockets and walked on.

I said: "Gelbert is rather unconventional for a State University, isn't he?"

That brought an impatient shrug.

"Everybody seems to think we're just kids who believe in Santa Claus. When we're Freshies we are—the first month. But we soon get wised up. Of course, I don't go for *everything* Doctor Gelbert advocates. But what the hell? He treats us as if we had a little sense. Most of the profs here think we're still reading fairy-books."

At the hotel, the boy gave me a lot of data on the size of Gelbert's classes, the various courses he offered and his teaching methods. He wound up by saying:

"If you don't think the school is going to stand by Doctor Gelbert, you watch the parade this noon. We're going through the business section and finish in front of Prexy Tilton's house. I'll bring you the dope on it if you're going to be busy writing. I'll bring you some of Doctor Gelbert's books too."

I thanked him, remarking that I might not have time to read the books. The boy said confidently: "I'll bring 'em, anyway. If you start one you'll read it through."

He hurried off to join a mixed crowd of students who had the air of rebel conspirators awaiting their leader, and I went to my room to start the first day's story. My recollection is that I began it about like this:

> Describing himself as a martyr to the cause of academic freedom, Prof. W. L. Gelbert, State University sociologist under suspension for alleged radicalism, today repeated his attack on American moral standards.
>
> "They're crucifying me for telling the truth," Dr. Gelbert told the correspondent. He declared that the wrath of faculty executives had been visited on him because, "I dared to teach the young men and women of this university that science has no morals."
>
> State University students appear to be unanimous in support of the accused professor.

"No," said Gelbert, "I'm afraid I can't offer myself for further crucifixion in the press .... I'd rather talk to a herd of swine."

Before I had the story finished, the students' parade came by the hotel. I watched it from a window. There must have been fifteen hundred boys and girls in line. They were marching up the wide main street of Statetown toward the university campus. At the head of the parade was a banner reading: *GELBERT AND INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM*. Other banners I noted contained the demands: "Keep Gelbert," and, "We Want Truth, Not Baby Pap" and, "Save State U's Honor." It was a colorful rousing parade in the bright April sunshine.

I wrote a new lead for the next edition:

> Fifteen hundred university students in defiance of faculty orders paraded the streets of Statetown at noon today as a protest against the suspension and probable dismissal of Prof. W. L. Gelbert. It was a unique and forceful tribute to the popularity of the teacher who is under fire for alleged radical utterances.

Well, so far as I could see, that was the whole story. I interviewed President Tilton and Dean Keogh and old man Cravener, head of the Board of Curators, that afternoon. They were ill at ease and stubbornly noncommittal as to the final action to be taken in Gelbert's case. But it wasn't hard to guess that Gelbert had cooked his goose. He'd be fired after a show of careful deliberation.

I felt sorry for Gelbert. I felt he must be a remarkable man to have inspired such loyalty in his students. Gelbert hadn't mere followers; he had made disciples. Judging from the scenes at his apartment that morning and the parade at noon, Gelbert was the best-loved professor at the university.

So that night I sat in my hotel room writing a second-day story on the situation. I took the feature angle—liberalism versus fundamentalism. I tried to paint the picture of an earnest, sincere scientist, a leader of youth brought into hopeless conflict with

fundamentalist morality. For once, I believed, the *News'* editorial writers had picked a worthy champion.

It was quite late when I finished and filed the story. I was preparing to turn in when there was a knock on my door.

The young fellow who stood there had a copy of the *News* in his hand. Our city edition reached Statetown about ten o'clock in the evening.

"Are you Mr. Jennings, the *News* reporter?" my visitor inquired.

I nodded. He stood undecided, glancing at my Page One story and then at me. He was tall and blond and husky.

"Anything wrong with the story?" I asked.

He hesitated, reddening painfully. "Yes," he said, with a gulp, "there is. There's a lot of things wrong with it."

"Come in," I said. "Let's talk it over."

"Thanks. I'd like to." He slid uncomfortably into a chair. "I don't believe I told you my name. I'm Joe Brock. I'm president of the Honor Committee at school this year."

I said I was mighty glad he came; that if there was anything wrong with the day's story I wanted to know it.

"Well," he said, "your article gives the impression that most of the school is backing Gelbert in this row."

I agreed that it did. I mentioned the interviews with various students and the size of the parade.

He grinned.

"You only talked with Pinky Brownell and his crowd," he said; and then added hastily: "I'm not blaming you. A reporter can't be expected to interview the whole school."

"But the parade—there were at least fifteen hundred marchers. Isn't that a pretty good indication?"

My visitor shook his head. I noticed a small gold football hanging from his watch-chain and the pin of a potent fraternity.

He said: "You can't go by parades. We'll parade for anything—just so it's against the administration. I was in the parade myself. It was a good excuse to cut a lab. period."

"Then you don't think the majority of the student body is on Gelbert's side?"

Joe Brock leaned forward earnestly.

"You've got us all wrong. You've got Gelbert all wrong. If you knew the real dope on Gelbert, you'd never write an article like this."

"That's what I'm here for," I said. "To get the real dope. Let's have it."

The boy stared at his hands a moment. Then, looking up, he said: "The trouble is—I can't talk for publication. There's too much I wouldn't be able to prove."

Thinking that after all he only wanted to tell me campus gossip, I remarked: "Rumors would not be printable, anyway. But supposing you tell me in confidence all you know about this case?"

He flushed at my tone. His jaw set and he eyed me levelly.

"I didn't come to you with a load of campus dirt. That's not my line." He winced and fumbled for words. "I—I just couldn't swallow that heroic stuff Gelbert's been pulling."

"You don't like Gelbert, eh?"

"I hate him."

"Why?"

"It would take some time to tell you."

"We've got all night."

"Well—" he began, "don't get the idea that because I hate Gelbert and because of the pretty terrible things that have happened, I don't realize his good points. You can't go too strong on the hold that guy has over some of the studes. He's the most brilliant prof we've got. He's done more to put us on the map than any other man on the faculty. I guess you know how good-looking he is. Maybe he pulled some epigrams for you too?"

"One."

"You couldn't have been around him very long. He's full of epigrams. When he's lecturing in good form you have to grin in spite of yourself. I took ethics from him last year. He's a brilliant guy, all right. But don't think that's the only reason everybody makes a rush for his courses. Most of the girls fall for his limp and his iron-gray hair and that look of suffering. Gelbert's had quite a past, you know."

"I didn't know."

"He married a girl when he was teaching in Boston. They had a kid. Gelbert went to France with the A.E.F. While he was gone, his wife ran off with another man. The kid died of the flu and when the other man ditched Gelbert's wife, she killed herself. Gelbert was in a hospital at Brest, all shot up, when they told him. He's never gotten over it."

"No doubt that accounts for his bitterness, eh?"

The boy nodded.

"Most of the girls," he went on, "are crazy about him. I've had a loony Pi Phi tell me that she'd run off with Gelbert any time he asked her; I don't think she was kidding. But Gelbert hasn't much use for women. He thinks they're all like his wife. Still, the girls fall hard for that indifferent line of his and even when he makes epigrams on the dumbness of women, they lap it up.

"With the fellows, Gelbert has a special line. I notice you were quoting Pinky Brownell in your article. Pinky is one of Gelbert's pets. He's kidded Pinky into thinking he'll be a great writer some day. Maybe he will; I don't know. But Pinky is pretty hard-boiled, and Gelbert hasn't done him much damage.

"The fellows who aren't Gelbert's pets take his courses because he's famous and they like to quote him, or because they admire a smart prof. God knows we've got enough dumb ones at this school. Gelbert knows how to be a good fellow. I'll give him credit. He has the best liquor you'll find in this town and he isn't stingy with it. And he's got every dirty book that was ever printed. Boccaccio and Aretino are pikers compared to some of the bawdy boys Gelbert's got. I know several fellows who've joined his circulating library.

"Now, don't get the idea I'm any Y.M.C.A. shouter. I've read some of Gelbert's books. But a little of that stuff goes a long way. It's like fraternity-house gin."

"The gin was pretty bad, even in my day," I said.

"Yes? Well—what I'm trying to get over in telling you all this stuff at the start is that Gelbert is the sort of guy we fall for. He's fascinating, what I mean. You either want to go through hell with him or you discover some reason for hating him. That's kind of vague and involved—"

"I think I understand."

"I'll put it another way. Here's the big idea—Gelbert's all right if you're tough enough to stand him. That's the point I've been trying to explain. I'm not much of a talker, so—well, anyway, I can start telling you about Jerry.

"Maybe you've met Jerry? He was on the team with me last fall—played quarter. Jerry Stevens. Oh, you don't cover sports! Well, Jerry is my best friend and always will be. I don't think Joan Drummond ever appreciated him—but that's neither here nor there. I only mentioned her name because she was mixed up in this.

"Jerry is one of the kind that Gelbert is poison to. Just plain poison. You'd have to know Jerry to see exactly what I mean. He's the kind of guy—well, f'r instance, take football. One Saturday Jerry would run hog-wild. He scored three touchdowns in our biggest game last year. The next Saturday he'd be so lousy Coach would have to yank him in the first quarter. He lost the Missouri game for us by missing a tackle on the twenty-yard line.

"If you ever roomed with Jerry you'd know his kind all right. He'd start undressing on the front porch and kick his clothes all over the house. You'd wake up in the middle of the night and find Jerry writing a love-letter on a drawing-board stuck out the window. You'd ask him what the hell and he'd keep you awake an hour arguing that moonlight is the only kind of light to write love-letters by. There isn't anything halfway about Jerry. If he's for you, you can have his last clean shirt on date night. But he's either one way or the other. When he's happy he'll dance on his hands; when he gets low, he'll start writing down the best ways of kicking off—poison, gun, rope—with diagrams too!"

"I'd like to meet Jerry," I said.

"He's a guy in a million! But a hard friend to manage. And just the sort of kid that shouldn't monkey with Prof. Gelbert. You see, Jerry started out with a headful of ideals. Up to about a year ago this month, Jerry believed everything his folks taught him. You only loved one girl; you didn't look at any others; you married her and lived happily ever after. You didn't neck girls; you kept yourself pure; you darn' near believed in Santa Claus—that kind of stuff. We had a hard time getting dates for Jerry, he was so slow. He thought girls were sugar and spice and all that's nice. He was waiting till the right one came along.

"Jerry had all the bright young dreams that most freshies come here with. For three years he'd played football and basketball, studied chemistry and kept chocolate-soda dates with Kappas and Sigma Chis. Then, about a year ago Gelbert got hold of him.

"Gelbert makes a specialty of fellows like Jerry. He's death on this fairy-book stuff. He certainly is rough on your boyish dreams, what I mean. He seems to have an itch to wise you up. He isn't satisfied with the Juniors and Seniors he gets in his classes. He runs Wednesday-night lectures in Mullen Hall and gets hold of a lot of Freshies and Sophs that way. He has this Students' Forum too—it meets every Sunday night in the Auditorium.

"The thing that made Jerry ripe for Gelbert's line was that his first love-affair had gone on the rocks. Jerry developed a case of puppy-love over a waitress at the Commons. Worship from afar and two or three picture-show dates on the sly. That was the sort of crazy idealist stunt Jerry would pull. This Cinderella line, you know!

"Well, Jerry's princess ran off with a taxi-driver and didn't return his frat pin. Jerry took it hard. I've still got the drawings Jerry made of the best ways to commit suicide. I think he decided on some chemical formula. But I jollied him out of that spell. He just had hangover enough to go to one of Gelbert's lectures. And he fell hard.

"Jerry turned in his track suit. He got admitted to Gelbert's course on 'Social Problems.' He started bringing home a stack of highbrow books. He told me one night that he'd just discovered he had a brain. He told me the next night that all this idealistic stuff was the bunk. Couple of nights later he came in looking as if he'd been on a hard bat. Pale, bleary-eyed, he was a sight. He announced that he had just given up his belief in God.

"All the fellows at the house were worried. They'd seen things happen to kids who took Gelbert too seriously. But I believed Jerry would snap out of it.

"Well, he didn't. He got worse and worse. He started snickering at us when we fanned football or got noisy in bull sessions. He sat around looking bored, at our informals. Pop Dunn, our house president last year, was strong on this 'dear old alma mater' and 'glorious fraternity' stuff. Whenever Pop lectured our pledges for bad manners or bad grades, Jerry would give him the horse-laugh.

"I argued and pleaded with Jerry to cut it out. I didn't get to first base. Jerry would say; 'This fraternity system is childish. It's a lot of meaningless, insincere hooey.' He'd come back at me with quotes from Gelbert. One of Gelbert's favorite stunts is to get you in an argument over immortality or the single standard. He'd never come right out and say he didn't believe in God or favored immorality. He'd sit back in his chair and grin at you in that nasty way of his and shoot disconcerting questions at you like; 'How many husbands are absolutely faithful, Mr. So-and-so?' or, 'Now, just what is your idea of God, Miss So-and-so?'

"I've seen him get Juniors and Seniors so rattled that they didn't know what they believed. When I was in his class, I learned how to keep him from making a sap out of me. He'd ask me: 'Do you think the American system of marriage the best, Mr. Brock?' I'd say: 'It suits me fine, Dr. Gelbert.' He'd say, 'Why do you prefer it to the Continental system?' I'd look him in the eye and say: 'I never know why I like things. I just like them.' It was a swell way to handle him. If you tried to argue, you were sunk."

"What happened to Jerry?" I said.

"Excuse me—I was going to tell you about that. Jerry got to hitting the booze and chasing around with stringy-haired highbrow girls who belonged to Gelbert's crowd. Pop Dunn decided he needed some discipline for the good of *(Please turn to page 118)*

PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks" and "Never the Twain Shall Meet," has completed his greatest romantic novel -- a love-story of the sky and the South Seas—

"ISLAND *of* DESIRE"

beginning in December Redbook

The Red *Hot Mamma* Goose

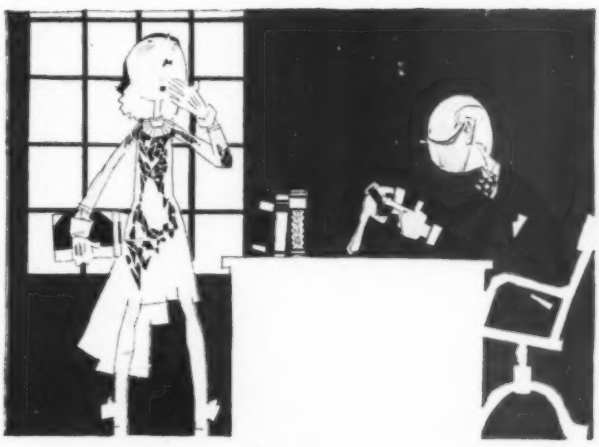
By Berton Braley

Illustrated by John Held Jr.

Goosey, Goosey Gander,
Whither do you wander?
Uptown, downtown,
Here and there and yonder—
Night-clubs, fight-clubs,
Various road-houses,
Coming home at two o'clock
With the other souses.

Ba, ba, Black Sheep,
Have you any gin?
Yes sir, yes sir,
It just came in:
A case for your neighbor,
A case for you—
And a case for the hospital
When you are through.

A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar—
I can't get here so soon.
How can I dance till five o'clock
Unless I sleep till noon?



After a girl has *killed* a man's brother, has *she* a duty to *him*?

The Hand

STRANGE kid, Ann! From the end of his cousin Deborah's dock, Philip Henneage stared painfully over the heaving Reach to catch the flash of white arms momentarily visible and then buried under great swells. He had found this new Ann incomprehensible enough, these three days—but here was folly on the thin edge of madness. The Reach lay between the Point, at whose tip Deborah's house stood, and Monmouth Island, with Monmouth Harbor beyond. Three hundred yards of ordinarily smooth water, it became a murderous chaos two or three times a summer when an ebb-tide met a wind exactly the right number of degrees south of east. At breakfast Ann had announced that the wind was right and had pointed to gigantic swells breaking into surf on Deborah's beach.

During the three days he had been back at Monmouth she had been strange, alien, wholly changed. A youngster of fifteen four years ago when he had last seen her, she now was nothing which that impetuous and eager child had promised to become. But though disturbed by the sullen fascination with which her eyes dwelt on the Reach, he had not dreamed that she would try to swim it. Then, an hour after breakfast, a joyously imbecilic shout from Bunny Hare had brought Philip and Deborah out to discover that Ann was already across the Reach in the only boat capable of making the trip. Before their eyes, a dot of white and blue made pitiful by the racing seas, she had moored the boat on the edge of Monmouth Island and had waded, stoop-shouldered, into the surf.

The tide met a counter-current at the apex of a *V*. A swell raised Ann into visibility and she lay along a comb of water like a figure carved on a plaque. Time ceased and Philip felt his knuckles grinding into his thighs. Tide and current fought for her; she was drawn down behind a foaming swell. His breath whistled. A minute flash, the white of her jersey, glimmered a hundred feet farther out to sea.

Bunny Hare lowered his binoculars and turned to grin appreciatively at Philip and Deborah. "Good old Ann!" he shouted. "She always wows 'em. Where's Ederle now? Simply wiped out—absolutely capsized. When Ann puts on an act, the whole world knows it's good. This one's a honey, no?"

He beamed and glued the binoculars to his eyes again. Three days' acquaintance with Bunny Hare had destroyed Philip's antipathy to the extinction of the unfit. Perhaps the most puzzling thing about Ann, the most opaque mystery, was her attitude toward this amiable idiot. . . . He forced his eyes to a greater fixity on that buffeted atom. What had happened to Ann's scorn of incompetence? What had destroyed her intolerence of stupidity, of mediocrity? And what had curdled her old fine courage to this recklessness of attempting the Reach?

Deborah at his side said in the cool, derisive voice that he had known all his life and ten years ago had worshiped: "She was sent to me as a semi-invalid—the result of an automobile crash which had brought her dangerously near the claws of neuræsthenia. Jay and Edith might want to climb an Alp this summer or make a long cruise which would be clearly beyond Ann's strength. So dear Deborah's quiet summer ways were invoked to restore the health that a year in the West was unable to supply."

Ann's pitiful arms! From moment to moment he caught the beat of their obscured rhythm. He had taught Ann that trudgeon-stroke years ago. But there had been no foolhardiness in her then—only a young girl's superb confidence. What was most bafflingly gone from her now was that old assurance, that unconscious mastery she had then. His eyes again moved to the only boat left in the slip, an outboard-motored skiff. In those swells it wouldn't keep steerage-way for thirty seconds, but—

"Don't try, Phil," Deborah said impersonally. "The loss of a few relatives wouldn't profoundly grieve me, but catastrophes in dozen lots would be vulgar. A double funeral would threaten my dignity."

A long blue scarf blew about her white skirt. Hair like metallic copper, exquisite round knees, chastely thin features, she was a matured duplicate of Ann. But Deborah was changeless, a glacial perfection, an assurance that verged on a contemptuous and serene thirty-five. "The blond ass is wrong about putting on an act. If he'd had the cocktails that usually fuel his mind, he'd understand that this feat is the climax of courtship. She invited him here to end by marrying him. It's indelicate of us to linger here watching the enthrallment."

She started away, the scarf fluttering at her shoulders. Philip loathed her interpretation, but he was afraid that it might be accurate. For if half the time Ann flouted the blond ass with merciless contempt, she took care to compensate him with a submission

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

of FEAR *by* Bernard De Voto

"Ann's stunting, huh?" Bill Comstock inquired casually. He pulled off the helmet, exposing hair much more signally red than Ann's, and then his shirt. Stooping, he rapidly tossed away puttees and shoes. He stopped the disrobing short of his trousers, said, "Hell! She'll make it,"—and began to dress again, hardly watching her.

Suddenly Philip knew that the youth was right. He lost his sense of those frail white arms overborne by tons of water, swept out before an ebbing tide. Ann's folly became bearable. The white arms caught the sun, went down behind an arch of green, flashed again, were buried. She had taken desperate odds; but, exultantly, he perceived that she would win.

She reached the choppy water. It was terrifying; it tossed her like a wind-blown leaf, but it was inside the Point. She would land on the curved shingle at the tip.

Bunny Hare was dancing on the dock and shouting—exhilarated to the mood that doubtless stirred him when he watched a Yale crew come down the river in the lead. But Philip ran down the dock and out along the narrow beach.

Surf broke over her. She stood a moment and then was thrown headlong. He dashed through waves that sucked at his knees. He carried her to dry sand, her head thrown back on his shoulder, her eyes closed, her breast shaken.

She stood experimentally, resting a hand on him, all strength drained from her. Blood was oozing from a long scratch on her thigh, where the surf had raked her across a jagged shell. She was less the sullen, arrogant Ann she had grown into since his absence, more a small girl nerveless and spent but triumphant.

"I made it," she said, a sort of awe in her voice. "Phil, I made it! I was afraid to try."

He supported her with an arm round her shoulders. "I saw," he said. "But tell me why you were afraid to try."

Ann stood away from him and drew this new impalpable resentment about her. Hard, Deborah had said, hard as a horse-thief's tombstone. "I've had my turn at killing others. Can't I experiment with myself if I like? I made it, didn't I?"

Her chin was defiant and her eyes sullen, but he disregarded just as bewildering. But Philip understood Deborah's present impatience. The version of her life that she made public was that she had sacrificed everything for a career as a painter of cold, satirical portraits which were just now fashionably desirable in New York. The truth was that she had spent her life in headlong flight from emotions—as she was now fleeing a possible anxiety about Ann—as ten years ago she had fled a possible acceptance of Philip's adoration.

A motorcycle was suddenly barking on the lawn. It stopped at the dock and a helmeted, khaki-clad young man came swiftly down the planking. Philip recognized him as Bill Comstock, introduced to him yesterday as the manager of Monmouth's embryonic airport. "Our village Ford," Deborah murmured; "the parish Edison. Now he'll perhaps understand that Ann is no longer bothering to infatuate him." And without another glance at the Reach, she walked swiftly toward the house.

Ann was nearer shore but farther, dangerously farther, toward the open sea. Philip groaned and squatted on his heels, straining for sight.

them. Her angry question recalled to him a rumor, a curt allusion in some one's letters or in newspapers. Ann had killed somebody in a motor wreck. He'd forgotten the details, but that would help to explain a lot about her. But the aviator, helmeted again, was on the beach.

"Yeh," Bill Comstock said, with an obvious and severe irritation. "You made it, Skinny. You got a break. Pull up your shirt."

Color whipped into her cheeks. She jerked the jersey higher on her shoulders. There was something peculiar about that swimming suit, Phil observed. Almost backless, it was abnormally high in front. Probably another affectation.

"Now go home and go to bed," Comstock added. "Stay there till tomorrow. Yeh, and say a little prayer before your joss, and feed him a spoon of rice. He was sittin' on your number today."

"Bill," Ann announced forthrightly, "I'm going up with you today."

"'S what I thought, too. I came to tell you it was oke. Well, sister, you're not. The air aint safe for fools—no, nor babies."

Bunny Hare came charging across the lawn, his heavy jowls crimson from the exercise. "Oh, a grand act, Ann!" he was shouting. "Absolutely headline. I'll buy flowers—I'll buy drinks."

"Buy her a nursing-bottle," Comstock suggested.

"Bill, you've got to take me up!" pleaded Ann.

"Listen, Skinny, you've done your stunt today—you get your pay. Think about flyin' when you're nearer bright. You stay in bed today and give your grouch a rest. Or sit under a tree with this—this piece of crocked steel." He jerked a negligent thumb in the direction of Bunny Hare.

"Oh, run home, Lindbergh," Bunny said combatively. "Has no one told you that soap isn't unthinkable for your face?"

"Don't play rough," Comstock admonished him. His gaze interlocked with Ann's, mutinous and disturbed. "What are you goin' to do if you get scared of the dark, Skinny? Turn on a light or wear a blindfold?" He turned to Philip, who was surprised to find real concern on that grease-stained face. "Do something for me, Cousin Philip: wheel her in a perambulator. Get one for twins and put Fatty in it, too."

He turned on one heel, righted the motorcycle, and chugged away, indifferent to Deborah's curving paths.

Philip saw Ann's eyes darken with an antagonism that was almost tangible. Then, her chin hardening, she linked arms with Bunny and smiled up at him.

Coming to luncheon, he found Bunny affronting Deborah by mixing cocktails, and earnestly warning Ann against aviation. "You stick to putting Ederle in her place, Ann. There's always some one by to throw a rope. Don't go out to show up Earhart. Who's there to throw you a parachute?" He gestured with the frosty shaker and poured a cocktail for Deborah, who conceived that civilization would perish if one touched liquor before sunset.

Ann wore the look of strain and doubt that had so disturbed Philip. "I'm not sure," she said. "I've spent two months at Bill's field learning the ground-work." She sipped Bunny's craftsmanship. "I'd like to fly."

"Don't!" Bunny was oratorical. "Flying's out, Ann. It isn't safe."

"Neither's gin—like this."

"But it's friendly. Don't run down Old Man Gin. Now, take this red-headed airman—"

"Red's a good color."

"Not for men, it isn't. What'll you do if he gets you up and gets mad?"

"You ought to see him at eight thousand feet." A rapt look had come into her eyes. "It's security when he's in command. I've seen him let that black plane fly itself while he smoked or tied his shoes or just dozed. It's—oh, Phil," —she turned to him,—"when you're in command—nothing can shake you."

Bunny exploded. "And down you come with your vertebræ practically inseparable from cylinder-heads! Damn it, Ann, a man would think you surely were familiar enough with wrecks."

Her face suddenly drained white. As suddenly the whole story came clearly into Philip's mind. A heap of twisted steel that had hit a truck. An unconscious girl at the wheel —beside her a dead man. . . . But the man's name still eluded him, though he felt it was a familiar one. He reached out a hand vaguely, intending to touch her arm. But the shock had left her and she was smiling again at Bunny. She took his refilled glass from him.

"Don't be alcoholic for a while. I want you for tennis."

"There you go." Bunny was plaintive. "Are you going to indorse something, Ann? Why do you have to be God's gift to sports-outfitters? You swim, you ride the hoofs off the horses, you sail the canvas off sloops. Leave poor old Wills to her cups and sit with Bunny in the shade for one afternoon and use Cousin Deborah's gin to be decadent with me."

"You're not decadent, Bunny," she said sweetly. "You're only overweight."

Deborah approved of the tennis. "I really think, Bunny, that a young man has some obligation to his waistline. And I'm sure it wasn't your father who taught you this matinée drinking."

"Oh, I bow, I accede politely." Bunny's face lightened. "Keep up your morale with the best sports-wear, eh?"

Philip's gaze went to Ann's tennis frock. The design seemed to intend the waist to meet the hem of the skirt in back, for all the vertebræ that aroused Bunny's concern were completely visible. But it rose high on her throat in front. "Is there some notion of equilibrium, Ann?" he asked, pointing to the frock. "Some theory of balancing exposures?"

"It's not fair to put too great a strain on Bunny," she said flippantly. But, amazed, he saw that her averted eyes were deep with pain.

He played a set with her toward midafternoon, but disliked the intensity she put into the game and relinquished her to Bunny, who

"You made it, Skinny," said Bill Comstock,

took the court determined to be brilliant. He ran about with a desperation that turned his face scarlet, stabbing at Ann's drives, fanning at her overhead shots, poking at her service. But Ann could not tolerate unskillfulness and mercilessly outplayed him.

He kept up a series of panting exclamations. "Oh, well played! . . . Oh, placed, Ann! . . . Oh, lovely!" until she halted at the net, lowering her racket.

Deborah finished her afternoon's attention to a canvas and strolled out to sit beside Philip, watching Ann intently. "Your usual occupation, Phil?" she said. "Somehow one always thinks of you as looking at a woman and seeing a heroine. Have you decided that Ann has some tragic sorrow eating her heart? It's merely that you don't understand contemporary courtship, my dear. These days one surrenders to the male by first humiliating him."

He looked equably at Deborah, so immaculate, so well-groomed that one longed to disarrange her. "No doubt. The flaw is, I can't imagine Ann desiring him, even."

"Perhaps you think the sunburnt aviator is the favored swain? No, Bunny's inheritance will be as corpulent as his body. Ann isn't poor—but she is thoughtful. What else is there? Professional athletics? She couldn't stand the gaff. Our relatives aren't much given to courage."

"What puzzles me," he went on, ignoring her, "is what she's afraid of—what this hellish terror of hers means."

Here eyes were amused. "Women were always a fathomless mystery to you, weren't they? Even me, a sedate cat who daubs canvas. And now Ann. My dear Phil, don't mistake sound business foresight for frustration. Don't confuse Ann's expert allurements with a tragic heart."

"Who," he said flatly, "was the man who was killed in that accident she was mixed up in?"

"Lowes Hare, Bunny's older brother." Deborah's lips curled. "That's the rotten sport of it, to kill a man's brother as a prelude to capturing him. One would expect Bunny to be exempt."

He slapped his thigh, excitement mounting in him. "Don't be a fool, Deborah! It's perfectly clear to me—don't tell me you're blind."

"What would you like me to see? Lowes Hare had the intelligence that never graced Bunny. He was in Ann's car when she drove it into a truck. He died. Ann emerged with a year's idleness, a useful fragility, and a dead set toward Bunny. It's a mistake to trust the young with eight cylinders."

Exquisite in green and white, not a hair displaced, as frigid as a marble virgin, she was altogether repellent. "That's your version, Deborah," he said without rancor. "Perhaps I'm better constituted to understand the child."

"You might let your voice break on the word," she suggested. "I've noticed that some one else always drives now."

Deborah nodded, her smile unpleasant. "You may be sure that even flirtation will never push her far enough to learn to fly."

Ann's racket came arching through the air to settle at Philip's feet. "Take a dip, Bunny," she ordered, "and powder your forehead." She led Phil away. "Take me to the airport."

He got his roadster from the garage and caught up with her at the gate. "Are you driving?" he asked.

Halfway into the car, she stopped and turned startled gray eyes on him. And in those eyes he saw suddenly something bewildered, lost, inseparable from terror. With an effort she slid into the seat beside him and made her voice careless. "You took the hole: it's your honor."

"You haven't tried out my car—it's very sweet."

Her face was averted. "I've abandoned the career. I think you're probably a very good chauffeur, Phil."

He risked directness, touching her hand lightly. "My dear, when you're afraid of something, walk quietly up to it—"

"Why do you suppose I swam the Reach?" she flashed at him. Her face was wretched, harassed, imploring. It went hard. "Are you taking me to the field or not? When I need prayer, I get it at church."

He let in the clutch and Ann suddenly became voluble, chattering with a sort of hurried ease. The immediate theme was Bill Comstock. At twenty-six, the red-headed youth *(Please turn to page 126)*

"You got a break. Now go home and go to bed. Think about flyin' when you're nearer bright!"

The Carrier Pigeon

"When did he write, asking you to get him a pass to visit here?" demanded the General.

AT five o'clock that Thursday afternoon, the storm broke. Rain descended in sheets, and the sky became as dark as night. I sent for the weather-regulator and was informed that the storm covered the whole north of France.

We went early to bed that night, without having heard a word from Major Starr. His father, General Starr, sent for me after dinner and questioned me in his stiff military voice about the possibilities of flying, without betraying in the slightest degree his real concern as a father inquiring after the safety of his son. I assured him that no pilot would attempt to fly in such a storm; Horace doubtless was playing bridge in some German mess at Lille, listening to their stories of air-fighting; he had left our field before two o'clock so he'd had plenty of time to reach Lille ahead of the storm.

"But his orders were to return this afternoon," argued the General.

"It was impossible, sir; no pilot on earth could fly through this rain," I replied.

Nevertheless, I went to bed thinking deeply over this desperate mission to Lille, a mission which Lanky Starr himself had described as "nip and tuck." Forced to spend the night in German uniform among his enemies, his fate—if he were discovered—was not a pleasant nightcap for the General. Situated as we were, surrounded by barbed wire enclosing some two or three thousand German prisoners,—our flying-field and our living-quarters located in the center of this impenetrable ring,—gossip and news from the rest of the world never leaked through to us; yet General Starr and his staff received the earliest and fullest information about the enemy movements known to any man. For this station was the headquarters of the American Secret Service, and General Starr was its chief.

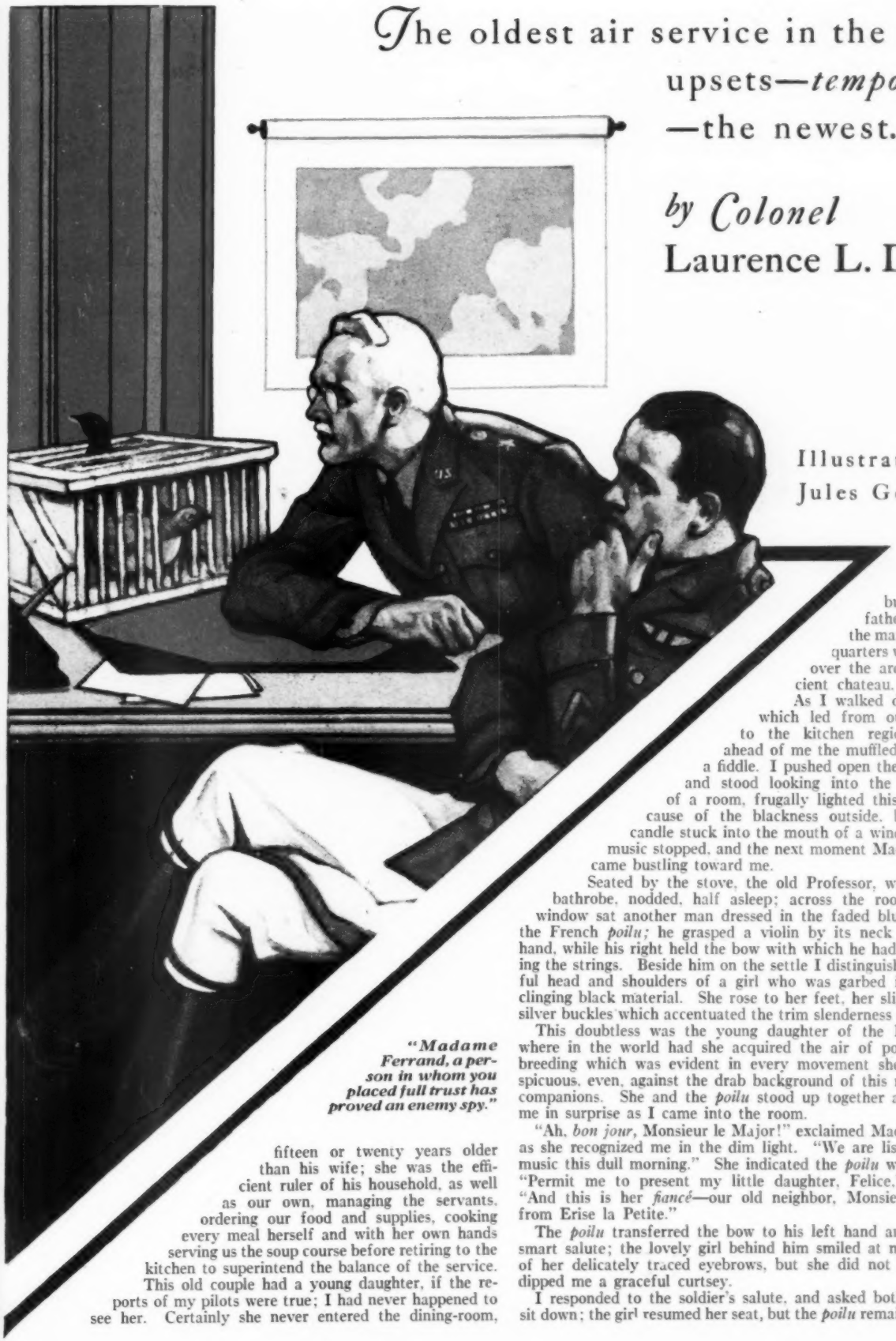
Next morning the skies dripped rain and the weather reports were bad. I left my office after cleaning up my desk and returned to my room at the Chateau to see about my laundry; since I had been transferred from my old outfit I'd had no washing done; my fresh things were exhausted and borrowing from my pilots was no longer possible, for all of us were in the same fix. I determined to take our housekeeper, Madame Ferrand, into my confidence, and see if anything might be accomplished there.

Madame Ferrand evidently was an old and familiar friend of the General's, else she would not have been intrusted with her present post. Her husband was a retired professor who formerly had been in the University of Paris; he was with her now, an absent-minded, scholarly old boy, dressed usually in a dirty gray bathrobe whose tasseled cords trailed behind him over the kitchen floor as he walked. He was

The oldest air service in the world upsets—*temporarily*—the newest.

by Colonel
Laurence L. Driggs

Illustrated by
Jules Gotlieb



"Madame Ferrand, a person in whom you placed full trust has proved an enemy spy."

fifteen or twenty years older than his wife; she was the efficient ruler of his household, as well as our own, managing the servants, ordering our food and supplies, cooking every meal herself and with her own hands serving us the soup course before retiring to the kitchen to superintend the balance of the service. This old couple had a young daughter, if the reports of my pilots were true; I had never happened to see her. Certainly she never entered the dining-room, but kept her father company in the maze of servants' quarters which rambled over the area of our ancient chateau.

As I walked down the hall which led from our dining-hall to the kitchen regions, I heard ahead of me the muffled squeaking of a fiddle. I pushed open the kitchen door and stood looking into the great cavern of a room, frugally lighted this morning because of the blackness outside, by one small candle stuck into the mouth of a wine-bottle. The music stopped, and the next moment Madame Ferrand came bustling toward me.

Seated by the stove, the old Professor, wrapped in his bathrobe, nodded, half asleep; across the room under the window sat another man dressed in the faded blue uniform of the French *poilu;* he grasped a violin by its neck with his left hand, while his right held the bow with which he had been lacerating the strings. Beside him on the settle I distinguished the graceful head and shoulders of a girl who was garbed in a dress of clinging black material. She rose to her feet, her slippers flashing silver buckles which accentuated the trim slenderness of her ankles.

This doubtless was the young daughter of the Ferrands, but where in the world had she acquired the air of poise and good breeding which was evident in every movement she made—conspicuous, even, against the drab background of this room and her companions. She and the *poilu* stood up together and looked at me in surprise as I came into the room.

"Ah, *bon jour,* Monsieur le Major!" exclaimed Madame Ferrand as she recognized me in the dim light. "We are listening to the music this dull morning." She indicated the *poilu* with his fiddle. "Permit me to present my little daughter, Felice," she added. "And this is her *fiancé*—our old neighbor, Monsieur Mauditin, from Erise la Petite."

The *poilu* transferred the bow to his left hand and came to a smart salute; the lovely girl behind him smiled at me with a lift of her delicately traced eyebrows, but she did not speak as she dipped me a graceful curtsey.

I responded to the soldier's salute, and asked both of them to sit down; the girl resumed her seat, but the *poilu* remained standing.

My astonishment in seeing this girl in such surroundings, and the incomprehensibility of her mother's calm statement that this abject poilu was her *fiancé*, quite took away my breath for the moment. Surely that gown the girl wore came from a Paris shop. I glanced over the soldier; his face was intelligent, but sullen; his uniform had seen hard service, and it bore the inevitable Croix de Guerre ribbon which decorated every French tunic.

"From Erise la Petite?" I inquired of him.

"Oui, monsieur," he replied with a short bow.

"What is your regiment?"

"The 246 Infantry, monsieur."

"Monsieur Mauditin gets leave of absence to see my little Felice," Madame Ferrand interposed. "He is stationed but a little step from us, near Rheims. My daughter has come from the convent in the south but a few weeks, and they have not seen each other for more than four years."

She calculated a moment, then turned eagerly to the *poilu*.

"To think, Maurice," she exclaimed, "it is four years ago this very week that we fled from Erise la Petite! Do you remember how you flogged your horses to bring me word that the Boche were in Souilly—but eighteen kilos distant? And how we worked to bury my treasures in the cellar under the house? Ah, we were not far ahead of them, the villains! Another hour, and they would have stolen it all."

"It was our dot for little Felice, monsieur," she said, turning to me; "it was money we had scrimped all our lives to save!"

"And three hundred bottles of home-made cognac," added the *poilu*, with a laugh. "I covered them with earth myself."

"Yes, Maurice, you did," replied Madame Ferrand gratefully.

"But, Madame Ferrand, Souilly and all that country below Verdun has been in our hands for a long time now," I said. "Have you ever gone back to get your buried treasure?"

"But yes. Immediately I went back from Paris so soon as the Boche were pushed from there. The cognac, it was gone; but my silver, it was buried deeper—they did not find it. We have it put safely away for little Felice; it is her dot."

She spoke to her visitor, rather than to me, in making us this assurance concerning the reality of little Felice's dot. There was something about this picture which shocked me, as I looked from this sullen poilu to the sparkling countenance of the girl. She seemed to interpret the meaning in my glance, for she colored slightly and dropped her eyes to her tiny slippers.

"How did you get in here?" I demanded sharply, turning to *Soldat* Mauditin.

Madame Ferrand answered for him.

"I begged the pass for him, from Monsieur Colonel McCoy," she said, smiling. "I know how very strict we must be, Major Adair; but I have known Maurice since he was a little child; he is the sweetheart of Felice; see the pretty white birds he brought her for a present; two pairs—that was nice, Maurice!"

She reached down from a shelf a wooden box with slats nailed across the top. Before she could put it down Mauditin dropped his fiddle and sprang to assist her.

"No, no, *maman!*" he said shamefacedly; "do not show my poor little present. The Major does not care to see birds."

"Never mind, Madame Ferrand," I said, somewhat relieved; "don't bother. I came in to ask you if you could manage to get some washing done for me; there are about a dozen shirts—"

"But certainly," she replied. "Felice and I will do them for you. Where are your things?"

"Upstairs in my room. I shall be glad to pay you—will you come up with me and get them?"

She placed the box on the table near the candle, glancing into it as she did so.

"Maurice!" she exclaimed excitedly. "One of the little birds has escaped! Do you see? There are but three. How could it have crept out of this cage? Every piece is fastened."

The Frenchman leaned over the box with a curse and carefully tested each one of the slats with his fingers.

"Some one has taken it out," he said angrily; "it couldn't have crept out."

"It will fly back to the forests," wailed Madame Ferrand.

"No. Some one has stolen it out to make a pie. I know these American soldiers, these kitchen police, you have here! But never mind, *maman;* I will bring you another female, and then you keep them where you can watch them."

Madame Ferrand wrung her hands to show her distress.

"If I find the soldier who has stolen her, it will go hard with him," she threatened. She took off her apron, spread it over the box.

I led the way to my room. As we climbed the stairs I heard the *poilu's* fiddle again.

"When did your visitor arrive?" I asked Madame Ferrand as she was sorting out my linen.

"Yesterday," she replied. "He is a good boy, Maurice Mauditin. Twice he has been captured by the Boche, and twice he has escaped to return and fight for *la belle* France."

"It is curious he has not been promoted," I said dryly. I did not mean to be sarcastic, but the picture of little Felice which seemed etched in my brain, was somehow responsible for the remark. . . .

For two hours I smoked and played solitaire in my room, listening to the drip of the rain. At lunch-time, the weather was so bad that we had to move our table in from the porch and place it inside the window at the far side of the room from General Starr's table. It was a gloomy meal, our spirits keeping pace with the weather. There would be no flying this day, and all of us were wondering how it fared with Lanky Starr, across the enemy's lines.

As we sat smoking after coffee, talking in low tones which would not disturb the head table, an orderly came to me and said Colonel McCoy wanted to see me; I put out my cigarette and went over and sat down beside the Colonel.

She rushed upon the prostrate figures of our prisoners and would have assaulted them, had we not stopped her.

"I'm worried about Major Starr," he began, without a look at the General who sat across from me with his eyes on the tablecloth. "Do you think he will try to get home today?"

"No sir," I replied promptly; "there's no flying today anywhere along the Front. With a rain like this lashing against the windshield you can't see a hundred yards ahead of you. Lanky will be in when the weather clears."

General Starr looked dubiously out of the window, his fingers noiselessly drumming the cloth.

Carl Haversham, the favorite operative in the General's force, walked over from his table and spoke in Colonel McCoy's ear.

"Very good, Carl," said the Colonel in German—all our conversations on this post were held in German. "Go up and send the others down to their lunch. We'll be along presently."

Haversham signaled the group at his table. They all rose and followed him; in another minute we heard the others tramping down the uncarpeted steps. Not for an instant, night or day, was the office room upstairs left unguarded.

"It's a good day for crime," observed General Starr, morosely contemplating the streaking rain.

"It's raining on us, and the unjust too," contributed Colonel McCoy. "I do hope Sutron got some cover for our poor devils in the prison camp; it's a big job—this caring for three thousand prisoners."

. . .

"I don't want to move out of here, McCoy," said the General irritably, "if Horace doesn't get back tonight, we'll carry on as we are, until—"

"Until Verdampf springs a mine under us," finished Colonel McCoy. "It's been two weeks since we've been expecting it, and not a damn' thing's happened. Let 'em keep on guessing where we are."

"Verdampf is a smart one," retorted the General softly. "The French headquarters would give its right arm to catch that man; he's contaminated many good French citizens; now he's got his attention drawn to us."

I sat unobtrusively letting this information soak in. It was not the habit of our flying personnel to question our superiors about matters in the secret service; we did as we were ordered, without comment.

Evidently, I thought to myself, General Starr's establishment here at the Touquin prison camp had been discovered by the enemy. Wheels within wheels were revolving in this war—wheels which, to the ordinary soldier, were not known to exist. Lanky Starr, though one of my pilots, was also a skillful secret agent for our country; and he was the General's son. Presumably he had been sent to Lille yesterday in German uniform, to investigate the activities of Herr Charles Verdampf, who was, I knew, high in the councils of the enemy's secret service. And Lanky Starr had not returned.

(Please turn to page 108)

The Veiled

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

How much of that, which is *born* and *bred in you*, can you cast aside for love?

JOHN PERRINGTON, wandering about Constantinople by night alone, was set upon by highwaymen—and rescued by Captain Shukri Yar, a young attaché of the Turkish legation at Washington, who was at home on leave. Shukri Yar took his new American friend home with him to meet his father, Mustaffa Ali—a Moslem of the old type who regretted the modernism of his son, now a follower of Kemal Pasha, while Mustaffa Ali had brought up his daughter Fathma as a Moslem maiden should be, in veiled seclusion.

When John and Fathma met, they fell in love immediately. But when John went to her father to ask her hand, the old man assailed him with a dagger—and only Fathma's quick action saved John's life.

Father and daughter faced each other:

"You are no longer my daughter."

"And you are no longer my father."

A few days later a big liner bore the young couple, hastily married, to America, to such a life as Fathma had never even dreamed existed. On shipboard she met friends of John's, and found new customs she was expected to follow: drinking, being kissed by strangers, seeing her husband dance with other women. They quarreled about it, but eventually Fathma was won over to the new ideas and liked by Perrington's friends—liked too well, in fact, by one of them, Gordon Davies; but equally was she disliked by Mrs. Lothrop Standing, the wife of John Perrington's uncle employer.

Due to Mrs. Standing's enmity, it became impossible for John to remain in the Standing firm, so he went into business for himself, handling oil properties situated in Turkey.

One day there was a new sound in the house—the cry of a small Perrington, a son who, at Mrs. Perrington's insistence, was named Hendrick.

Fathma became different now—her son absorbed her days and her nights as well. She went nowhere; John had to amuse himself. Fortunately he was very busy—reports of the oil venture were promising. But gradually he became aware of the change in Fathma; finally he flamed into a rage against her, blaming the change in her not only on the child but on their differing races. "Maybe the old bromide is true: we just don't blend—East and West don't," he said angrily.

Then before she, suddenly seeing the gulf between them, could say a word, he left the house.

She decided to surprise him on his return—she went into the kitchen, mixed an Oriental cake, garbed herself in full Turkish costume, and sat down to wait for him. But when he came back he had with him guests—Harriet Hackett and Arthur Hunt—and he had been drinking heavily. While Fathma, unseen, was deciding to play the hostess despite her disappointment, Harriet, —who rather fancied John herself,—seeing that there was trouble between husband and wife, calculatingly tried to lure him into making love to her.

"I should not say it," Harriet exclaimed; "but I've got to! I—I love you, John. . . . I have always loved you." *(The story continues in detail:)*

IT put John Perrington into the unpleasant predicament of being either a cad, if he took her in his arms, or a prig, if he did not. This, by the same token, gave all the advantage to Harriet—quite as she had known it would—and all the disadvantage to him.

He was silent for a while; at last he said just what any decent man and—the terms are often synonymous—any clumsy man would have said under the circumstances:

"I never guessed!"

She smiled then. It was a forlorn little smile, very sweet and tender.

"Dear liar!" she called him; and she added: "Of course you guessed—"

"Oh, I assure you—"

"Don't bother inventing apologies. It's all over. You are married. It—it *must* be over. But we are still friends—good friends, aren't we?"

At once he felt relieved.

What a bright, shining little creature she was! How daring! Why—few other girls would have confessed their humiliation so bravely, so frankly!

He admired her; he liked her tremendously. Gently he kissed her hand.

"You bet we are friends," he told her; "the best friends on earth!"

"Thank you, John!"

For a minute or two they did not speak, while outside on the terrace, Fathma shivered; not because of the night air, but because of an indescribable chill—fear, suspicion, jealousy—that crept through her heart.

"The best friends on earth—" she echoed in her mind.

Innocent enough words, here in America, where men and women could be and were friends without the idea of sex necessarily jutting in—yet words that had been preceded and caused by Harriet's declaration of love.

Should she cross the threshold and face these two?

Doubtless her sudden, startling appearance and a few cold phrases from her lips would break the spell between them. But her stubborn, self-hurting pride and, too, her Moslem fatalism, stood in the way. If these two had more to say to each other, let them go ahead and say it. . . .

Harriet saw on a table a large photograph of Fathma. She picked it up and looked at it for a moment in silence.

Casually, over her shoulder, she asked:

"You are happy—you and Fathma—aren't you?"

He did not answer immediately, and she turned, repeated the question, as if anxiously:

"Aren't you?"

"No!" he blurted out—and Fathma gasped; a pain, acute and violent, shot through her heart.

John—had she been able to read his brain—had not wished to be disloyal to her. He had spoken without fully realizing what he was saying.

"Not entirely—happy," he went on dully.

Harriet stepped up to him; an ancient wisdom, an ancient guile, was in her question:

"I suppose Fathma doesn't understand you—quite?"

"Oh—"

"Is that it, John?" She put her hands on his shoulders. "Because she is an Oriental—and you an American?"

"Not—not exactly—"

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Woman

by Achmed Abdullah

The older woman's accents were chilly. "I had no idea you'd be through with John as quick as that."

"Whatever is the reason, John, I am sorry for you—so sorry. It hurts me because—I told you before—because I—"

She stopped speaking and stood silent, her small white face turned up to him. She sobbed—then suddenly her arms were about his neck, and he felt her little round bosom hot against his chest. And then he kissed her—a long, almost brutal kiss—a kiss like a bitter-frantic challenge to the past lonely, loveless weeks.

Lost to time, to thought, he was, in the violent softness of her lips. . . .

. . .

Suddenly Harriet freed herself.

"No," she whispered. "No! You and I—we can't be man and wife—and we can't be lovers—"

"Why not?" a cold voice cut in. "You can be lovers—for all I care!"

They looked up, startled, and saw Fathma on the threshold of the roof garden.

Chapter Nineteen

IT was half an hour later. John and Fathma were alone in the yellow room. As they faced each other they seemed haggard, gray, wire-drawn.

He told her again what he had told her a dozen times since Harriet Hackett and Arthur Hunt had left:

"I behaved like a fool—I admit it. I behaved like a cad—I admit that too. I've humbled myself—haven't I? But,"—his impatience rising, because he felt so guilty,—"I've humbled myself all I'm going to! For God's sake, what d'you want me to say—what d'you want me to do?"

"Nothing." Her voice was curiously passionless. "It is *I* who am going to do—"

"What?" he interrupted.

"What I told you; I shall leave you."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Because of that—that one little mistake?"

"Not little to me, John!"

He thought her unreasonable. He had been wrong—no getting around it. But he was sorry and contrite. Couldn't she see that? Couldn't she get it through her head that he didn't care a snap of his fingers for all the Harriets in the world?

"Oh," he stammered, "don't you understand?"

Fathma shook her head.

To her, the Moslem—she put it into halting words, while John listened without really comprehending, for it was all so alien to him—there existed no half-truths, no half-lights, no half-facts. To her, furthermore, everything in life was regulated. Everything had a beginning, a middle, and an end; a cause, a climax, and an effect. Nothing was isolated or tossed about. There were no wind-swept atoms, no random, fluttering motes in Allah's plan of creation. All things reacted on each other, making a perfect pattern.

It was so with love. Love was a mutual reaction, sharply defined. It was a fact based upon a fact and leading to a third.

There was no synonym for flirtation in either the Turkish language or in Turkish psychology. Flirtation was equivalent to half-love; and half-love was a half-fact—a thing quite without meaning. Love, the fact, existed or did not exist; and here tonight was this fact which she had seen with her own eyes: John had kissed Harriet—and according to Fathma's rather primitive Oriental instincts, a man kissed a woman for precisely one reason: the desire of the flesh.

A Moslem might have four wives. But to these four he must be loyal in deed, word, and thought. An American, a Christian, had one wife—and so he must remain loyal to this one in deed, word, and thought.

It was to Fathma not a question of morals, but a question of abstract principle.

"You kissed Harriet," she said to John. "You desired her."

"I didn't!"

"Oh, yes, you did—or you would not have kissed her."

"I was wrong, wrong!" Oh,"—he shrieked out the words,—"how often must I say it? I was wrong, wrong, wrong! But can't you see—"

"You kissed her!" she repeated.

"Let me explain!"

"There is nothing to explain."

"There is! It's no excuse for what I did; but there was our quarrel earlier in the evening—and I'd had a lot to drink—"

"I have heard all that, John."

"And—your answer?"

"The same. I shall leave you."

"I won't let you!"

"Try to stop me! I am free."

"Not free to break my heart!"

"You broke mine, John."

"Moslem, are you," he mocked, "demanding an eye for an eye?"

"Yes." Calmly she spoke the word; and in her very calmness the intensity of her emotions showed itself. To Fathma, as to all women of her race, marriage was the ultimate goal, the ultimate happiness.

This goal was now shaking on its foundations; and so her emotions were deeply stirred. Yet tonight, as always, they were orderly, were in their proper places where she could lay her hands upon them. Both the strength and the weakness of her nature betrayed themselves there. For she had labeled everything carefully and justly: one thing was right, the other wrong; one thing was white, the other black; there was no gray—no middle way. And by this labeling, she enclosed herself within rigid fences and lost the perspective of a larger vision.

Harriet freed herself. "You and I," she whispered, "can't be man and wife—and we can't be lovers—"

John felt it. He blamed Islam for it. Islam—remorseless, unforgiving, unelastic—he hated it; it was, between him and her, a barrier which he was unable to penetrate.

He looked at her. So alien she seemed at this moment, in her Oriental dress, her exotic make-up. Darker she seemed; almost the curious imagining came to him as if her face were covered by a swathing, opaque veil that hid her features no less than her soul.

Alien—he to her, and she to him. They did not speak the same language. So how could he explain to her what he meant? He felt tongue-tied, helpless, clumsy. His heart, filled with an immeasurable longing, an immeasurable agony, remained without the relief of utterance.

He loved her—and he had hurt her. But he had not done it on purpose. He had been carried off his feet by a momentary impulse, foolish or beastly; and now he was sorry.

Fathma, on the contrary, was hurting him deliberately. She was not even in a temper.

Her love for him—had it died? Why not? Always, somewhere on the thermometer of human emotions, cold began and heat

"Why not?" a cold voice cut in. "You can be lovers—for all I care!" They looked up, startled.

came to an end—hate began and love came to an end. It was life—its irony and obscenity. . . .

No, he told himself the next second, she could not have stopped loving him, suddenly, because of this thing, this one thing, which he had done. After all, what *had* he done? He had kissed Harriet and had said some mad things to her. Still—he knew other men who had behaved worse, who had really been unfaithful to their wives. They had all been forgiven by their wives—and why not?

Forgiveness was a virtue—a fine Christian virtue. But then these others had married Christian girls—modern, broad-minded American girls—while Fathma was an Oriental, a Moslem. . . .

She was so narrow—and yet, why *should* she be so narrow?

"Why should you be so narrow?" he demanded. "You've lived in America long enough! You must have learned—oh, something! Forgiveness—don't you understand the meaning of the word?"

"I have nothing to forgive."

"Eh?"

"How can I forgive a fact?"

"What fact?"

"Harriet!"

"Oh—there you begin again!"

Alien, he thought again—alien! They just could not understand each other.

Maybe—he wondered, as he walked up and down the room—she was right. Maybe it would be better if she left him—better for both.

No, no! He loved her—although he had been a fool with Harriet. . . .

Besides, came the sudden thought, Fathma ought to share his blame—the way she had treated him since Hendrick's birth—always giving him the cold shoulder—

Here was his old grievance coming back to the fore; and all at once he grew angry and put it into curt words:

"It's your fault as much as mine!"

"*My* fault?"

"Yes. Why, ever since our child was born—"

"I know what you are going to say," she cut in.

She might have told him now tonight, during his absence, she had come to the conclusion that these last months, he had been right and she wrong—might have told him she had decided to make their life in the future an abode of happiness. But she was silent about it. For there was her devastating pride—though she called it principle—as she remembered the triumphant look on Harriet's face after the girl's first shock of amazement and fear had passed—the look which had boldly proclaimed:

"Well—you've lost your John—to me!"

No, she could not tell him; and she repeated:

"I know what you are going to say. We have talked it all out before."

"But the truth of it remains. For weeks—long, long weeks—you've given me no love, no affection, no tenderness, no—oh—nothing! And I warned you, I'm flesh and blood—I'm no plaster saint! And you—you've been like a piece of wood—like an ice-block!"

"Tell me," she cried, "is passion really so all-important to—to Christians?"

"Just as important as selfishness—cruel, hard selfishness—is to Orientals!"

Like children they behaved, each trying to hurt the other. Yet almost at that moment, they crystallized in their hearts all the hatred, contempt, and disgust, all the old racial mistrust and repulsion which the West has felt for the East and the East for the West since the world began. . . .

"Oh," John mumbled, "I didn't mean it."

She spoke quite gently:

"Nor I, John!"

He took her hands in his.

"Aren't going to leave me—are you?" he asked.

"I am."

"Don't love me any more? Is that it?"

"I do love you," was her surprising reply. "I shall always love you."

"Then, for heaven's sake, why—"

"You have hurt me—deeply—too deeply. You have hurt my dignity, my pride—"

"And, I guess, you love your pride more than you love me?"

"No, dear. I do not love my pride—exactly. At times I am afraid of it. But my pride is part of myself."

"Perhaps your pride is wrong."

"Perhaps it is. But how can I go against it unless I *know* it is wrong?"

Again he grew a little angry. "I have my own pride—"

"Yes. But you are of the West—I am of the East. Your pride is possession; my pride is contentment. . . ."

"And you are not content—married to me?"

"No longer content, John!"

Her answer was tragic in its utter honesty. Her voice was low and level. Her lips neither tightened nor trembled. A perfect, terrible candor was in her eyes. There seemed to be not the faintest echo of a conflict within herself, not a single corner in her soul which doubt or misgiving as to the justice of her conduct may have traversed.

Unflinching she was, John considered, and inexorable; and he thought—was frightened at the thought and rejected it immediately—how he could hate her if he did not happen to love her. If only she had one tiny tremor of weakness, one fissure in her emotional armor through which a shaft might pass and leave its mark!

Yet the fissure, the weakness, was there, had he but known it. For she would have forgiven him then and there, if he had confessed that he needed her because of his own weakness; that the world, with her no longer by his side, would be incomplete and gray and sordid. She wished for no apology, no humility, no "I am sorry I said this," or "I am sorry I did that." She wished rather for a bare statement of fact, a calm declaration:

"Don't go away from me. I love you—I need you—I cannot do without you!"

Nor was it vanity which influenced her, but the conviction that here, in this needing, this mutual needing, was the core and inner secret of life.

She hoped he would put it into words, wanted him to. She was on the point of exclaiming:

"Tell me—please tell me that you need me! For I need you, too—I need you so much, dear!"

But again her pride stood in the way. She was silent. And suddenly—it was almost as if Fathma's racial fatalism had infected him—John gave up.

"All right," he said lifelessly.

He shrugged his shoulders and went to his room, while Fathma went to hers. . . .

There, half an hour later, her mother-in-law, looking amazingly youthful in a fluffy rose-pink negligee, joined her—and came straight to the point:

"John told me everything. Leaving him—are you?"

"Yes."

"Hm,"—the older woman's accents were chilly,—"I had no idea you'd be through with him as quick as all that."

"I am not through with him; he is through with me."

"You're a little fool."

"John needs me no longer. He—he has found somebody else."

"I repeat—you're a little fool."

Fathma flared up.

"Fool or not—I am going to—"

"I know. You're going to cut off your nose to spite your face. Well, it's your privilege, I guess. But it isn't your privilege to spite John's face!"

"He is in the wrong."

"So are you!"

"I?"

"I beg your pardon," came the ironic rejoinder. "You can't be in the wrong—not you!" Mrs. Perrington stared at Fathma. Suddenly she grew angry. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I'd like to box your ears! What a childish thing—to make a mountain out of a molehill. . . ."

"It is a question of principle."

"I mistrust people who quote principle at me. Principle is another name for selfishness."

"I am not selfish!"

"You are! Pah—that time when my late husband started cutting up with the actress, maybe I had no noble principles; but I had something better! I had common sense—and decent, broad-minded fairness. I was sore—I'm not denying it. But I didn't break Josiah's heart for a question of"—vindictively—"of *principle!* I gave him a lecture and took him straight home—where he belonged."

"You and I are different."

"Thank God we are, you infernal little prig!" She shook a finger at Fathma. "And you of all people to make such a fuss—you—a Turk!"

"What has that to do with it?"

"Lots! Since when are Turks so finicky when it comes to—Your men practice polygamy, don't they? A woman for every day in the week—and two for Sundays."

"Wives—not women! Honored, legitimate wives—not mistresses! Turks do not go sneaking around corners—to—to—"

"Well," her mother-in-law admitted grudgingly, "there may be something in that. Still—listen—"

"I have made up my mind."

"I see. Where are you off to? Reno?"

"What for?"

"Divorce. What else?"

"I'm not going to divorce John," said Fathma in surprise.

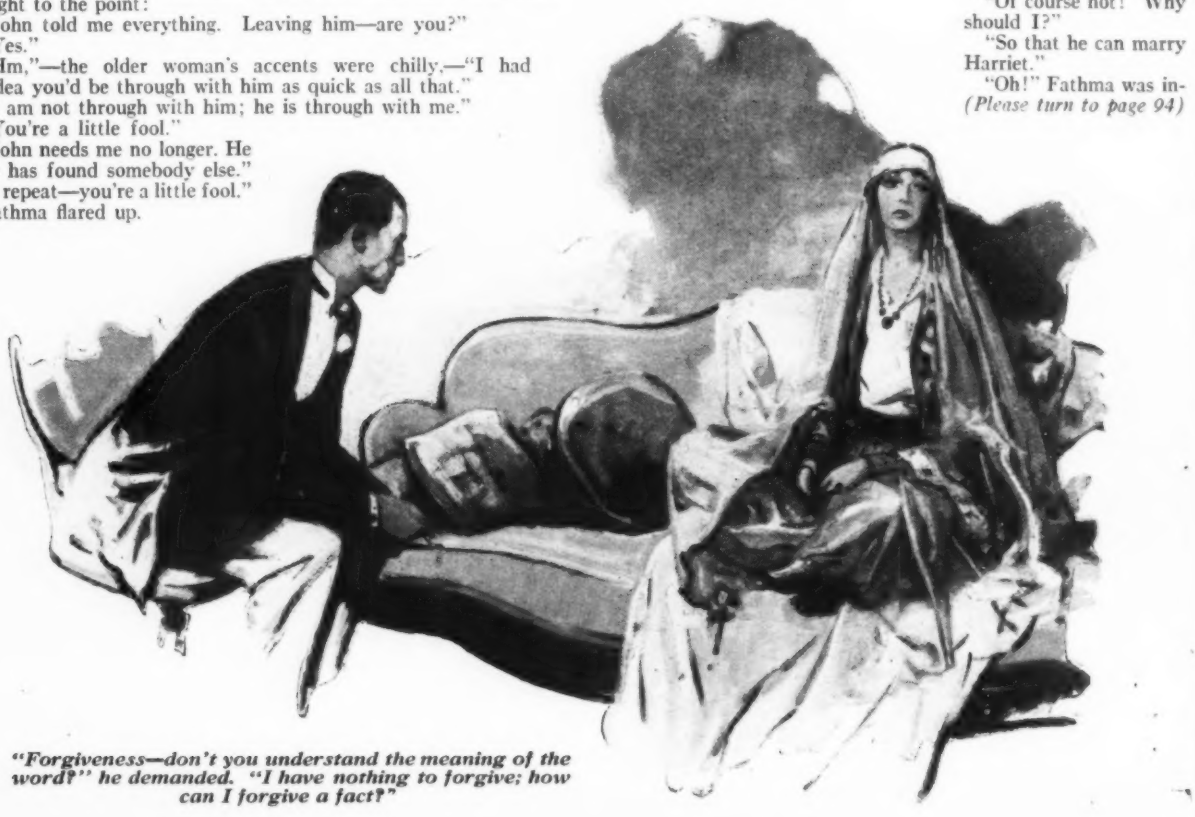
"Eh?"

"Of course not! Why should I?"

"So that he can marry Harriet."

"Oh!" Fathma was in-

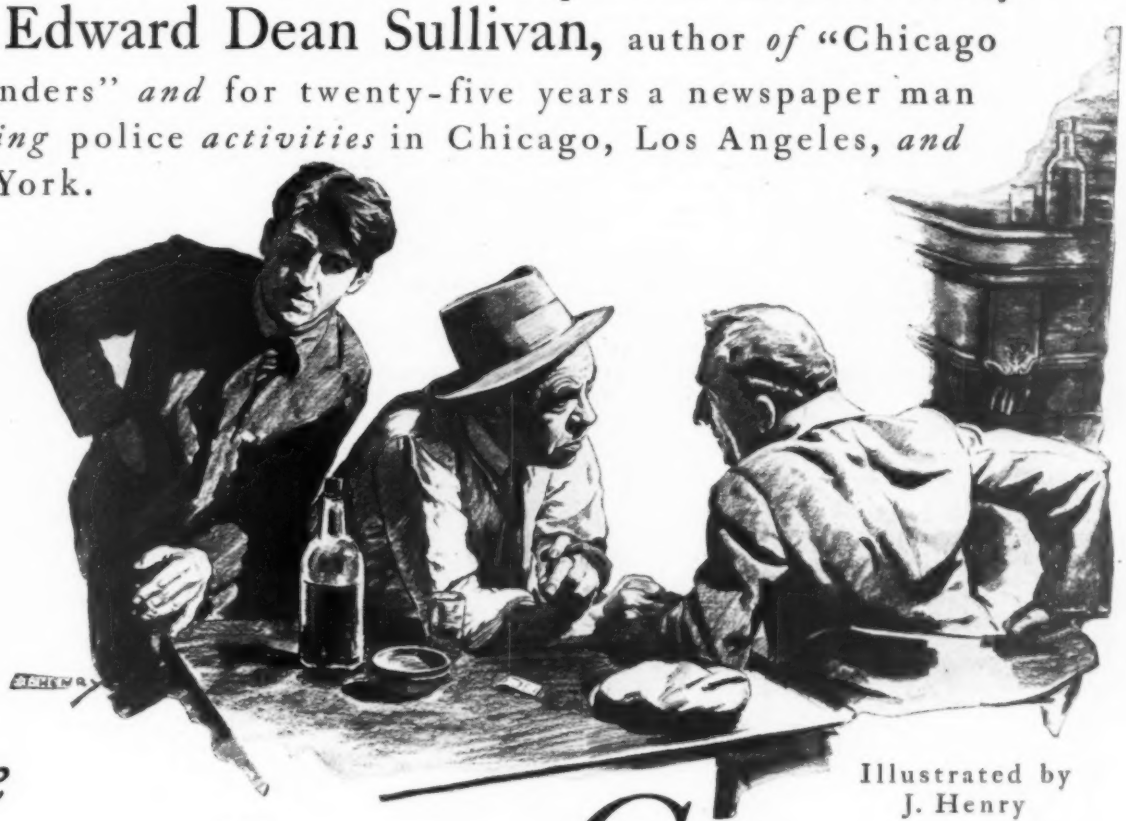
(Please turn to page 94)



"Forgiveness—don't you understand the meaning of the word?" he demanded. "I have nothing to forgive; how can I forgive a fact?"

A *side light* is often the most *telling* light — Here it is turned on the most *vital* topic in America today.

by Edward Dean Sullivan, author *of* "Chicago Surrenders" *and* for twenty-five years a newspaper man *covering* police *activities* in Chicago, Los Angeles, *and* New York.



Illustrated by J. Henry

The Social Life *of* Gangsters

MORE than a hundred million industrious, well-behaved and honest people in the United States have been lured by national circumstances to a daily review of the exploits of the criminal element in America. It is not pleasant reading, but with gangsters firmly entrenched in politics, business, labor, liquor, murder and general sports, it is no longer possible to view the crime situation with the whites of one's eyes.

The ordinary citizen, conscious that the activities of gangsters have steadily increased in volume, scope and viciousness through recent years, regards the unhappy details impersonally. The general impression is that gangsters are well-dressed and vulgarly moneyed toughs who may be found, if at all, engaged in blazing away at each other in non-desirable residential districts. Something, the casual reader feels, should be done about it.

The fact is that gangsters' power is usually not far from the citizen's elbow and in some communities it is approaching the citizen's neck. For rackets, political corruption, trade intimidation, prohibition antics and sporting skullduggery on the grand scale, are all aimed at the ultimate consumer. About half the economic slings and arrows of which he complains are gang-propelled. Yet, not knowing whom to get mad at, he merely chafes at this national criminal haze which baffles, disturbs and worries him.

The gangster, on the other hand, working in the warm aura of prohibition-made opportunity, knows all about the ordinary citizen, knows how to handle him through his supposed protectors, and is not in the slightest degree baffled, disturbed or worried. With a three-billion-dollar annual booze income, two hundred highly remunerative rackets, the best of legal advice and political connections such as few great industrial enterprises have ever enjoyed, the criminal structure in the United States is a going, knowing and growing concern.

Without any doubt, the strangest factor in this entire bitter business is that the gangster, as such, is making social strides. And this peculiar fact of a murder-supported and bribe-protected industry will concern us here. For it is a fact that the successful gang-leader of today, despite the characteristic requisite for such success, has passed through the era of curious toleration and has become a factor in racing, sporting, political, theatrical and even literary bohemia. In many instances, such characters have not "edged in" to acceptable social contacts—but rather have been sought after.

Perhaps the clearest basis of comparison is to say that some of these gang moguls—representing crime, graft and murder—have been lionized in recent years as much as a champion pugilist—representing either skill or brutality—was lionized twenty years ago. I make the comparison with the pugilist of long ago because, of course, Jack Dempsey has been welcomed virtually everywhere for a decade and James Joseph Tunney may be found in the Social Register.

The ecclesiastical attitude is that no person is wholly bad, and those who go out of their course to consort with gang-leaders may thus justify themselves. Obviously, the uninitiated are invariably surprised on encountering a racketeering "Big Shot" who has attained any social poise. Time and again I have heard such persons expiate on a gangster's mild manner, his unusual point of view or his unexpectedly good appearance. These reactions are not amaz-

ing for anyone whose work has brought him in contact with the higher-grade—or shall I say the better-poised—type of racketeer.

Usually they are not—as most people suppose—merely an amalgam of fiend, viper and gorilla. Their types vary as do types in any group or stratum. Some of them are more interesting than murderous, and others, naturally enough, have genuinely good traits mixed with the rank characteristics essential to successful factors in crime.

Quite apart from casual social contacts the gangsters, with their fingers in booze, politics and union rackets, have become increasingly useful to respectable and essentially honest people who must meet conditions as they find them in the business, political or even social world. People in business and political life have been forced through expediency—and through all time—to make social concessions to those useful to them in either sphere. Nowadays gangsters—always a factor in large city political activities—have become a tremendous power politically with their vast financial potentialities and absolutely essential need of political protection. Further, their hold on business is readily illustrated in the fact that the racketeers' "take" in one city—in Chicago—was more than one hundred thirty-six million dollars last year. You may be sure that with such pressure on business, the gang bosses encounter some mighty nice people. And it is conceivable that the unfortunate "nice people" were more agreeable to their oppressors on the surface than at heart. Even the best of folks cannot afford to be contemptuous in that situation. It may be ruinous.

In reality it is a lucky circumstance that gang leaders are usually not particularly obsessed with a desire for social advancement. But it is certain that out of the gangster-political contact, there has developed many an awkward social situation. Politicians, recognizing the efficacy of gang methods—control by money—have in multiple instances all over the country taken a leaf from the gangsters' book to aid their own social ambitions.

A professor at the University of Chicago, whom I met recently at a conference on crime in Pennsylvania, cited an interesting example. A Chicago property-owner of top social status received a telephone-call from a politician asking that the wife of the property-owner attend that afternoon a tea being given by the politician's socially ambitious wife. The property-owner's wife had never met either the politician or his wife. This was a command to tea!

The socially important man, bewildered, assured the politician that he had no knowledge of his wife's appointments, but doubted very much that she would be available for this unexpected and belated invitation.

"Well," said the politician, "the tax appraisers are looking over some of your real estate holdings on Tuesday—and I thought you might like to come to tea and bring your wife. We could talk things over."

That is no isolated instance. For years in Chicago secret tax-assessments have been one of the principal sources of twisted political influence. Some precinct captains have wielded a terrific power over the taxpayers by being able to set the tax which was paid by any individual and at any notch their canny political hearts desired.

People of wealth and prominence got to know first the political precinct captain and then other political notables. And in that gang-ridden town, there would automatically be gangsters among them. In countless instances, there and elsewhere, leading property-owners could save themselves from ten thousand to one hundred thousand dollars by merely being nice to the right—or wrong—people. A simple method, indeed, of giving a corrupt machine the confusing atmosphere of semi-respectability. The individual, however righteous, can do little about it, and that little at tremendous personal sacrifice. His rebellion would not alter conditions, so in most cases he "goes along," often even socially, where it is inescapable. The more prominent and wealthy the man, the greater the potential penalty for political or social mutiny.

There are countless other ways for the racketeers, crooked politicians and their kind to move about socially. Rothstein, in New York, was an example. He intimately knew countless men of stellar social and official position. Furthermore, he was obviously proud of the contacts he made and did plenty of bounding in the sporting social set. He may not have been welcomed—but he was not thrown out—and his range of social treading was ambitious.

One of the factors that aided Rothstein in this social easing, was the notably short memory of the public of any type regarding details of criminality. People are likely to remember a criminal's last crime, or his most important one, and forget the others. Then too, they are usually unaware of the outcome of the matter, whether he was finally found guilty or innocent. Briefly, a person with a terrific record becomes merely "quite a bad one" or "interesting, but really a pretty bad egg." It was so with Rothstein. Before relating his successful contacts with Broadway and Park Avenue people, I'll give a moment to his activities.

The strangest factor in this entire business is that the gangster, as such, is making social strides.

Rothstein was known to the police as a "cop-shooter;" known to big thieves as a "fence;" known to Wall Street as the backer and planner of the only five-million-dollar bond theft in financial history; known to gamblers as the greatest crap-shooter of all time; known to baseball as the instigator of the worst scandal ever recorded in sport; known to prohibition-enforcers as the largest individual banker of bootleggers in the country; known to county and Federal district attorneys as the brain behind the swindling of thousands of poor people in one of the most flagrant of bucket-shop collapses; and known as the largest and most unethical better in all turf history up to the time of his death. Yet it took death itself to provide definite evidences of his most secret maneuvers. Seizure of the merest fragments of his quickly vanishing private papers unearthed seven million dollars' worth of habit-forming drugs and provided evidence which induced one of his many friends on the bench—Magistrate Albert Vitale—to step down.

Rothstein's pose was that of a Broadway figure, dinner-coated, carefully jeweled and smooth of word and action. With his money, good appearance and powerful friends, he repeatedly hurdled himself into social spots that were not so bad. He had unflagging interest in getting himself into any group that would pass for respectable or worth-while association. He went about it methodically, as he did everything. As early as 1914, Rothstein began to be recognized as a major personage by that hardened artery, Broadway. Such sought-after Broadway figures as "Tad" the famed cartoonist, Wilson *(Please turn to page 132)*

A real thrill!

No wonder this is the most popular soup in the world!

Sing at your work,
Let your deeds shine.
Eat Campbell's Tomato
To make you feel fine!

The moment Campbell's Tomato Soup greets your eye, you respond to its striking, glorious color. Your appetite is awake. At the very first spoonful, there is a quickening of the sense of taste — an eagerness for more and more of this irresistible flavor.

For here is a vivid brightness, a sparkle, a glow of satisfaction that combine to give one of the keenest pleasures of the dining-table.

A soup so refreshing, so invigorating that you literally never tire of it. You want it again and again.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

20,679 Physicians say LUCKIES are less irritating

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—

against irritation—against cough.

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The First *(and Last)* Payment

Or the Sales-resistance that *Started Too Late*

"Stan' still, twel I gives you yo' receipt. Been tryin' catch you wid hit ever since befo' breakfast!"

by
Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by E. Lowry

SAMSON G. BATES, colored man of business, finance, and fire-insurance, ceased poking about beneath the Demopolis freight-depot with a long fishing-pole, and seated himself in a cat-and-mouse attitude opposite that sanctuary's sole exit.

"Huccome Samson projectin' round under dar wid dat pole, all mawnin'?" one inhabitant of Baptist Hill sought light of another.

"Gladstone Smith been under dar ever since breakfas'. Soon as he c'n git him out, Samson gwine sell him a 'lectric refrig'rator."

"Whut Gladstone gwine do wid hit?"

"Dat whut pesterin' Gladstone."

"He aint got no 'lectricity in he house."

"Samson say dat aint matter—dey aint no motor on dis heah 'frigerator neither. Dat huccome he sell hit so cheap. He git hit in a trade, an' 'bleeged to sell hit quick to somebody to break even. Samson aint *never* lose money on nothin'."

"Sho aint. But huccome he pick on Gladstone? Dat boy aint had no money since he las' wife left him."

"Samson aint waste bait whar dey aint no fish: de done heah 'bout dem twenty dollars Gladstone win off dat Bumin'ham boy in de Frawg Bottom crap game las' night."

Other sympathetic idlers gathered to help watch Samson's sales-efforts and to offer advice. The latter ran all the way from arson to tear-gas.

"Pig-haided! Plumb pig-haided!" Samson publicly explained Gladstone's sales-resistance, as he probed still farther beneath the building with his pole.

Gladstone merely moved farther back among the wind-blown dry leaves beneath the depot. As long as he didn't sign anything or make a down-payment, he felt comparatively safe. And what Samson didn't know was that he had already signed away his twenty dollars, anyhow, for something that wasn't any of Samson's business.

Gladstone was one of those citizens who will buy anything if the gilt on it is thick enough and the first payment low enough. And right at the crap game that gave him his burden of wealth there had been a boy who had immediately become harder to get rid of than a bad cold. A boy with a tan vest and a big glass diamond and a line of language that would have left the man who got up the white-folks' dictionary making signs and pointing. Gladstone had never seen, heard, nor resisted such a boy! He had started out by giving Gladstone a handy little household article that no home should be without—an enlarged crayon portrait of the head of the house. Absolutely giving it to him along with the assurance that nothing kept a wife in line and attending to her business like having art in the home in the shape of her master's picture.

But just at that moment Gladstone had no wife, he had protested.

Marmaduke kept right on talking. The picture, he had reiterated, was free. But a face like Gladstone's needed embellishment; in fact, it needed all the help it could get. Which only made it doubly lucky for Gladstone that, by happy coincidence, Marmaduke's factory, over in Selma, had just one frame left. It was six inches wide and plastered with enough gold to make it look like the interior of a mint on a sunny morning. The portrait was free; and the price of the frame was but twenty dollars—only half of it down.

Gladstone had swallowed heavily here, his eyes glazed. He had no wife, but he was beginning to have an idea, just as this Marmaduke was beginning to get his ten dollars.

Then Marmaduke spent a quarter of an hour making it clear what happened to purchasers who were lax in having the balance handy when the work of art should be delivered. In which speech he had showed a knowledge of the purposes and workings of jails, court-houses, and gallows so convincing that Gladstone had been able to pass even fried-fish stands since without breaking his remaining ten.

And now Samson G. Bates was laying siege to that important piece of currency.

"Dis heah 'frig'rator sho' would look good in yo' front room," Samson resumed his sales-arguments in Gladstone's direction.

"Done got a clawset to hang my clo'es in now," Gladstone returned muffled sales-resistance.

"Hit make yo' wife come back to you," Samson struck a discordant note in the harmony of his Refrigerator Blues.

"Which one?"

"Do yo' own worryin' 'bout dat," returned Samson.

"Who dat under dat dee-po'?" a feminine voice was inquiring of Samson.

Gladstone relapsed into sulky silence. What Samson didn't know and couldn't appreciate was that Gladstone had seen a use for the portrait of himself which the Marmaduke boy had sold him. And Samson had but lent strength to the idea when he too mentioned it a moment before. Ever since the return of Julia—Gladstone's last wife—to Demopolis though not to his domestic domain, Gladstone had been thinking longingly of a reconciliation with her. Julia might have a heavy hand with a skillet, but she did more white-folks' washings and supported Gladstone in better style than any wife he had ever had.

Now she was back in town. True, preliminary negotiations on his part for a family reunion had been broken up by her brother's dogs; but that was before Gladstone had ordered this crayon enlargement of himself. Now it wouldn't be normal for any woman —even a wife on A. W. O. L. like Julia—to resist that picture. . . .

"Who dat under dat dee-po'?" a feminine voice was inquiring of Samson.

Gladstone quit breathing to listen. Mr. Bates could ruin more things than a sale now, if he cared to! It was a situation that the etiquette-books were weak, if not silent, upon. For Gladstone knew that voice. And it meant that Demopolis was getting too cluttered up with wives—all of them his. Nothing was more likely to offset the good effect of the picture upon Julia than to find her predecessor Beulah on hand also. And here Beulah was just outside now!

But Samson was saving him for further sacrifice, it seemed. "Jes' a boy I sont under dar to git a nickel whut I drap th'ough de platfawm flo'," he explained.

"I's lookin' fo' somep'n, too," Beulah started a conversation about what was uppermost in her mind. "Long dumb sawt of boy name' Gladstone."

"So is I," admitted Mr. Bates heavily. "He got money."

Even in the gloom of his hiding-place, Gladstone could sense the pricking-up of Beulah's ears. That woman could hear about money farther than any Gladstone had ever known! She always thought he was made of it; and now Samson was corroborating it.

"I used to be ma'ied to him," recalled Beulah. "Sho' wuz triflin' den! How much he got now?"

"All dey wuz," returned Samson, interestingly if not accurately. "Dat's whut I been tryin' to make sure about."

"Sho will be a s'prise fo' Gladstone, den, when he git home tonight,"—Beulah changed her plans suddenly to meet a new and promising situation,—"to find me settin' dar waitin' fo' him. He fo'git me an' him's still ma'ied."

Twin gleams of white in the darkness beneath the depot indicated agitation on the part of the owner of the disturbed eyeballs in question. Whatever happened, a boy was always in trouble. When he was broke he couldn't get along with the collectors; and when he had money everybody heard about it and hurried back to him—including Beulah. And now she was fixing to wreck his scheme for enticing Julia back. Old Home Week for ex-wives loomed close ahead.

In the face of this hopeless future, first making sure that Beulah was well upon her way, Gladstone hoisted the white flag.

Samson met him at the aperture with a bill of sale. Samson always had a paper for everything. And a profit for himself in every deal.

"What dat papuh fo'?" questioned Gladstone apprehensively.

"Says de 'frig'rator yourn—come by honest—soon's you fawks over the twenty dollars to me."

Gladstone made a show of fumbling for the ten that the Marmaduke boy had already talked out of his pocket. But in the end he had to confess. "Aint got but ten."

"You wins *twenty* from dat Bumin'ham boy. Come 'cross!"

"Yeah—but pays half of hit down on a picture."

"On a picture! On a *picture?*" Samson seemed unable to grasp such perfidy—or taste. "Paid ten dollars fo' a picture of *whut?*"

"Of—of me," admitted Gladstone weakly. Old Marmaduke boy's ideas didn't sound so good when a big financial figure like Samson put them in words that way.

"I pays you ten dollars down on de 'frig'rator," offered Gladstone in an effort to avert apoplexy on the part of Mr. Bates. "You c'n fotch hit over when I pays you de rest."

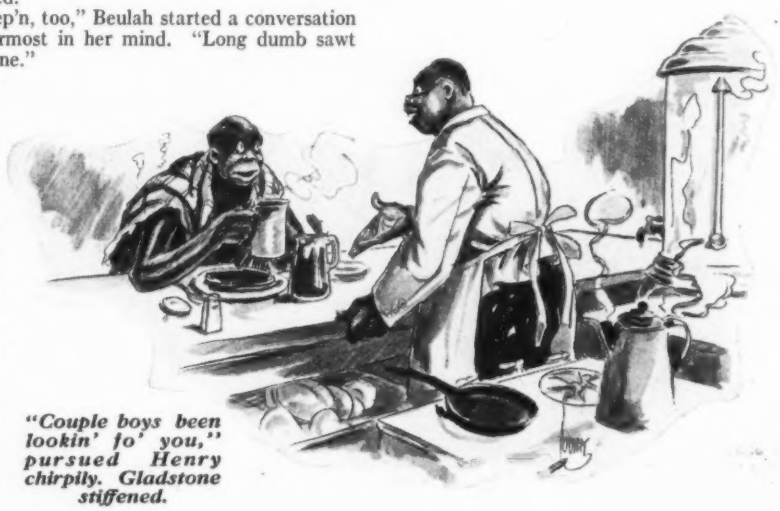
Then it was that the full cause of Samson's distress appeared.

"Fotch hit over!" he demanded at approximately the top of his high-keyed voice. "*Fotch* hit over? Dat 'frig'rator's *been* in yo' house ever since jes' befo' you runs under dis dee-po' dis mawnin'! Did you think dey wuz any *doubt* 'bout you buyin' hit?"

Gladstone gulped. Samson worked too fast for a boy, was all. Clearly, he had bought half, each, of two twenty-dollar articles with his twenty—and was going to need twenty dollars more to come clean.

If Gladstone needed anything to take his mind off impending cataclysm when wife met wife, devising a way to get the second twenty would furnish ample diversion. Old Marmaduke boy knew just what legal steps to take if a boy checked up short on his second payment. And Samson's well-known business motto was, "I collects or cripples."

Sickeningly it came to Gladstone that he was in debt to experts this time, and without sufficient capital to do anything about it. Both commerce and crap games were closed to him in his financial fix.



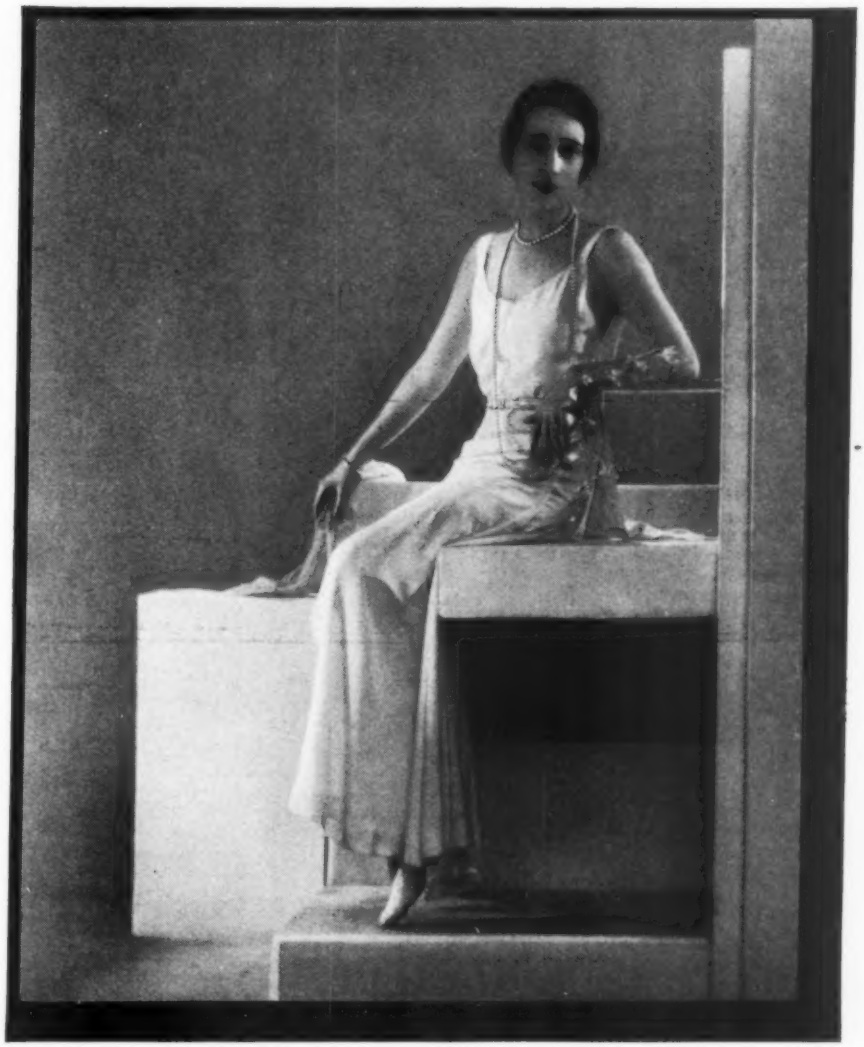
"Couple boys been lookin' fo' you," pursued Henry chirpily. Gladstone stiffened.

" 'Frig'rator stays whar-at I put hit," Samson finished summarizing Gladstone's situation. "But by Monday mawnin' your has de ten dollars you still owes me on hit, or else—"

Sadly Gladstone shuffled on his homeward way. He had a half interest in a refrigerator and a whole interest in what would happen to him if he didn't acquire the other half. Meantime, he had better reconnoiter. This Beulah business had

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

..Paris acclaims her beauty and her chic



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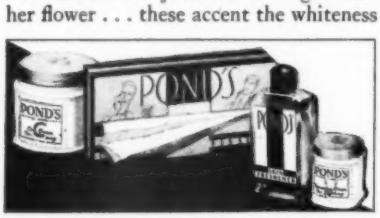
Pearls are her jewels and the gardenia her flower . . . these accent the whiteness of her skin, smooth as gardenia petals, lustrous as pearls.



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"Even in Paris," she says, "I still use Pond's . . . for not even the beauty-wise French make anything to compare with the famous Two Creams! And the new Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are in line with advanced French ideas.

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Follow the four steps of Pond's Method:

During the day — first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, super-absorbent, in an enchanting peach-color now as well as white.

Third—Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

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put his brain back to working again. But it wasn't turning out anything. A cautious head thrust a few inches into his home alley brought no comfort. Quite to the contrary, a gleam of porcelain whiteness through the half-open front door of his two-room "shotgun" house indicated that Samson hadn't been fooling about the refrigerator either; it was there. Feminine garments on the line told that Beulah was too. And a flivver before the front gate conveyed the climax of ill news—that Marmaduke Long was also within.

Samson met him at the aperture with a bill of sale.

Gladstone crept closer. It was too early for any picture-delivery, perhaps, but a boy with a vest and a tongue like Marmaduke's was liable to sell something to Beulah and charge it to Gladstone. Gladstone owed Marmaduke too much now. With a final dash, he achieved obscurity beneath his own house. Wide cracks between the boards of the single floor did the rest for him. Just over his head, old Marmaduke had the dictionary gasping on the ropes again—telling Beulah how much money he made and how good-looking she was. Beulah's husband-once-removed recognized the regular sequence of Marmaduke's preliminaries to a sale, and shivered. Not only was the weather cold, but Beulah didn't realize how much it cost to listen to this boy. Whatever Marmaduke said seemed to sound just right to Beulah.

Gladstone couldn't stand but so much of this—especially in the condition of his business and domestic affairs as related to Samson, Marmaduke, Beulah, and Julia. Zeros and minus signs represented his standing with the first three—either now or shortly. Which left Julia in need of further attention if he was to prosper at all. And if this Marmaduke boy would only quit talking about himself to Beulah and hurry and deliver the portrait, Gladstone could start making good with Julia by means of its appeal to her better nature. Yet, as soon as he did get possession of it, he would be in trouble about the other ten dollars due on it as second payment.

Another difficulty presented itself, and crowded to the fore. This was going to be one of the coldest winter nights in Alabama in years, and Gladstone was faced with the prospect of spending it in the open. For when Beulah moved into his house this way it instantly complicated his situation in respect to a reconciliation with Julia to the point where he had to stay outside, regardless of wind or temperature.

Soon a night wind arose of that peculiar Southern quality that searches out one's innermost bones and then sits down bleakly beside them. When it was dark enough, Gladstone braved all in a dash for the flimsy shed in the rear of his house where he kept his mule—when he was rich and had one. There he shivered and watched the warm glow of the fire in his kitchen stove before which Beulah passed and repassed. She cooked herself a noble supper. And Gladstone, stiff and starving without, had both to smell it and to watch Marmaduke and Beulah eat it. Old Marmaduke sure was doing well! Sometime after that an automobile rattled up the dark and freezing alley. Gladstone saw its tail-light disappear. That was Marmaduke's car.

It grew colder. Gladstone shivered in the shed and thought about Julia. Julia used both sides of a skillet, but if she used the bottom to bump him she also used the other side to feed him.

Then a hoot-owl volplaned silently into the tree beside Gladstone's shed and said something. Gladstone half tore his own kitchen door off its hinges getting safely inside it before he remembered that he was leading a strictly out-of-doors life until Beulah moved out. Then it was too late. Desperation born of hoot-owls and cold had driven him in with a clatter and bang that none could sleep through. Well, let Beulah come! Things couldn't get any worse than they were already. A boy couldn't stay out there in the dark with old who-owls talking to him any longer!

A sense of strangeness in his own house oppressed Gladstone above his chill as he tiptoed to the door leading from the kitchen into the "front room." If he heard Beulah in there, it would be the cold outer darkness in a hurry for him again. It was funny too that she hadn't heard him come in the kitchen door so fast when the owl got after him! In the stove-lit gloom he swung the inner door softly open.

The front room was empty; Beulah wasn't there. But something else was! Gladstone could sense it in the dark, but tell it better in the light. He struck a match, and gasped even before he lit the lamp.

"Dawg-gone! Ol' Ma'maduke boy sho' gives suhvice!" breathed Gladstone in a mixture of admiration and relief. For there on its easel, facing the front door through which Julia should first see it upon the occasion of her long-desired return, was the portrait!

That accounted for Marmaduke's visit. Snappy service—he had come to deliver the picture, and remained to be fed and admired by Beulah. That fixed everything for the moment except Marmaduke's second payment. And in his absence Gladstone couldn't get up a sweat about that—not when he was so busy circling about his picture, admiring it and its gold frame.

Then he saw something else. Old refrigerator was there too. Sure did look good! Until somebody came around after some second payments, Gladstone had no more troubles than a jaybird in June. For postponing trouble was just the same as fixing it—it didn't bother you

A hoot-owl volplaned into the tree beside Gladstone's shed . . . . A boy couldn't stay there with old owls talking to him!

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The X-ray shows poison-breeding wastes that accumulate when intestines are sluggish. Fresh yeast keeps intestines clean.

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"I was badly run-down," *writes* Paul Page, *Worcester, Mass.* "My elimination was poor. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast, which my doctor thought would help me. It brought back normal intestinal action and appetite."

Miss Barbara A. Evans *of San Francisco* demonstrates how she eats yeast for health. "My digestion was very poor," she writes. "I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast and in a short time felt ever so much better."

any more until later. With his outer doors barred, here was warmth, shelter, a skillet half-full of left-over supper; and no wives, creditors, or collectors able to get in before morning. Pierpont Morgan couldn't ask for more!

Swiftly emptying the skillet, Gladstone stuffed the stove redhot with the remaining supply of coal in the house, shoved the refrigerator against the front door against Beulah's attempted later return; re-barred the back, shut every window, and went warmly to sleep with a final happy look at his unpaid-for picture and refrigerator. Couldn't any more bad luck happen to him now until morning. And what came then belonged to tomorrow's business. . . .

Gladstone came out of his sleep and his burning residence at sixty-eight miles an hour, in a spark-spangled bed-quilt and no adequate idea of what had happened to him. Halfway to the river he was slowed but not stopped by the crowd turning out for the fire. Behind him was the glare of what the red-hot stove had done to his house; ahead of him were all the fresh difficulties into which it had plunged him.

FOR the house was a total loss before the falling of the roof on his bed had roused him from grateful dreams of a new and pleasing warmth in his home—which meant that the contents were a total loss too, with Gladstone also slated to enter that classification when the sellers of those articles should overtake him.

Beating out the incipient fires in his bed-quilt, Gladstone found himself unable to enjoy this new blow at Beulah's plans for the solar-plexus wallop that the event had landed on his own. Paying for a dead horse was nothing to paying for a burned-up refrigerator and portrait.

Groans not due to burns burst from him as he checked over his immediate future. Whatever happened, it was going to be less than no time now until a boy was all broken out with bad luck again. There wouldn't be any waiting around till Monday for those second ten-dollars now! And the gilded bait for Julia but a pile of hot ashes, too!

Sadly, but none the less swiftly, Gladstone shot under his familiar refuge, the outgrown little frame freight-depot. And there he curled up in the dry leaves that he had so often used as a bed for himself during periods of domestic discord or business depression. Thus he fell asleep in the shelter of the freight-depot and the security that was bound to be his until morning. Until his newest hiding-place was discovered there was bound to be a moratorium. What more could a boy ask?

But it seemed to Gladstone that he couldn't get his rest without moving all the time. One man's meat was clearly another man's poison. For his quilt and the dry leaves—which were at the bottom of a fresh problem for him—were the solution of the old problem for the railway company of what to do with the abandoned freight-house. Thus it was that shortly after Gladstone had again gone dreaming of art and Julia, he reissued from beneath the building with a speed that was by now born of practice.

"Lawd Gawd!" mourned Gladstone on the hoof, as he drew about him the charred remainder of a quilt that had been reduced to little more than a mere muffler. "I done sot de white folks' freight-house on fire now!"

Sparks lingering in the Gladstonian quilt from his first escape had evidently made Gladstone a species of Typhoid Mary for the Demopolis fire department. The clang of their oncoming fire-truck now lent him fresh wings. Effect was no place for Cause to be hanging around now—not with the Alabama arson laws what they were.

What Gladstone needed, he realized, was some place to go. Old dove that the preacher talked about in the flood story about the ark didn't have anything on him! Wasn't any place he could rest the sole of his foot without resting himself there too—and if he did, the white folks would be added to the too-long list of people that already wanted to know "how come?" from him. One way and another, he had burned up a house, a refrigerator, a portrait framed in gilt, and now a freight-depot!

The only bright spot in the whole business was that he was rid of Beulah—provided she didn't come back. Yet it would be like Beulah to do just that, and then add bigamy charges to the roster of things he had acquired without needing or being able to pay for, when he didn't have anything but a pair of blue cotton pants and part of a bed-quilt.

And there was Samson—Samson who collected or crippled. Fires and excuses didn't go with Samson. When he sold, he collected.

But it was Marmaduke after all, who bobbed up first and next. Pants or no pants, it at length became breakfast-time of a winter's morning. Promptly at seven, Gladstone risked all save honor—which was gone anyhow—for the chance of a line of credit at Henry Roebuck's barbecue-stand.

As unobtrusively as a fragment of burned red quilt about his shoulders and a pair of second-hand and scorched blue denim trousers doing heroic duty for the rest of his wardrobe would permit, Gladstone slunk in by Henry's side door and ordered coffee and corn-cakes. No use worrying about finances until the check was due. And let Henry lead the worrying then, was his idea.

CUSTOMERS proved few and Henry gossipy this early.

"Whar-at you been all night, since yo' house bu'n up?" sympathized Henry.

"Jes' gwine 'bout," mumbled Gladstone truthfully through the first four cakes.

"Couple of boys been lookin' fo' you," pursued Henry chirpily.

Gladstone stiffened at the number. "Aint no good news 'bout dat," he expressed his candid view.

"—'Bout yo' wife—"

Gladstone grimaced. Everybody was all the time talking about his wife—and never saying which one. Yet that was the most important point to him; Beulah and Julia meant an entirely different set of symptoms to Gladstone.

"—Beulah," Henry finished.

"Huccome Beulah?" Gladstone started to get up; if she were about again, it were best that he not be, no matter how good the breakfast.

"She aint heah," Henry interpreted his uneasiness. "Dat whut dey wants tell you."

Gladstone clothed himself in dignity and an overlooked fold of his quilt. "If she aint heah, shet up!" he adjured his host. "Craves to pleasure myself wid my breakfast."

Henry looked at him peculiarly. "You mean you aint know nothin' 'bout her?" he queried animatedly.

"All I knows is she cook herse'f some vittles in my house las' night—an' aint dar when I goes in. Aint see her since—nor de house neither."

There was veracity in Gladstone's mournful manner.

Henry strutted under his news-scoop. It was going to be given him to divulge to a husband the big news about his wife! Few juicier morsels fall to the gossip.

"Beulah done 'lope las' night," he sprung his surprise in the middle of Gladstone's second—unpaid-for—cup of coffee.

Gladstone bit a side out of the cup.

"Wh-wh-whuh-whut dat?" he mumbled stammeringly through a mouthful of crockery and hot coffee. "Wid *who?*"

"Classy boy wid automobile 'n' a vest," Henry thought to tantalize him before he told. "Whut driv' up to yo' house wid a big yaller frame 'larged picture, while Beulah in dar waitin' fo' you. Dat boy fas' worker wid de women—"

HERE Henry paused, thinking the sun had suddenly risen. But it wasn't; it was just the reflection of Gladstone's back teeth he saw as that much-married man opened his mouth. And—

"Whooo-eee!" pealed the Gladstonian laughter. "Ol' Mamma-duck boy git Beulah! An' I gits shet of both of 'em! He leaves de picture and takes Beulah! . . . . Dawg-gone! Whooo-*eee!*"

The Roebuck rafters rang again and again with the inexplicable mirth of Gladstone. Here was a man who had lost a wife and liked it!

Then a shadow fell—in the doorway and upon the earth and the universe and the future; a plump well-fed shadow of substantial size and sinew.

Gladstone quit laughing. He took a look and a leap, leaving Henry to survey the wreckage of an unpaid-for breakfast, and Samson G. Bates to gaze coldly after him as he fled toward Baptist Hill.

Collections, reflected Samson, might be slow, but Gladstone wasn't. Nevertheless, business was business. But the paper Samson held in his hand could wait: Gladstone didn't have the price to go any place.

Henry watched Samson silently transfer a twenty-dollar bill from one trousers' pocket to another. Samson's clothes were his bookkeeping system. If one knew the assignment of his pockets, one had the key to Samson's trial-balance. But Henry didn't. All he knew was that Gladstone had evidently owed Samson money. Every movement of Gladstone's retreating feet indicated it. Also that it must be overdue. Haste made health on the part of any of Samson's debtors. . . . Yet not with any certainty, if Gladstone kept on heading in the direction he was going now! True, Gladstone had recently lost two refuges by fire, but in the view of Henry he was fixing to lose a third by dogs—if he kept on moving toward the home of Julia's brother.

BUT Julia saw him first. . . . And women were funny, Gladstone discovered all over again: If you came in

Reduces germs in the mouth 98%

As soon as nasty weather sets in thousands are down with colds, grippe, flu, and attendant sore throats. Don't be one of them. Take this precaution recommended by physicians for 50 years.

Gargle with full strength Listerine every night and morning. Increase the gargle to once every two hours if you have been exposed to rain, severe cold, or coughing crowds in public places, buses and street cars. This simple act may spare you a costly, and possibly a dangerous, siege of illness.

Because Listerine, though non-poisonous and healing in action, is fatal to germs. And sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs breeding by millions in the mucous membrane of the mouth, nose, and throat.

Reduces mouth germs 98%

Repeated laboratory tests show that Listerine kills bacteria by millions. Even the stubborn Staphylococcus aureus (pus) and Bacillus typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 yield to it in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science).

Used as a gargle, Listerine actually reduces germs in the mouth 98%. Noted bacteriologists, using tests similar to those employed at Johns Hopkins University, have conclusively demonstrated this amazing germicidal power.

Why frequent gargle is needed

When you have a cold or sore throat your body is weakened. Alone it cannot cope with swiftly multiplying disease germs in the mouth.

Gargle every 2 hours

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

At such a time Listerine supplies an extra force tending to aid nature in keeping such invaders under control. But never forget that in times of sickness full reliance should be placed only in your family physician. Lambert Pharmacal Co. St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

arrogance and tan shoes and bright blue breeches they were liable to sick the dogs on you. But if you showed up in an old quilt and humility and a pair of scorched tight cotton pants—

"Gladstone, quit gallopin' 'bout in de cold, befo' I pets you wid dis heah fryin'-pan! Whar-at de rest of my good quilt?" fell the voice of Julia upon his anguished ears.

"De house done bu'n up," panted Gladstone warily. Her tone said he was forgiven, but a boy had to watch her right arm, until he was certain. "Bu'n up de new 'frig'rator too, whut I gits fo' you. An' de—"

Julia halted him imperiously, just when he didn't feel it a good place to stop. If he could get in a word about the lost portrait it was bound to help his feeble cause a lot.

"Listen heah!" Julia cut in incisively on his discourse. "One thing only I craves to heah, befo' I listens to no mo' lies from you 'bout whut you gwine do fo' me is I come back to you—"

Gladstone swallowed and shivered simultaneously. Never could tell from Julia's prefaces what her next chapter was going to be about.

"Yestiddy ev'nin'," resumed Julia, "monkey-vested boy drive by heah to sell me somep'n—an' showin' me sample like whut he got—big gold yaller frame round a picture of *you*—"

Gladstone glanced gloomily about. After all, Marmaduke had done him another dirty trick—showing Julia the picture first! So she knew what he was talking about now—

"I tried to save hit fo' you," he defended himself hoarsely, one eye open for Samson. "Ol' roof wuz fallin' on me when I wakes up. Dat's huccome I gits me dese heah wrong pants on—so busy tryin' git yo' picture out de fire fo' you—"

"Fo' *me?*" There was a mighty funny look on Julia's face. "Boy, lemme tell you, dat's *one* time you done yo'se'f some good—when you save yo' pants 'stead of yo' picture! 'Ca'ze *I wouldn't be caught daid in de room wid nothin' whut look like dat picture of you!*"

IN time, the staggering-minded Gladstone got the point. Julia did not *like* the picture of himself! Hence, in consuming it the fire had accomplished for him what baiting his hook for Julia with the portrait would never have done. Only in the *loss* of the likeness had he made himself again eligible for her consideration, after all!

And when this blow had ceased to rock him, Gladstone could grin again, happily. Beulah was gone. Marmaduke and any possibility of demanding payment on his ten-dollar balance was gone. Julia was back. Everything was—

But no—it was not all well. Far from it. There yet loomed Samson and his second refrigerator-payment, while it was still much too soon to approach Julia with safety for a small ten-dollar loan to cover it. Instead, it was not only too soon but too late. For speaking of approaching, Samson was doing that very thing, with a paper again in his hand—Samson who collected or crippled.

With one wild-eyed glance about him, Gladstone did the best he could under the circumstances.

But Samson was eagle-eyed during business hours.

"Come out from under dat bed!" he addressed his debtor.

Julia didn't quibble—she moved the bed. Gladstone's eyes became all whites and his complexion all ashen. Samson was all the time getting a boy out from under something—with a paper in his hand! That meant that crippling was going to be pinch-hitting for collecting in a minute. . . .

But at length—and amazedly—the terrified Gladstone perceived that instead of crippling him, Samson was trying to hand him the paper. The refrigerator had burned up while in Gladstone's house and unpaid for—yet Samson, who let nothing interfere with collections, was saying an unbelievable thing as he proffered the paper, such as:

"Stan' still, boy, twel I gives you yo' receipt. Been tryin' cotch you wid hit ever since befo' breakfas'."

"Receipt?"

Gladstone's expression was emptier than his intellect.

"Yeah—I jes' 'while ago paid myse'f fo' yo' 'frig'rator whut bu'n up."

"Paid *yo'se'f?*" After which query Gladstone's mouth opened and moved—but neither thought nor words issued therefrom.

"You see," Samson began to explain in words of few syllables, "I's in de fire-insu'ance bus'ness. In dis right-hand pants pocket I keeps *my* money. In the lef'-hand pocket I keeps my *insu'ance-bus'ness* money. When I sets down dat 'frig'rator in yo' house, I pays de insu'-ance pocket fo' bits fo' fire-insu'ance on hit, long as hit's settin' in yo' house unpaid fo'. Is you foller me?"

"You moves de fo' bits from one side yo' pants to de other," repeated Gladstone thickly. "Follers you fur off."

"Yeah. So when yo' house bu'n up, de insu'ance side of my pants pays de pussonal side of my pants twenty dollars, to cover de loss—and de balance whut you owed me. So you aint owe me nothin' no mo'. Is you git dat straight?"

But there was no way to tell; for just here the burdened brain of Gladstone twitched twice—and quit like a dog, for the day!

ECHO OF HEART-BEAT

(Continued from page 50)

of his luncheon. "When did it happen to you first?"

Patricia sighed. "That's the whole reason—for this! It happened the first time I saw you—two years ago. If you weren't a man, you would have known."

"Perhaps I did."

"So I married Perry," she went on, "because I liked him and because I thought he might be—"

"An antidote?"

"Yes. And more. He would have been, if you hadn't met us at the boat—and everything."

"Well—it's done. Shall I take you home?"

"Please don't—today."

THE four were playing cards. It was the same night. Good bridge-players and at least two of them good actors. Talking about marriage again. No wonder, Bill thought, that he had been brought to the thing he contemplated. Everything he read, everything that was said condoned such a step, anticipated it, or was candid about its frequency. Being cynical. When some one is hurt, he reflected, some one else is always cynical.

"Sue McMurtrie caught the boat for France yesterday with Al Dunning," Alice said.

Pat was arranging her cards—casually.

"Yes?"

"Getting to be a habit among us sophisticates."

Alice smiled at Hoyt. "How soon can I expect you to run off with somebody's wife, stenographer or leading lady?"

Hoyt grinned back. "Any day now."

Perry chuckled. "Any day when hell freezes, that is."

"Not at all. With the publicity it has, and the approval and suggestion, no one can trust himself."

"Or herself," Patricia added easily.

"What are we going to consider it, then?" Alice asked. "The beginning or the end of our civilization?"

Perry shook his head. "Not at all. It's the commencement of a human reassessment. In a primitive state man admitted that he was an animal. Then, for several thousand years, we have tried to envision ourselves as something more, something we liked to think was higher. People like ourselves have found out that the so-called ideal wasn't so high and certainly wasn't useful. So we are beginning to discard it. A bloodless revolution—not so bloodless when we consider the wives and husbands put out of the way with hatchets and sashweights."

Hoyt lit a cigarette.

"Three spades," he said imperturbably.

Hoyt sat in a tremendous leather chair in the library of the club. He had a newspaper, but he was not reading. Simon Drew lowered himself into the mate of Hoyt's chair.

"Hello, Bill!"

"How are you, Simon?"

"Fine—fine. You don't look too well, though. Haven't seen you around, either. Missed you at Grace's party. What's the matter? Why don't you go down to White Sulphur and shoot some golf? You look like a man who's lost an oar and is rowing in circles."

Hoyt pulled up one knee and rubbed it with his hand. "Simon, you're a pretty wise duck. Tell me something."

"Very little I could tell *you*."

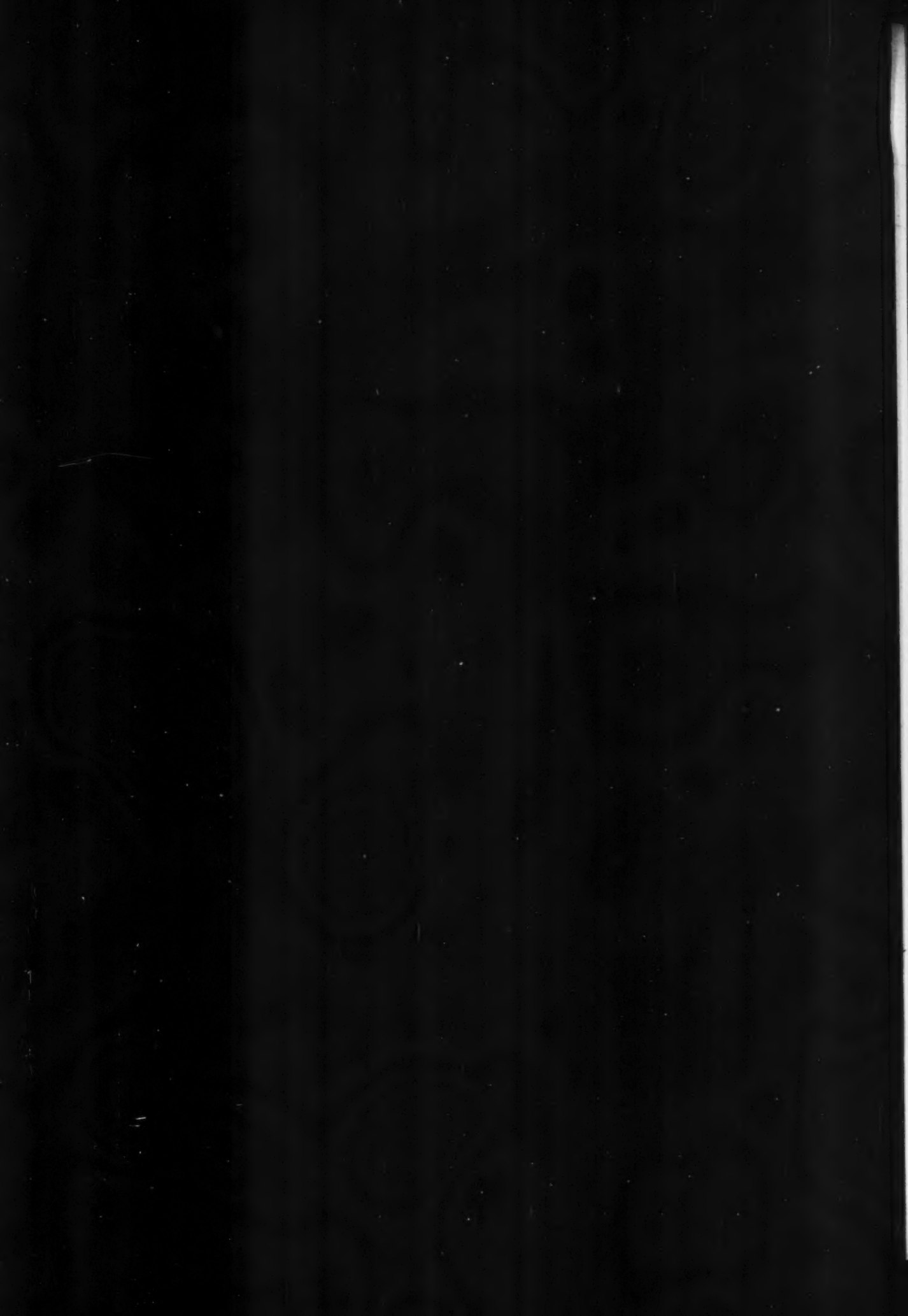
"What the devil do you consider important? I mean, what drives you? What do you live for? What do you work for?"

"Good Lord! Bad as that? Better go abroad, then."

"I'm serious."

Drew puckered his lips. "Well—I'll take a crack at answering you. When I started to make money here in town, twenty years ago, it was *friends*. I thought good friends were the finest thing on earth. Then I began to find out that as soon as a man gets independent finan-

. . . .



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Cold weather emphasizes the value of its simplicity of design and its trustworthy performance under all conditions. There is an enduring quality, too, in its exterior finish. The pyroxylin lacquer is not affected by cold, or the usual hazards of snow or water. The Rustless Steel used for the radiator shell, hub caps, cowl finish strip, and other exterior metal parts is an additional assurance of permanent beauty. It will not scale, tarnish, or corrode.

With reasonable care the new Ford will maintain its original sheen and brilliance for a long period. Mechanically it has been so excellently made that it will give you many thousands of miles of comfortable, satisfactory motoring at a very low cost per mile.

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Before He Could Pronounce It He Used It

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Note to Members of the Medical and Dental Professions:

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"Explain its advantages for children," said the Dentists

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DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

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cially he loses some of the need for friendship and most of the gift for it. You just can't get close to people like ourselves. Take you and me. We've known each other for ages, met each other in a hundred places, knocked around together. But you don't know what I think—and I don't know what you think; and we never will.

"So I had to give up that idea. Friends aren't friends very often. They're just other people. I got married and now I have four youngsters. One of them in college. And they're the most important reason for the continued existence of Simon Drew. That what you wanted to know?"

Hoyt nodded. "How about your wife?"

Drew shot a shrewd glance at the lean man beside him. He replied slowly: "She's their mother."

Hoyt rose abruptly then. "Gotta beat it back. Thanks." He flicked his hand in farewell. "I haven't any kids, you know." . . .

"Why do we wait?" Pat wrote.

Hoyt left his office and went to her apartment.

"Come in," she said. "Nobody here but me."

"You shouldn't write letters."

"Why? Not writing them is the technique of intrigue. Want a drink?"

"Thanks."

"Sit over there. I'll clamber into your lap presently."

He heard the ice thumped from the box of cubes and the gurgle of the bottle. He stared around the room. They had played bridge there the night before. Now it was bright daylight. Everything was calm and familiar—except that Pat was coming to sit in his lap. She brought the drinks and set them on a little table within reach. Then she arranged herself in his lap.

"I wrote a verse last night," she said.

He did not know what answer to make.

"Yes?" he said finally.

She nodded. "It goes:

I sleep but to dream of thee;
The night-bird's reed bassoon
Sings to the shadows—the shadows
That shrink from the lotus moon;
And over my dreaming, sweetheart,
And over the quiet street
Is the sleepy, passionate echo
Of my heart's beat.

"Like it?"

"I didn't know you could write verse."

"You don't like it. You think it's artificial. Maybe it is. It's just a variation on an old thing by Shelley or somebody. I got quite excited and thought it was symbolical. Anyhow—kiss me."

The kiss filtered through his veins. A long time later he said, "I adore you, Pat."

"And I love you, Billy."

"We've got to be going soon, you and I."

"Yes. So hold me close. I get frightened thinking about Perry and Alice."

"Do you?"

"Terrible break they made last night—about sashweights, and things."

"Never mind."

Pat shook her head obstinately. "I can't be very vicious, because nothing like that ever entered my head in connection with us."

"Of course not. People like you and me, like Alice and Perry, don't behave like that."

She sat up straight. "You know, I thought of something the other day. It was a great idea. I want them to be together when we go."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. I want there to be all four of us—playing bridge or something. Then you and I will steal away—and leave them sitting there, so that when they discover the note, they'll have each other to fall back on. Don't you see? They're both calm, brave people and they have a lot of poise. They'll understand each other."

Hoyt nodded. "Let's talk about us."

ALICE was wearing a pale gray-and-silver dinner gown; Pat a dark dress that could be pressed into the uses of traveling. Coffee and liquor had been served. The table had been unfolded and two new decks of cards broken open.

Hoyt's fingers drummed on the table and he looked at his cards.

"Four diamonds."

"Four spades," Patricia said. Everyone passed. They smiled at each other and Perry began to play. Patricia excused herself. Hoyt finished the hand and rose.

"Just remembered a call to a client in Philadelphia I had to make at ten. Excuse me a second. Deal while I'm gone."

"Sure, old man," Perry said.

Patricia was standing at the end of the hall, her hat on, her coat over her arm. He touched her hands and they were cold. Into the telephone he mumbled a number and returned the receiver. Hat, coat, cane. Pat handed him a note and he carried it to Alice's bedroom where she could find it in a few minutes. They tiptoed toward the front door and opened it. Patricia stepped into the hall. Hoyt lifted his hand then and stepped back to the drawing-room portières. His heart was in his throat. He opened a hole in the heavy material for the last glimpse of the other two.

They sat at the table conversing in a low tone. Alice was shuffling and reshuffling the cards. He could just hear what she said.

"Perry! I have a hunch that it's going to happen tonight—that it's happening right now."

He had never heard Perry's voice sound as it did then: deep and wistful. "Maybe so, Alice. I sort of thought all evening—"

"You, too?" There was a catch in her voice which made Hoyt realize that her eyes were filling. "Well—it's harder for you than for me. I had him for five years—and if he wants to go now—he may. He's a grand man, Perry."

She didn't speak after that. Hoyt saw Perry's hand reach out and pat hers. "I know. It isn't the feeling they have for each other that is so—so sad. It's the fact that they'll go away."

HOYT'S face was chalk-white. He felt Pat's hand tug at his arm, looked down and saw her stiffen as Perry went on gently, musingly. "I can't be jealous. We've all—or lots of us—outgrown that, thank God! I can see what they see—there isn't any other way for them." He faltered. "Sometimes it seems to me that just to be human is to suffer."

Pat pulled him away from the portières. They went back to the front door and shut it.

"You're quitting me, Billy?" she asked.

He nodded.

Her body trembled so violently he was frightened. "I understand," she whispered. "Maybe,"—and she did not weep, but only looked far away from him—"maybe some day I'll like you better for it. We should have known that they would know all the time."

They put their wraps back in the closet. Hoyt's face was relaxed and calm. He stepped into the bedroom and lit the edge of the note. It burned in the fireplace. Patricia was waiting for him.

"Kiss me good-by, Billy."

"Good-by?"

"A figurative farewell."

She held up her lips and, as he bent over, inclined her head so that he kissed her forehead. They went back to the drawing-room together.

"Some phone-call!" Perry said in the silence.

Hoyt did not notice. He was looking at Alice, whose eyes were bright with understanding—understanding that was absolute.

Pat sat down and smiled faintly at the other woman. She spoke almost lightly.

"I just tried to persuade your husband to run away with me, Alice. He wouldn't do it."

TEN YEARS

(Continued from page 23)

She glanced up at him. "Home. Dedee's sick." She pointed to the picture on the mantel. "That's the little one—the girl." Then, at once, he realized she was beautiful. Her eyes came back to him and she smiled.

"I'm sorry about this noon. But it's her ears and we're afraid of mastoid."

"I'm sorry."

She put her hand out to him. It was the same hand, slender and long-fingered and firm.

"I've a taxi at the door. I must dash," she said.

"Let me take you. My car's here; and I recommend my chauffeur."

She shook her head. "The luggage is all stowed away. I haven't time to shift."

"Then it's good-by?" He felt like a fool.

"I'm afraid so." Again she smiled. But it was the same smile she would have given Jim, or Nan, or any unimportant person.

"I hope everything will be all right," he heard himself saying.

He put her into her taxi, closed the door and stood on the curbing, staring after it. Yes, he'd go to Paris with Jim and Nan—to Deauville, to Lido. What the devil did it matter, anyway, where he went.

"Where to, sir?" Dahlgren's chauffeur touched his cap. It didn't do to have the boss standing there, like a fool, his hat still in his hand. . . .

THE VEILED WOMAN

(Continued from page 78)

dignant. "I won't let him! How can you say such a thing?"

Quickly Mrs. Perrington changed a laugh into a cough. She remarked:

"You're more human than I'd given you credit for. So it's going to be separation? When are you going?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"And where?"

"What do you care?"

"I do care. I still like you—though heaven knows why. And I must have your address. There'll be mail to forward, and your clothes—and John's remittances—"

"I shall not accept his money. Not a cent!"

"More high-falutin' principles?"

"I shall live my own life, earn my own—"

"Don't bother to tell me the rest. I know it by heart. Economic independence—eh? Have you decided what you're going to do for a living?"

"Yes."

"Namely what?"

"Quite a while ago Shirley Frisby told me that I know a lot about rugs, color schemes, Oriental art. I can go to her any time and work for her."

Again Mrs. Perrington changed a laugh into a cough.

"Have you the faintest notion," she inquired, "how much it costs to live in New York?"

"I keep house."

"By charging up things for which John draws the checks. How far do you imagine you will get with what Shirley will be able to pay you?"

"I am not extravagant."

"True—you aren't extravagant—for yourself. But what about Hendrick?"

FATHMA turned a little pale.

"Hendrick?" she echoed.

"Yes. Hendrick is an expensive luxury—what with nurses, clothes, baby specialists, and all that. How are you going to look after him, in one room—perhaps a kitchenette? For you won't be able to afford a bigger place. And you'll be at work all day in Shirley's shop—and you won't have sufficient money to hire a nurse. How are you going to do it?"

"I—I don't know—"

"I do know. I'll take care of Hendrick."

"You? No!"

"Why not?"

"He's my son!"

"Tigress defending her young. But this tigress is broke and up against it. You simply can't do it. You can't bring up Hendrick and at the same time earn your living."

"There are other mothers who—"

"Oh, yes. I guess you can find some cheap, sordid nursery home. But do you want Hendrick in one—just because *you're* selfish and stubborn? Better give him to me."

"You," stammered Fathma, "you might—oh,"—swallowing her pride for the sake of her child,—"you might lend me money—for Hendrick—"

"Not I! Far be it from me to interfere with all your noble principles! Take Hendrick with you and bring him up as a pauper—or give him to me. There's your choice."

"You are cruel."

"No more cruel to you than you are to John. You know, John is my son as much as Hendrick is yours. I'm Dutch from way back. And the Dutch are quite as hard as the Turks—when they have to be. Well—what do you say?"

The two women looked at each other—not with dislike. Indeed, with a great deal of mutual affection. They understood and, in a way, admired each other.

Finally Fathma inclined her head.

"You can have Hendrick," she agreed, "until I earn enough for the two of us."

"Quite so!" smiled Mrs. Perrington. "Until you earn enough—for the two of you."

"I shall come and see him—often."

"Of course. That is, if you can."

"If I *can?*"

"You see, it's getting hot. I'm going to Bar Harbor the end of next week, and I'll take the baby with me. Maybe you'll come week-ends—if you can afford the expense. . . ."

Fathma was very near tears. She was unhappy; but her pride conquered her unhappiness. She was silent.

"Where will you live?" Mrs. Perrington went on.

The other mentioned the first hotel she thought of.

"How much money have you?"

"About a hundred dollars."

"That hotel will charge you twelve a day; then there'll be food, laundry, carfare—"

"Oh—"

"I guess you'd better look for a cheap boarding-house. A taste for caviare and a cabbage income, don't blend. Send me the address, will you?"

"Yes."

"Good night, darling!"

Once, during the night, John Perrington went to his wife's room. He was about to knock at the door. But he reconsidered and returned to bed.

He did not sleep well.

"I've lost her—lost her—lost her," he repeated in his mind—as though each repetition etched the meaning of the phrase more clearly on his brain.

There was acute, agonizing pain in the thought, until by excess of pain a state of numbness, of negative insensibility, followed. On the heels of it came a violent vindictiveness, when pride and anger whispered he could do without her, when he told himself: "I hate her!"—and finally, a certain resignation, a certain acceptance—something akin to peace.

He had lost her. All right; he would reconstruct his life. There was still his business, his career, his ambition, his millions to be made.

So the next morning, he welcomed Wall Street's roaring, stony jungle with avidity. Here, he thought, was the world where he belonged, where he could be happy. Here was the busy, bustling world of barter and trade, build and clout, of which he was a part, an entity; the great, crunching machine of which he was a cog; the hectic maelstrom where women did not matter, except in minor capacities, as stenographers, secretaries, bookkeepers, file-clerks. Business was the answer of American manhood to greedy, clamorous, selfish womanhood—and John plunged into it with zest.

There was a heap of mail; a long cablegram from Shukri Yar. John read it. Things in the Turkish oil-field were humming. But more money was needed.

Impatiently he touched the desk bell. His secretary hurried in.

"Take dictation, Miss Eisenberg. . . ."

Shortly before noon of that day Fathma entered the fashionable little Madison Avenue shop where Shirley was attending to the needs of an obese and opulent lady, resplendent in purple velvet, pearls, and a Queen Mary hat.

"But, Miss Frisby," the customer was expostulating wildly, "I wanted the house entirely early American. I have the sweetest spinning-wheel to build on—"

SHIRLEY, very smart and businesslike, twinkled a smile of welcome at Fathma, motioned vaguely to a chair, and went on laying down the law:

"Early American, Mrs. Kerrigan, is dead—that is, unless you inherited it and the house to go with it. Early American—which, by the way, was the simplest and least expensive furniture at the time when Uncle Jedediah bought it for Aunt Priscilla—does not go into a Park Avenue *milieu*. Georgian stuff is better; but what you really ought to have is a lot of handsome Italian Renaissance—"

Mrs. Kerrigan sighed.

"I don't like Italian things," she said.

"You'll get used to them. I'll run up tomorrow and take a look at your floor-plans."

"But—"

"No *'but'* about it. Interior decorating is like a major operation. You may not care for it, but it's necessary. Incidentally,"—pointing at a heavily carved Italian buffet,—"I sold this piece two days ago to Mrs. Van Rensselaer—Mrs. *Cornelius* Van Rensselaer."

Mrs. Kerrigan was impressed.

"Really?" she asked.

"Yes. I've got a companion-piece—almost an exact duplicate—"

"I'll buy it, Miss Frisby."

Fathma, in the meantime, had been looking about the shop, which was a happy mixture of all periods. She sat down at last in a lyre-backed chair and regarded a modern, stepped-back bookcase.

From another room a tall, good-looking girl, who wore her expensive clothes and a solitaire emerald with considerable poise, appeared and smiled at her. Fathma had met her before. She was Nancy Parsons, one of Shirley's shifting aides, a girl with more money than she knew what to do with, and considerable intelligence.

"Can I do anything for you, Mrs. Perrington?" she asked.

"No, thank you," replied Fathma, feeling strange and weary and out-of-place. "I want to speak to Miss Frisby, when she is free."

Nancy Parsons returned to the inner room where Shirley's secretary was busy making out bills—mostly on the installment plan, since this was the only way her rich clients could be made to overpay her.

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Film
is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold it a combination of the two.

But one thing is positively known; wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present.* Thus ridding teeth and gums of germs is the first thing one must do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Germs live in film

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Film ruins the appearance of the teeth by absorbing stains from food and smoking . . . how many times have you noted these dark discolorations on enamel?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness.

* * *

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to have strong, healthy teeth

1. Follow this diet daily: *one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, ½ lemon with orange juice. 1 qt. of milk—and other food to suit the taste.*

2. Use Pepsodent twice every day.

3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent —the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

Presently Mrs. Kerrigan left, and Shirley turned to Fathma and shook hands.

"Poor, dear old Mrs. Kerrigan," she commented. "She's quite right; this Italian stuff *is* dreadful!"

"Then why do you—"

"Why do I sell it to her? Because I'm overstocked with Renaissance, Miss Innocence—and because business is business. Not that business can ever mean anything to you—"

"But—it does! I—I am going to be a business-woman."

"Eh?"

"Yes. I want to work—for you."

"Work—when you don't have to? My child, have you been bitten by that exclusively American insect? Or has John lost his money—or you your mind?"

"I—I have left John—"

"For cryin' out loud! What for?"

"I cannot tell you—"

"You've got to. Come on! Spill it!"

At last Fathma told her—and Shirley shook her head.

"Harriet Hackett—I never did like her. . . . Gordon Davies is right. . . . eager, ravenous girl—natural-born poacher!" She lit a cigarette; went on: "The old bromide is true—it's always a chicken that cooks a man's goose!"

Chapter Twenty

SHIRLEY FRISBY was very fond of Fathma. She felt sorry for her, but she cloaked her sympathy with her usual slangy, hard-boiled cynicism.

"It's divorce," she commented, "which keeps men and women in circulation."

"I am not going to divorce John."

"Of course you have no grounds. No New York grounds, I mean. But out in Reno—where they make things easy—mental cruelty, you know—"

"No, no! I do not approve of—"

"Don't fib, sweet angel-child! You're afraid that Harriet may catch John on the rebound—and so your leaving him is not due to outraged moral convictions, but to plain, field-and-garden jealousy."

Fathma was on the verge of tears; and the other went on more gently:

"Still in love with him?"

"Yes," was the low-voiced admission.

"Then why all the fuss over a mere trifle?"

"It is not a mere trifle—what John did."

"Is that so?"

"We—at home, in Turkey—"

Shirley grew impatient.

"Cut out the patter!" she exclaimed. "Forget Turkey! This is New York—maybe not quite America, but almost."

"I do not care what you say. John—"

"Kissed Harriet—whispered naughty things in her ear—and behaved generally badly." Shirley paused. "Look here! I am what is known scientifically as a good girl. A very good girl—worse luck! And if you knew how many men have kissed me—" Shirley laughed reminiscently. "Why—even your John is not above taking an occasional peck at my handsomely painted lips!"

"I know. I have seen you kiss him."

"Seen him kiss me, you mean."

"The same thing."

"Since when?"

"Anyway—I never minded when he kissed you. But when Harriet—"

"That has all the earmarks of a dirty crack. Have I no '*It*' at all?"

"Oh, you know what I am trying to say!"

"Sure. Now let me slip you a tip. Cut out the foolishment; go back to John—"

"No. I have made up my mind."

"Don't be so stubborn!"

"I am not stubborn. But, you see, John needs me no longer."

"And so, nobly, almost tragically, you step out of his life and play the martyr? John doesn't need you, eh? Well, are you going back to him when he does need you?"

Fathma did not reply. "Yes or no?" Shirley insisted.

"I—I do not know."

"Meaning yes. Fine and dandy! Three to one he needs you this very instant." Shirley took a step toward the telephone. "I guess I'll give him a ring and find out."

Fathma jumped up.

"Don't you dare!" she cried. "He must come to me of his own accord and—"

"Listen!"

"No, no!"

Fathma was silent. She thought of her husband, thought of her father; and, thinking of them, she became conscious of a feeling of dull gnawing anguish, of longing and regret, that rose like a great flood in her heart, that met and battled the other flood—the flood of her pride.

And she thought: "What good the victory—to me or to others—"

"And so," said Shirley, "you want a job?"

"Yes."

"What kind of job?"

"You told me once—"

"On board the ship—I remember. I said that if ever you should leave John—"

"I could come to you—and I did!"

"All right. Here's where friendship ceases and Shirley Frisby, Incorporated, has her innings—talking dollars and cents and overhead, with a sort of spurious geniality. Of course you realize that you're untrained—that you're really not worth a damn to me?"

FATHMA was taken aback. "But," she stammered, "you said at the time—that my knowledge of Oriental art—"

"That fad has gone the way of all flesh."

"Oh—"

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do for you, darling. I serve tea here in the afternoons. Doesn't cost me much—and lends an atmosphere of intimate, social swank to the shop. You know how it is—lady from Brooklyn, or from Oklahoma or some other such exotic place, mentions casually to a friend: 'Had tea at Miss Frisby's. Mrs. Van Rensselaer was there—and both Pierrepont girls.' Free advertising—get it? Well, you can sit behind the samovar and look pretty and play hostess. Speak broken English; it may help. And you can attend to odds and ends about the shop. I'll give you twenty dollars a week—call it pocket money—and a commission on all new business you bring in."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Fathma.

The other laughed.

"What a little goose you are!"

"Why?"

"You couldn't possibly live on twenty a week."

"But my commissions—"

"Depend entirely on your circle of rich women friends. And you haven't many, have you?"

"I know quite a few."

"But you aren't very popular with them. You see—you've been so hotsy-totsy, so reserved, ever since the birth of your child. . . ."

"I know," Fathma admitted dully—and she remembered John's accusation:

"Ever since Hendrick's birth—"

And now Hendrick was no longer with her. Nor John. Nor her father—

"I'm fond of you—against my better judgment," Shirley's cool voice cut through the other's brooding, gray thoughts. "Besides, I'm a feminist. I'm for the female of the species even when she's in the wrong. Therefore, you can live with me. My sister Allison, who used to share my apartment, has taken her own place. You can have her old bedroom—and I guess Emily won't mind broiling four lamb-chops for dinner instead of two."

"I am terribly grateful to you."

"Don't mention it. Tickled to have you."

She went to the threshold of the inner room.

"Nancy!" she called.

Nancy Parsons came out.

"Yes, Shirley?"

"You and Fathma know each other?"

"Surely."

"Fathma is joining us. She's going to serve tea in the interests of bigger and better interior desecration. And you might show her some of the ropes. Teach her not to throw a fit when somebody who weighs three hundred pounds on the hoof demands a swan bed or a Madame Récamier couch; or when a bespectacled old lady, who ought to have more horse-sense, develops a sudden yen for ultra-modern furniture. Women," she proclaimed didactically, "don't know yet that modern furniture—which, by the way, is nothing but old-fashioned mission stuff gone cock-eyed—is only becoming to flat-chested, slat-shaped, short-haired bachelor girls."

The door opened; a customer came in, and Shirley interrupted herself.

"Run along now," she said rapidly to Fathma. "Here's the key to the apartment. Explain to Emily, will you? I shall send the porter round to Park Avenue for your trunks and things."

THEN, as Fathma was about to leave, the other stopped her with a whispered:

"Wait a moment!"

For an idea had occurred to her, an idea worth money in the bank.

Her business success depended after all, as much on snobbery and similar human frailties as on good taste and expert knowledge—and though the Oriental fad was indeed over, she had quite a few Oriental rugs left in her storeroom—and the customer who had entered a few moments earlier was a Mrs. Oberlin, the queen-consort of a recently self-elected steel king—a woman with hitherto unrequited social register aspirations.

Shirley shook hands with her.

"I want you to meet my new assistant, Mrs. Perrington," she began; then casually and yet impressively, she added: "Mrs. Josiah Perrington's daughter-in-law."

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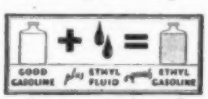

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ETHYL GASOLINE

Mrs. Oberlin was frankly delighted and frankly said so.

Mrs. Josiah Perrington: A name, to New York, that a Bourbon is to France, a Cabot to Boston, a Colonna to Italy, a Randolph to Virginia, and a Cecil to England!

Mrs. Oberlin smiled. She wondered:

"Who was this young Mrs. Perrington before her marriage? Let me see—was she a Vanderbilt, or—"

Suddenly she remembered. Yes—over a year ago—the two weeks' sensation—the headlines—John Perrington eloping with a harem beauty—

"Oh," she exclaimed, "are *you*—"

"She is!" said Shirley, while Fathma blushed. "She's the Turkish girl."

"How interesting! And,"—Mrs. Oberlin turned to Fathma,—"you're going to assist Miss Frisby?"

"In my Oriental department," the latter chimed in. "Mrs. Perrington is an expert when it comes to rugs."

"Really?"

"Museums consult her," Shirley invented shamelessly. "Do you care for Oriental rugs, Mrs. Oberlin?"

"I love them!"

"Well—Mrs. Perrington will be glad to help you any time you feel the urge for a fine old antique Kashan or Ispahan."

"I—it so happens I need one, for my blue salon—"

"I'll send you over four or five tomorrow morning. And Mrs. Perrington will come to your place to help you select. Shall we say eleven o'clock?"

"Why not one o'clock," suggested Mrs. Oberlin, taking the social bull by the horns, "and stay to lunch? I've invited a few friends." She had not, yet; but she would telephone them soon enough. "I hope you won't mind, Mrs. Perrington?"

"Of course she won't," Shirley decided for Fathma; then said to her: "Going home now?"

"Yes."

"See you tonight—at dinner."

Fathma smiled as she turned toward Fifth Avenue, to catch a downtown bus. She admired Shirley—so clever she was, so keen—and not so different from Stamboul's bazaar merchants!

They too praised their wares by inventing grand, romantic tales.

"Look, look! A fat pullet—from the Sultan's chicken coop!"

"Look, O Moslems! This brocade—it was woven by the daughter of the King of Samarkand as a ransom for her father captured in battle! The silver knots with which it is embroidered—look, look—they are the tears which she shed while weaving the extraordinary fabric!"

Fathma remembered the merchants' words; remembered their very intonation and gestures.

She told herself that she would use this knowledge, in business, here, in America. She would not always be dependent upon Shirley's friendship, but would make her own way. She would show John. . . .

Show him—*what?* She was not precisely sure.

HALF an hour later, she was in Shirley's apartment on lower Fifth Avenue.

It was a charming place. It was all Shirley. The chairs invited, and the coloring was soft and cheerful, and the lighting a masterpiece of combined flattery and utility.

Shortly before dinner the porter came with her trunks and her mail.

There were only two letters. One was a department-store advertisement. The other bore a Turkish postage-stamp. It was from her brother—a long letter, largely concerned with the affairs of Mustaffa Ali Pasha, their father.

Had Shukri Yar been there in person, had he tried to tell her by word of mouth about their father, she would have refused to listen. She would have said:

"I do not wish to know."

But she was alone. There was nobody here to whom she could show and prove her pride. So she read; indeed, she read avidly, anxiously.

IT appeared, from Shukri Yar's account, that more and more, during the past year, Kemal Pasha, president of the Turkish republic by name and dictator by fact, had crushed those adherents of the former régime who were opposed to his Westernizing policies and radical innovations. He had so enormously increased the taxes to be paid by the stiff-necked Osmanli aristocrats that they had been unable to meet them. Then, the courts and judges being his blindly obeying instruments, he had confiscated their properties, on Prinkipo Island, in Ayub, the Ak Serai, and along the Sea of Marmora, and had turned the fine old palaces into schools, hospitals, and orphan-asylums.

Since Captain Shukri Yar was one of his most enthusiastic followers, he had treated Mustaffa Ali Pasha with more than ordinary consideration. Besides, the latter had been a prominent statesman under the Sultans; he was familiar with Europe's coiling intrigues and subterranean methods in the Near East; and his knowledge would doubtless be valuable to the New Turkey. So, several weeks earlier, an aide-de-camp had called on Mustaffa Ali to offer him a high administrative position.

The other, a tory of tories, a man unable to reconcile himself to his day and generation, had interpreted the offer as an insult. But he had not immediately said so. Instead, his reply had been:

"I must refuse. I am old—I have retired from active service."

"But His Excellency Kemal Pasha wishes you to—"

Mustaffa Ali had raised his eyebrows. His voice had been clipped and hard:

"I repeat—my answer is no."

"How can you say no, Pasha *effendi?*"

"Why not?"

"It is your duty—"

Somehow, the word had flicked the older man on the raw. "Duty?" he had echoed, his eyes narrowing.

"Yes."

"Duty to whom, may I inquire?"

"Duty to Turkey! Duty to the republic! Duty to Kemal Pasha!"

Then Mustaffa Ali had flared up.

"Allah!" he had exclaimed. "I despise the republic! I despise and hate Kemal Pasha—the upstart, the usurper, the enemy of Islam! His ways are not my ways, nor his God my God!" He had pointed to the door. "Leave my house! Go back to your master! Tell him what I said!"

A dramatic scene, as Shukri Yar described it; and, momentarily, Fathma laid down the letter and stared straight ahead of her.

She could imagine her father, standing erect, his words dropping quick, staccato, icy:

"Go back to your master! Tell him what I said!"

It thrilled her.

Ah, his dignity—the dignity of his Circassian race at whose back twelve hundred years of history, twelve hundred years of unbroken culture and achievement were sitting in solemn, graven rows! His high, clanking courage! His pride—like her own pride! "My father!" she whispered.

She laughed exultingly. Again she picked up her brother's letter and read. . . Within the week, judgment was passed: a fine of two million *medjidies* gold.

Of course Mustaffa Ali Pasha had been unable to pay. And so all his possessions had been confiscated—his stocks and bonds, of which he had but few, and the real estate which composed the greater part of his fortune: the old palace near Seraglio Point, the houses he owned in the Balata and Skutari suburbs, his rich farm-lands beyond Brusa, his orchards at Anadoli Kowak. Everything had gone under the hammer. They had left him nothing except, on the other side of the Bosphorus, on the outskirts of Kuzgunjuk, half a dozen stony acres planted with olive trees whose yearly crop was not worth the price of a cotton turban; and there he had gone to live with Gurma, the old negress, in a small building that was no more than a mud-chinked hut.

SHUKRI YAR had done what he could.

"Live with me!" he had implored.

"No!"

"Then let me look after you. Go to Paris—or to Vienna, if you prefer—"

"And let you pay—for me? No!"

"Father—please—"

"You love the republic. I hate it. Do not misunderstand me. I do not wish you to be disloyal to Kemal. You believe in him—and you must follow your conscience. So I must follow mine own. I cannot accept help from you—the enemy."

"The enemy who is your son—who loves you dearly."

"As I love him—dearly, dearly!"

"Then, please—let me—"

"No, no! I repeat, I cannot accept help—not from you."

"But you will starve!"

"Which, I take it, is the only privilege left, these days, to a gentleman," had come the stiff, sardonic rejoinder.

He had found it impossible, Shukri Yar wrote, to argue or reason or plead with his father. *"So stubborn,"* he described him. *"Stubborn enough to hammer cold iron—stubborn enough to fish for the moon reflected in the water."*

He went on to tell Fathma how their father lived: the dirty, ramshackle hut with the single, narrow, broken window and the bough of a stunted olive tree lashing heavily against it in the blast of the wind that swept across the flat, stony countryside; Gurma squatting like a black gnome over a tiny, open charcoal fire, keeping it alive with all the strength of her old lungs; the coarse, wretched food on the table—a handful of shriveled brown olives, a bowl of cooked barley, a cracked pottery jar of brackish, lukewarm water; the few sticks of crude furniture; the

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poor peasants and laborers, Moslems and Jews and Armenian Christians, who were his neighbors and who, watching the fallen aristocrat, were slightly amused and decidedly irreverent, though they salaamed deeply when they saw him.

Mustaffa Ali would sit on the threshold of his hut, staring, unblinking as an image carved out of stone. A change, tragic in its quickness, had come over the outer man. All his life he had been used to a dozen servants, a dozen comforts and luxuries. Like most Orientals of his class, he was clumsy with his hands, could do nothing for himself; and now there was only Gurma left to minister to his wants.

So he was no longer the well-fleshed, well-brushed aristocrat; but slovenly in attire, his beard unkempt, gray-faced, the skin on his throat hanging loose and flabby, the eyes red-rimmed—the whole man sunk into himself, and, somehow, smaller in stature than formerly.

"—*And yet,*" Shukri Yar wrote, "*his soul is as finely tempered and as stoutly braced as ever. Make no mistake, sister—Father is not sorry for himself. For—may Allah show him the light!—he is fearless and proud—*"

"Fearless and proud!" echoed Fathma.

She thought of her father with admiration, and with pity too. A prayer came to her lips—and, typically, it was because of her own pride, as stark and unrelenting as that of her father, that her prayer though meant for him did not mention him by name, but soared up in the name of all those hounded by the black sendings of Fate.

"*Urhum yah Rabb!*" she prayed, turning toward the East. "*Khalkat, elathi ent khalkta! Urhum el-meacin, wa el-juanin, wa el-aryanin! Urhum ya'llah, ya'llah!* . . . . Have mercy, O Lord God, upon Thy creatures which Thou didst create! Pity the sighing of the poor, the hungry, the naked, the torn by doubt! Have mercy—have mercy upon them, O Lord!"

HER brother's letter had fallen on the ground. She picked it up.

There was a postscript in English, addressed to her husband. She read a few lines:

"—*And so, you see, the oil situation is not quite as smooth sailing as it used to be. The Anglo-Scotch Company—a bit of advance information which I discovered the other day—is preparing to bring suit. You will say that your title to the property is holeproof. But you must remember that, after all, the American bankers, following the lead given by your uncle Lothrop Standing, refused to handle the Turkish loan, while the British financiers came through handsomely—*"

Fathma, though she did not understand precisely what it was all about, felt vaguely disturbed. But she shrugged her shoulders. Her husband, she considered, was an American; and of one thing she was convinced: all American businessmen were clever, much more clever than Europeans.

She tore off the half of the page which held the postscript. She scribbled on it:

"*This is for you.*"

After a moment's hesitation, she added, boastingly, rather childishly:

"*It may interest you to hear that I have taken charge of Shirley Frisby's Oriental department.*"

She mailed it to John's office, where he received and read it the next morning.

Belonging to that post-war generation which had grown up to see an amazing proportion of the world's financial resources and political power concentrated in the United States, he shared Fathma's opinion as to the superior quality of the American business-man's brain. Like many of his countrymen, he was inclined to underestimate foreigners. If the directors of the Anglo-Scotch petroleum concern were itching for trouble, let them go ahead and be damned to it!

"O. K. with me," he thought.

He did not mind a fight; in fact, he welcomed it.

For in this, too, was he American: he was happy at the prospect of a row—of putting force against force, cunning against cunning, chicane against chicane, millions against millions—and at the prospect of ultimate achievement. This ultimate achievement seemed to him a foregone conclusion.

He instructed his secretary to make an appointment with Duncan McEntee, his lawyer, for later in the week. Otherwise he did not worry about Shukri Yar's warning.

What bothered him was Fathma's note.

Recognizing her handwriting on the envelope, he had hoped:

"She's coming back to me."

Then he had read her words. Curt; hard. All this fuss, he reflected, because of that silly little intermezzo with Harriet Hackett. . . .

Again he looked at the note.

So Fathma was with Shirley?

Well—that part was all right. Shirley was a good scout, and Fathma would be safe with her.

But—Fathma working—

Why, it suddenly occurred to him, there would be gossip, scandal. Uncle Lothrop's wife Miranda had always disliked Fathma. She would start the ball rolling, from tea-table to tea-table, from cocktail party to cocktail party, from Newport to Southampton and back to Fifth Avenue:

"Have you heard? Fathma Perrington—she's working in Shirley Frisby's shop!"

"Oh, well, it's the modern craze for young women to be on their own."

"I know. But—she gave up her child."

"Really?"

"Yes. Her mother-in-law is bringing up little Hendrick."

"Why—do you think?"

"I'm not saying—only guessing. After all, Fathma is a Turk. And Turks—well—*you* know—"

John jumped up. He was not going to stand for it! He would go to Shirley's place this very morning; he would tell Fathma—

Almost at once he reconsidered.

No. He would not go; he would eat no more humble-pie. Two could play at this game of being proud and stubborn. If scandal there must be—very well, it was her fault, not his.

And he turned to his desk, attended to his mail, set things to humming with high energy, set the office force to echoing his energy.

Energy. Push. Drive. It was the American slogan. It was the triumphant American pulse and rhythm. Toil and trudge from an interminable yesterday into an interminable tomorrow

"Telephone to Mr. White!"

"Wire to Mr. Black!"

"Write to Mr. Brown!"

Work! The clean, fine ritual; and—*click-click-click*—the typewriters' accompanying litany.

People scheming, squeezing, pressing, juggling their ambitions into the glory of gold. Gold—success—the one concrete thing to be drawn from life's shadow-play.

Hard grind all that week, from early morning to late at night. Then home—his lonely home. For his mother had gone to Bar Harbor, taking little Hendrick with her.

He would sit on the terrace, and smoke, and think—think of Fathma. At first he felt her loss keenly, almost with a sense of despair. But a prolonged absence is apt to bring its own reaction. There is a limit to suffering, even to despair. The self makes an automatic attempt to regain the normal existence it led before the new emotion shook and tortured and twisted it out of shape.

It was so with John Perrington.

NOT that the reaction was complete. But gradually the bitterness in his soul eased. The sullen aching passed. And when, at moments, it returned with a rush, he would catch himself up short. He would ask himself: What was the good of thinking and brooding? What good did it do to wonder and speculate and dissect?

Better to try and forget—through work.

Harriet Hackett telephoned one evening.

Roger Blair was throwing a party tomorrow night. Was John coming?

He was not.

Was it true that Fathma—

Yes.

Then Harriet made a mistake.

"Look here—" her voice came over the wire—"since your wife isn't there to read you the riot act—what about changing your mind—taking me to Roger's?"

John did not reply; he slammed down the receiver.

He could not tell her that, though he had lost Fathma, no substitute of love was conceivable. She would have laughed at him, would have called him sentimental—and would have been right.

For John was sentimental—and, being an Anglo-Saxon, he was ashamed of it.

Chapter Twenty-one

ON the following Friday, at lunch, he saw Duncan McEntee, his attorney.

The latter was a tall, lean Scotch-American whose long experience with lawmakers and law-breakers had developed in him an exaggerated suspiciousness—almost an obsession—to look, in the most simple deed, for what he called the "subtle, underlying motive." Moreover, he was a pessimist—saving his clients, by the same token, large sums of money—and he used to say that right and wrong do not depend upon fact or morality, but upon the shrewdness of a counselor's wits, and that, since it is always the criminal who employs the better lawyer, evil is as a rule triumphant, while good goes to jail in spite of *habeas corpus* and writs and *duces tecums*.

He read Shukri Yar's letter and studied the oil leases which John had brought

along. Then he gave a pessimistic grunt: "H-m-m. . . . I know old Judge Oberhuber who looks after the Anglo-Scotch interests in America. I shall talk to him —suggest a compromise—"

"Not on your life! If those Britishers want a fight, they can have it!"

"You'd better take my advice and—"

"Why should I, Mac? Aren't my leases perfectly safe and legal?"

"Nothing is absolutely legal," came the dour Caledonian rejoinder, "since legality is a shifting thing."

"What's wrong with the oil lease?"

"Not a thing—as far as I can tell."

"Then—"

"I'm thinking of your brother-in-law's warning. I was in Constantinople last winter—on that Singer case, you know—and take my tip: don't fight—compromise!"

"Compromise?" John shook his head. "It goes against my grain."

"Better than have it go against your pocketbook."

"You *are* Scotch."

"Thank God! How much money is there at stake?"

"Runs into millions."

"Well, then, let me talk to Judge Oberhuber—see what I can do."

"I'll think it over and let you know."

BY this time they had left the restaurant. They walked down Wall Street and stopped at John's building.

"You are dealing in Turkey with Orientals," insisted the lawyer. "Know the old bromide—about the leopard being unable to change his spots?"

The words struck a disagreeable chord in John's mind.

The leopard and his spots, he reflected; reflected, as he went up to his office, that the proverb might apply with equal force to his wife. She too was of the Orient; she too seemed unable to change her spots, her nature. So he thought—and, at least in one respect, he was right.

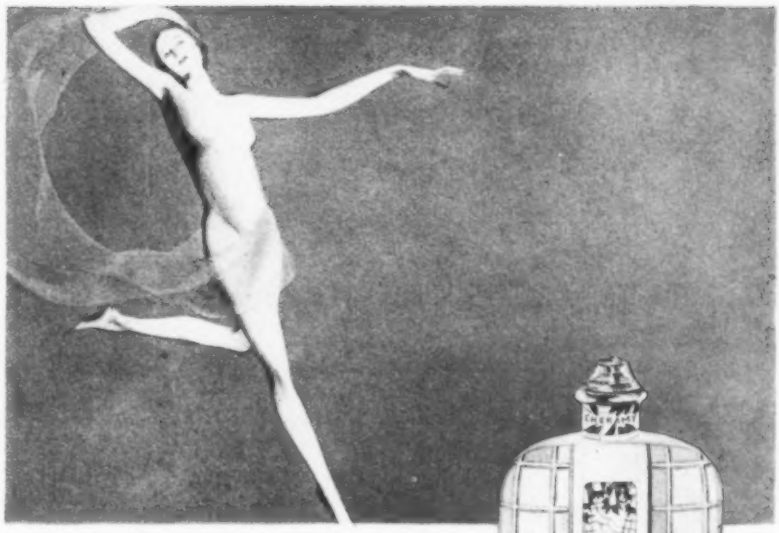
For Fathma, Americanized in so many ways, had kept intact one Eastern trait—the ability to bargain; the Orient's ancient, shrewd gliding tricks and quirks of gilding wares which it is trying to sell with a florid shimmer of phrases that make glass appear like flawless diamonds and shoddy exquisite brocade—and Shirley Frisby applauded and counted the profits.

"Say," she demanded, "what's Turkish for 'Never give a sucker an even break?'"

"Oh, let me see— 'The barber learns to shave on the orphan's face.'"

"Well, God help the orphans whom you are shaving! You'll be wise to the whole interior-decorating racket in no time. And then, I guess, you'll open a shop of your own and be my most dangerous competitor—and give me a friendly little shove toward bankruptcy." She laughed; went on: "Hop to it—and let the best woman win!"

The emotional climax comes next month, when the Mohammedan girl—who became the wife of a New Yorker, and who has lived for many months as an American society matron—returns to her stern, uncompromising Moslem father.



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The cathedral and sea-front at Cadiz, Spain.

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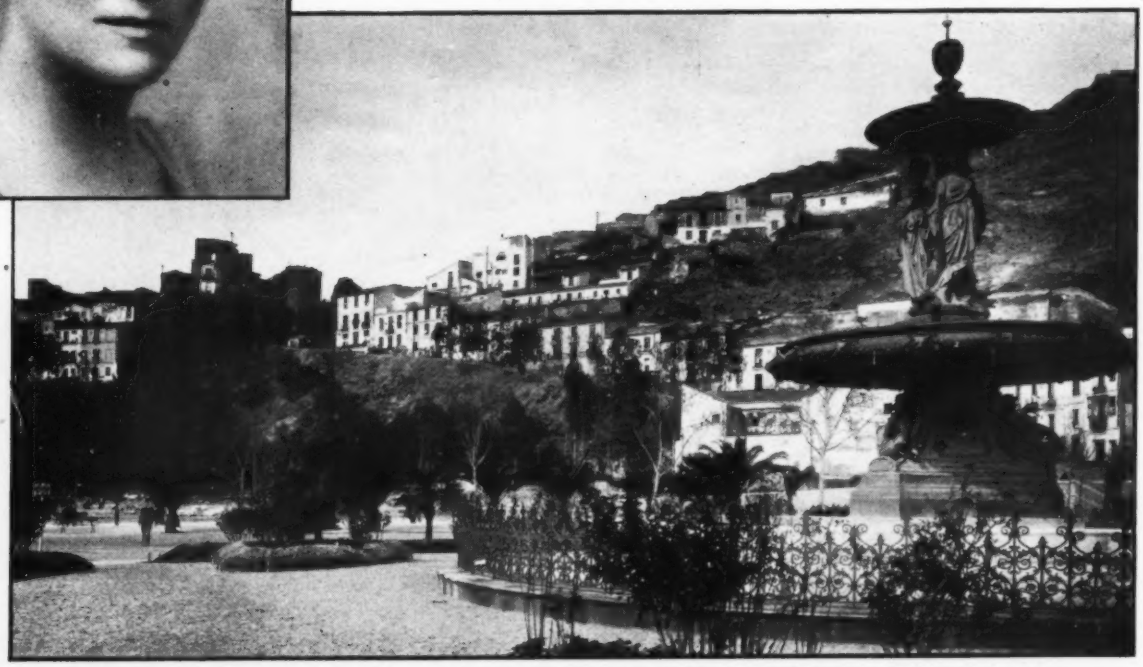
Favorite Places *of* Famous *People*

(Sophie Kerr)

My favorite place to be is in my home in New York. My favorite place to go is Spain. And why: The crystal sky. The white sunlight and the black shadow. The flamenco music. The fountains. The high dramatic mountains. The Malaga wine, the purple figs, the huge sweet grapes. The handsome, serious, polite men. The clicking restless fans in the hands of serene women. Life that is not snatched at, nor hustled, but proceeds in gracious leisure.

Photo © by Publishers Photo Service, N. Y.



Plaza de la Constitucion, Malaga, Spain, with fountain emblematic of the prosperity of the city.

THE RECKLESS ADVENTURES OF LYDIA GREY

(Continued from page 21)

conventions that restrict most young women. You will come to my apartment and we will discuss matters?"

"Convention," I said, "means nothing to me; but—decency—"

"That is understood," he said. "Have I not told you that I am a gentleman?"

He had, and at the statement I would have left him, but for one thing: I seemed to hear opportunity knocking at my door.

"I'd like to see the Greco; and I'd be glad to talk business," I assured him.

Nineteen floors we rode in an elevator, to emerge finally upon the roof of his apartment house. His penthouse was a bungalow, surrounded by gardens. Both rivers and the bay were spread before my entranced eyes.

"It is lovely?" he asked.

"It is divine," I told him.

"It can be yours," he whispered.

"Thanks," I said. "Where is the Greco?"

I saw the painting; I saw bits of jade, jewels; things the possession of any one of which would keep me in luxury for a year. And I turned from contemplation of a pearl necklace to find his face close to mine, his huge arms about me.

"That necklace—I got it back from the jeweler's today," he whispered. "For some one else—but it's yours—"

"Please," I said. "You told me—"

"Told you? Of course I told you. That's part of the game, isn't it?" he jeered. "The kind of women that I'd want would need assurance. But after all—why did you come here? You let me speak to you in the restaurant, let me pay your check—you could have left a ring with the waiter; you let me—"

Some scenes bring blushes to the cheek at mere recollection; how much more agonizing are they when recounted! Suffice it that I got away from him, found myself on the elevator landing outside his penthouse, with my nerves shaken, my arms bruised, and my heart burning with rage. But even as I rang the elevator bell, balance returned to me.

HOW could I blame Carteret for his hopes? I had let an absolute stranger pay my luncheon-check, I had permitted him to take me to his apartment. What else could he think than what he obviously had thought? Why, if I were going to lead a dishonest life, I'd best begin paradoxically by being honest with myself. I'd gone with Carteret because I'd seen in him opportunity.

And now that he had shown that his boasted gentility was mere veneer, I felt my last scruple vanish. And I began to understand that I would never be able to ply my new career at the expense of kindly decent people; it must be at the expense of men like Carteret, who would have no scruples themselves.

The elevator door opened. I smiled at the operator and told him that the ring was a mistake. As he descended, I turned back and tried the door leading to the roof. It gave before me, and I slipped in-

. . . .

"Everyone who understands beauty care takes Kleenex as a matter of course..."

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Screen stars—wise in the ways of beauty—find Kleenex indispensable for removing cold cream.

WHY is Kleenex in the dressing room of almost every star in Hollywood?

Because, as Virginia Valli says, "It's the modern, sanitary way to remove cold cream and make-up."

Kleenex *is* the modern way. How much daintier to use an immaculate tissue than a germ-filled cold cream cloth... or a harsh and unabsorbent towel!

USE Kleenex for handkerchiefs—it avoids reinfection when you have a cold . . . is soft, dainty . . . and saves laundry.

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to the garden which had entranced me earlier. I tiptoed past some rose-bushes, looked into the living-room. I saw the great body of Carteret go through a door. Then I was inside, had picked up the pearl necklace, and was out in the garden again instantly.

As I crouched there, edging toward the door, I heard him call:

"Jacques! The pearl necklace!"

Then I was through the door and racing down the stairs that wound around the elevator. Two floors I'd gone when I heard Carteret's booming voice.

"Jacques, run down the stairs—I'll take the elevator—we'll catch her—"

I heard the French butler's response, heard the clatter of his feet upon the stairs above me. Of what avail were two flights' start? Even if I could outspeed him—an impossibility—I would find Carteret waiting for me on the street level. And I knew that he would show no mercy; it would be the police court; or he would assure the building employes that there had been a mistake, and—I would return to the penthouse with him.

And when I had decided to throw certain scruples out the window, I had not decided to let go of all. I would rather be dead than win Carteret's silence in the only way it could be won. I thought of hurling myself down the stairs. . . . A door, slightly ajar, on the third landing below Carteret's penthouse, called to me. I was through it, had closed it silently, and was standing there, ear pressed against its panels, when Jacques raced down outside. For a moment the hue and cry had passed me by. But only for a moment. Soon would begin that room-to-room search of which one sometimes read in the newspapers. Well, I'd throw myself from a window before I'd be captured. But as I decided this, I smiled self-contemptuously.

Because poverty frightened me, I had decided to steal. I had thought, because I had education and wit, that thievery would be easy for me, that I could be successful. And here, in my first essay, I was a trembling fugitive!

"YOU would be more comfortable in here," said a lazy voice.

I wheeled, and in the semi-dusk descried the figure of a man. He sat at ease in an arm-chair, visible through hangings.

"My carelessness with that front door invites burglars," he said. "But you don't look like one. However, ladies rarely carry strings of pearls in their hands. You'd better put it about your neck, or in your purse—or return it to its owner. Which do you think most advisable?"

I could open the door, but outside was Carteret. To stay here, facing the gentle mockery in eye and voice of this young man was preferable. I entered his living-room. It was, I noted, as expensively done as Carteret's, but in better taste. Carteret knew good things, but he did not know that too many good things in one place kills the effect of all. This young man had taste.

"What do you think?" I asked—an inane question, but I sparred for time.

"The part of sanity is to withdraw, as gracefully as may be, from any task we find beyond our capabilities. You obviously are not fitted for thievery," he said.

"I have the necklace," I said brazenly.

"Temporary possession is nothing," he said. "I take it, from your hasty entrance, that pursuit is not far. May I ask the victim?"

I shrugged. There was nothing to be gained by hiding the facts.

"Nathan Carteret," I said.

"Ah," he said softly. "A tenacious gentleman! I'm afraid that the matter presents difficulties. My dear young lady, advice is the most unwelcome thing in the world. Yet may I offer it? Carteret, if you don't already know it, is a dangerous enemy. I'd make terms—"

"Good Lord," I cried, "I'm a thief! I dash in here, and you talk to me like a pedagogue—"

"A pedagogue of life—for all my apparent youth." And he smiled. "What would you have me do? Telephone for the police?"

"I'd have you hide me. They'll be here any moment," I cried.

"And make myself a partner in a theft? For a stranger—for a young woman, no matter how charming, whom I have never seen before? My chivalry won't carry me that far."

"Won't it?" I asked hopelessly.

"Certainly not," he said crisply. "To help you escape—yes. But to help you steal—no. Give me that necklace."

I STARED at him. He was as different from Carteret as things of the same species may be. About thirty, slim, strong, good-looking—I liked the thinness of his lips, the twinkle in his hazel eyes.

"I've taken chances," I said slowly. "I went to the apartment of that beast Carteret. He deserves ill of all women. I took this necklace. I intend to keep it."

"And if I can't agree with you that Carteret's general beastliness makes him fair game for any thief—what then?"

"Then, before I'll be turned over to him, or to the police, I'll go out this window," I cried.

As I spoke I reached the open window and paused there. My host surveyed me.

"I think you mean it," he said softly. "Well, that changes things. My dear young lady, I shall not deliver you to Carteret. Will you please go in that room?" He pointed to an open door. "It might be as well to get in the closet. I think we'll have visitors soon."

I hid in the closet. I heard his voice, a little later, muffled and faint, as he turned callers away. And half an hour later he released me.

"Carteret believes in miracles," he smiled. "He thinks you turned into thin air. But it isn't safe for you to leave yet. Tonight, later— How did you happen to become a thief?"

I told him. Five hours later we were still arguing. He wanted me to give up the pearls, and I refused. He spoke of the dangers that lay ahead of me, and I laughed at him. Had I not succeeded in stealing this necklace?

"With my aid," he pointed out.

I admitted this. Still, I had the necklace. And I clung to it, nor could all the persuasions of Randolph Barnard, my host, change my mind. And so, at nine that night, when the commotion of the afternoon had quieted, I permitted Mr. Barnard to escort me to the elevator, to the street, and to a taxi. I even accepted from him a dollar to pay my taxi fee, having promised to send it to him in the first mail. And then, back in my own room, I opened my purse, into which I had crammed the pearls, to gloat over them. And they were gone!

RECKLESS that I might encounter Carteret, I took another taxi back to the apartment. I rode to Barnard's apartment, and rang the bell. There was no answer. I inquired for him at the desk, and was told that Mr. Barnard was not at home. He had left only five minutes ago, having piled his bags into a taxi, and stated that he was leaving the city. His furnishings? Oh, he had sublet the apartment from Mr. Wilson Davies.

In a daze I left the building, still careless that Carteret might encounter me. The remarkable taste shown by Mr. Barnard had been a fraud, then. He had sublet the apartment. . . . . Why, he had taken the necklace for *himself*, not to return to Carteret! His hasty surrender of his lease proved that. And I, who thought him generous, chivalrous, fine, had been gulled, duped!

I swore that I would never trust a man again. I swore that I would never be deceived by one. I'd rob them, cheat them. . . . . I went to sleep with these thoughts, and they were still with me when I awakened. But they were gone ten minutes later, when I opened a package brought by the postman.

Bills—five thousand dollars. I later learned—tumbled to the floor. But I didn't count them then; I read the note that accompanied them.

> My dear Miss Grey:
>
> The laborer is worthy of his hire. I'd been planning an attack on our friend Carteret's jewel-safe for some time. In pursuance of that laudable scheme, I sublet an apartment in the same building. And today you bring the most desirable bit of Carteret's collection to me. I thank you. And that you may not be discouraged at the outset of your career, I send you a fair share of the spoils. You may think it too little, but I assure you that a necklace worth sixty thousand in the jewelry-shop is worth barely a quarter of that to a fence, and to a fence I shall take these pearls. If I realize more than I expect, and your share seems to me to be larger, I shall send the balance to you. For, dear Miss Grey, there must be honor among thieves.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> RANDOLPH BARNARD.

I read the letter. I should have torn it up; a sane thief destroys anything that may some day be used as evidence against him—or her. But I didn't. I kept it. I still have it. Why? I can't tell. Except that if there be honor among thieves, there may also be love. And I, Lydia Grey, but yesterday a woman of honor, today was a thief and—heaven help me—loved a thief; and prayed to see him again

Next month, the startling adventure of Lydia Grey—and Randolph Barnard — with the Rachmanoff Ruby.

. . . .

BLOCK THAT KICK!

(Continued from page 53)

today five yards—six yards—ten yards—five yards—for the three touchdowns Chicago has made.

Thomas through the line! And Chicago too can pass. There goes one—Pyott to Strohmeier, for twenty-two yards to the Princeton six-yard line. Chicago has come down the field for the fourth time. First down, Chicago—on the six-yard line.

Into the Princeton line. Two yards gain! There they go! They're piled up; the umpire dives into the pile—reappears.

It's not over! It's on the three-yard line. Third down on the three-yard line; and there they go again.

Is this over? It's closer; but is it over?

It is not over. Ball on the one-yard line! Fourth down; Chicago's ball on the one-yard line!

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" the Chicago stands are yelling—for they know time is almost up. Any second now, the gun! *"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"*

"Hold 'em, Princeton! *Hold 'em!"*

Some one is slapping the Princeton linesmen. "Go in! Go in! Get 'em!"

"Thomas! Give it to Thomas—John Thomas!" Thomas, who has all day torn up the Princeton line. "Hurry; hurry!"

Chicago hurries. Thomas takes the ball and leaps at the center of the Princeton line; and as he leaps, the Princeton secondary defense leaps over their own line in the charge. Upon the very goal-line the impact comes.

Where's the ball now? Over—is it over?

You can see, at last, that the Princeton players leap like mad as they regain their feet; they're slapping and pounding each other. For the ball isn't over. Princeton has held, on the very goal line. It's Princeton's ball and the men are lining up. Chicago lines up and the backs spread out for a kick. For Cleaves is behind his goal again, as he was just twelve minutes ago with the score two touchdowns in Chicago's favor. Now it is three points in Princeton's favor—and will stay in her favor, if he gets away this kick. For this time it is going to be a kick.

"Block that kick! Oh, block that kick!"

IT seems to Chicago, at least, that the god of Misfortune—which has snatched the victory from Chicago when they led by two touchdowns, which has tempted and taunted them all through this fourth, final march down the field, only to fail them an inch from the goal—can not yet be through for the day. It must be that somebody can break through in time to block that punt—or that Cleaves falter for a second or fumble. The game, with ten seconds yet to run, cannot be over.

Block that kick!

Back comes the ball to Cleaves, as it did twelve minutes ago; he catches it; kicks it. High and far it sails, down the field and out of danger. And there's the gun! Game's over!

Pandemonium now! In front of me, in the Princeton stands, was a boy of eighteen who had a brother on the squad. He was a perfectly healthy boy, but he fainted with excitement when the game was over.

There *was* a football game! "The most thrilling, the most spectacular game of football," wrote Coach Roper, who for twenty-five years had played and coached . . .

THE *Saline Cocktail Club*

DRINKS THE CUP THAT CLEARS!

HELP yourself to smoother days! Sign up with the men who refuse to feel tired, listless and dull!

The next morning you wake feeling not quite "up to scratch," drink this sparkling and health-giving saline cocktail!

As soon as you reach the bathroom taps . . . pour a spoonful or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of fresh cool water. (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) Drink the bubbling mixture!

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Ask your own doctor more about the actual "why" and "how" of this healthful saline method. He knows Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . And whenever you wake up with a sluggish, "logy" system, propose and second your own membership in the Saline Cocktail Club!

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in the East, "I have ever seen or ever hope to see again." Speaking for the West—and for the defeated—Coach Stagg, who has seen more football than any other man, agreed with him. "In a mad, wild twelve minutes," wrote Stagg, "there was packed enough heart-palpitation for forty games. No other athletic event in my memory so depressed the university as a whole, for so many hours." The forty thousand, who saw it, must agree with them.

This game, "the greatest ever" in the memory of most of those who witnessed it, is remarkable in that it was a turn-about by a team electrified by the bold inspiration of a forward pass from behind the goal-line, and then carried to supreme performance by the feeling that Fate was delivering the day to them when they got the astonishing "break" of the ball bounding into Gray's arms, free.

No single star on either side; the play on both sides was essentially "team" play; the teams triumphed or failed, as units.

The period which challenges this for preëminence differs in most marked degree. In one respect only it is similar—in the fact that the limit of extraordinary performance is exactly the same—twelve minutes, or three minutes less than a full quarter. Otherwise, it contrasts in every way. It came at the start of the game, instead of at the finish and is distinguished by what is, by general consent, the most brilliant individual performance ever seen on a gridiron. I refer, of course, to the first twelve minutes of the Illinois-Michigan game of 1924 which established forever the fame of the "galloping ghost," Harold Grange.

Illinois was playing at home; indeed, it was the day of the dedication of their new stadium. Illinois always stages its great games spectacularly, especially when at home, and of course on this occasion.

Nearly seventy thousand spectators, gathered from all the Middle West—and no few from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts—were in the stands when the student cheering-sections marched in. The freshmen formed the nucleus, each boy with an orange megaphone; they filed in, nearly three thousand of them, chanting: "Beat *Michi*gan! Beat *Michi*gan!"—a sort of vibrant vocal drum corps. Then came the Maize and Light Blue Michigan band; and the great Illinois military band of three hundred pieces.

It was a splendid, clear October afternoon with the autumn sun shining on the brass and silver trumpets and on the uniforms and the flashing baton of the drum-major as the big band marched in and spread in wide files over the field, facing the flag which was flying high on its pole at the south end.

Now the short dedication ceremonies are finished and Michigan has the field; the band plays and all the west stand sings the old football song of Yost's unforgettable point-a-minute teams:

"Hail to the conquering heroes. . . .
Hail, hail to Michigan, the champions of the west!"

Excellent right they had to sing it—year after year they had held the championship, often without loss of a single game; and today they have—both friend and foe feel—one of their great teams.

Again the great Illinois band spreads over the field, but facing now the east where, in the bright early afternoon sunlight, a gigantic orange "I" rises at the center of the huge stand. It is the three thousand Illinois freshmen.

Trumpets and voices together—thirty thousand voices—for the east stand joins:

"We're loyal to you, Illinois!
We're Orange and Blue, Illinois!
We'll back you to stand 'gainst the best in the land,
For we know you have sand, Illinois!"

A cheer for Illinois; and a long cheer for Michigan. The west stand replies, its cheer-leaders leaping: "For Illinois! Make it loud!" Altogether: "U. of M., rah!. . . . *Illinois! Illinois! Illinois!*"

Lives there a man with soul so dead that he doesn't *feel* ten thousand people cheering the rival?

There comes into this game something which is quite strange to the East where the "big" games are between Harvard and Yale, or Princeton and Yale, or when the game is between Army and Notre Dame. It was lacking in the Princeton-Chicago game. For this something comes from State feeling, when a great State university is playing another. Harvard against Yale or Princeton against Yale have a tremendous and thrilling tradition; but when Michigan plays Illinois, State seems to challenge State. And it is so in more than sentiment only; for the players are native, typically, of the State for which they play; the teams taking the field are largely, in fact, the sons of Illinois and of Michigan.

Grange, there—upon whom especially all eyes turn—was born and bred in Wheaton, Illinois, a few miles to the north.

THE signal practice is over; the coin has been tossed. Michigan is to kick off, defending the south goal; so Illinois spreads out over the north half of the field and Grange and McIlwain and Britton go far back to the Illinois goal-line. Grange is in the center, almost between the goal-posts, looking down the field.

It is the moment before his greatness.

No one knew it then; no one could have guessed it—Grange himself could not have dreamed of the glory which the next twelve minutes were to bring him. There are certain scenes which etch themselves on the mind because of what happens immediately afterwards; and so, by those seventy thousand people, Grange at that moment may be remembered.

The Illinois threat he was, the man of whom much was expected; but how good he was, no one really knew; this was to be his test today, when he was the marked man whom Michigan was set to stop.

The last cheers from both sides; and everybody stands up. The kick-off! There it goes, straight and high—and directly at Grange!

For Michigan was not afraid; Michigan had no idea of avoiding the issue. If Grange was good, give him the ball—and stop him! So Michigan did not kick either short or to right or to left. They give the ball to Grange; and Grange, stooping slightly, scoops it up on the five-yard line as he runs forward.

Grange's legs are bare below the knee to his shoe-tops. Illinois is playing without stockings today; the bare legs flash.

Ten stockinged men—ten tacklers—are running at Grange. One stockinged man—the Michigan safety-man—alone stays back, near the center of the field. Ten bare-legged players hurl themselves into the way of the stockinged men, "blocking" with blow and impact of the body. Grange weaves to the right as he runs, where bare-legged blockers have cleared a thin, crooked lane for him. He weaves to the left, likewise; twice he crosses the field; as he runs back and forth, you see more and more of the tacklers behind him.

Indeed, only one stockinged man is in front of him—the Michigan safety-man. Grange eludes him and the bare legs run into a clear field of forty yards and race across the goal. Touchdown!

The Illinois stands go crazy. There's the goal kick. Seven points in fifteen seconds. Michigan is kicking off again; and Grange again is waiting back under his own goal-posts.

Again Michigan refuses to evade the issue. The ball comes right at Grange; he catches it and starts his weaving forward. But this time Michigan is not to be denied; the tacklers come through and throw Grange before he has run ten yards. They line up; the other backs carry the ball for Illinois. On the Illinois thirty-three-yard line, where Illinois felt so sure of a gain that it refused to kick, Michigan takes the ball from Illinois on downs.

Michigan's ball on the Illinois thirty-three-yard line; then the Illinois forwards also hold for downs. Illinois' ball again. They line up; an end play. Grange has the ball. Grange is running the end, with Britton leading the interference for him. They spread the defense out across the field; and Grange cuts in. He's clear!

How he got clear, you didn't see; but there he is, his bare legs running in a free field with nobody before him. Sixty-five yards for the second touchdown.

For his third touchdown, he runs fifty-five yards; for his fourth, forty-four yards. Then Zuppke, the Illinois coach, takes him out. He has played twelve minutes.

Now Michigan strikes back. Steger, the captain, leads a powerful attack—powerful enough to beat almost any Illinois team which had not Grange. Michigan, which never lost heart once throughout this game, pushes over two touchdowns and kicks goal; fourteen points.

At the start of the third quarter, Grange is back. Michigan covers him better, now; no more of those amazing runs; but Grange gets away for ten yards and a fifth touchdown; and he throws a forward pass for a sixth. The game ends, 39 to 14.

Grange, during this astonishing contest, handled the ball twenty-one times and gained four hundred and two yards, scoring five touchdowns; and he passed for the sixth. Considering the quality of the opposition—Michigan won every other game of the season—it is probably the greatest individual performance in football history.

Grange joined Eckersall and Heston, Gipp, Thorpe, Mahan and Coy with their company among football's immortals as one of the great "backs" of the game.

Small wonder that youth all over the land find their greatest thrill in football; small wonder that, literally by the million, Americans young and old throng to the games, and more millions than can be counted are unseen spectators through the radio on every autumn Saturday afternoon. The Notre Dame team of the "Four Horsemen," the Dartmouth eleven of "Swede" Oberlander's great year, and

Stanford's champions, were "followed" actually by all the nation, from coast to coast; even by passengers on ships at sea.

No sport has ever taken such a hold upon America; none, for the time it takes, gives so great a reward to player or spectator. Coach Roper, who has proved his point by turning out some of the greatest teams, claims that football requires of a player but sixty-four hours' practice a year—two hours a day for four days a week for eight weeks. And the great Dartmouth team of 1925, just mentioned, demonstrated that application to football need not interfere with studies; they were famous as a team of Phi Beta Kappas. Of course the game has its faults—and its enemies. There are many spiritual descendants of the schoolmaster who in 1784 thus laid down the law for an American school: "We prohibit play in the strongest terms. Students shall rise at five o'clock in the morning, summer and winter. . . . Students shall be indulged with nothing which the world calls play."

On the other hand—and contemporaneously—Dean Gauss, of Princeton, is on record as saying: "For my part, I wish we played football every Saturday during the college year. My job during the football season is easier, as far as enforcing discipline goes, than at any other time."

One trouble with a critic of this great sport is that he compares the occupation of the players and the spectators on a Saturday afternoon not with what these same players and spectators would probably be doing if they were not at a football game, but with some ideal and celestial business which would be "best." What would be "best" for the million or so who gather in college stadia in autumn would be hard to describe; indeed, the critics could never agree among themselves.

Most commonly you hear: "The game may be well enough for the players—perhaps thirty get into the game; but the spectators would be much better off playing golf." Well, just recently one of the most illustrious medical men of Britain—one of the King's physicians—discussed this.

"It is sometimes alleged, and the allegation sounds sensible," he said, "that the crowds of people who watch a football or a baseball game would be better employed playing the game for themselves. But as long as they are interested, and spend their time in the open air, conditions for relaxation and recreation are adequately fulfilled.

"The result to be aimed at is to have the mind preoccupied with problems entirely different from those associated with the individual's work. These factors are of much greater importance than the physical exercise a game involves in promoting a state of good health."

Football is the game par excellence for taking the mind off everything else. It brings the greatest thrill to millions of Americans, and relaxation and recreation. As for the players—how do they feel?

They tell you in actions which speak louder than words. See them, as they reappear—read the roster of names of the old heroes of the nineties and the early nineteen-hundreds, as they take the field again, "hold" on the one-yard line, smash off tackle, run to a touchdown, and block that kick again—in the persons of their sons!

. . .

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THE CARRIER PIGEON

(Continued from page 73)

We sat silently staring at the falling rain.

Suddenly we were startled by the sounds of a rapidly fired automatic in the room overhead—three shots almost like one—a brief instant, and then two more. With one bound every person in the room was on his feet and streaking it for the stairs.

I arrived at the top landing among the first of my pilots and saw directly ahead of me the door to the General's private office standing wide open. A figure was huddled across the threshold, and bending over it was Carl Haversham with a gun in his right hand. Two others of the staff were grouped behind him.

Colonel McCoy pushed through us and ran to them.

"What's this, Carl?" he shouted, kneeling by the sprawled form on the floor. He turned the man's face upward, and I recognized the faded blue uniform of a French *poilu*—the blood-streaked face was that of Maurice Mauditin.

"I was at my desk, sir," Haversham answered as the Colonel rose to his feet and faced him. "I heard a sound in the General's office and I opened my door to make sure it was the General. I saw this fellow shoving papers into his pocket. He fired at me before I could get my gun. He missed, and I shot him twice. I believe he is dead, sir."

HAVERSHAM spoke as quietly as though he were discussing the weather.

"Do you know him, Carl?" asked General Starr.

"No sir. I've never seen him before."

The General stooped down and examined the man's features.

"Take him downstairs and search him. Take his fingerprints and photograph him. Send for Captain Sutron and find out how he got through my sentries."

"I happen to know something about this man, sir," I said. "He was downstairs in the kitchen with the Ferrands this morning. He came through the sentries yesterday with a pass from Colonel McCoy."

"*What?*" shouted the Chief of Staff.

"He's engaged to the Ferrand's daughter. Madame Ferrand asked you for the pass. He brought them a box of birds—"

I paused with my mouth open, as the thought of carrier pigeons flashed through my mind. This morning it had not occurred to me; I had not even glanced into the box, because of the quick embarrassment of the lover at the thought of displaying his meager present. No wonder he had been embarrassed!

Colonel McCoy bounded past me and rushed down the stairs to confront the Ferrands. General Starr looked around at the group of staring pilots and frowned heavily as he dismissed us with a wave of his hand.

"Gee!" said Eddie Martin as we descended the stairs. "That fellow must have been a spy!"

A few minutes later I was summoned back to the General's office where I was given a stiff cross-examination. Every detail of my visit to the kitchen was got from me, and Colonel McCoy was particularly insistent in quizzing me about the box of pigeons.

"That missing pigeon was in the box until Horace started for Lille yesterday afternoon," he informed the General in a low voice. "Mother Ferrand remembers feeding them after two o'clock."

"How in the world could this *poilu* know Horace was going to Lille?" I demanded. "Not even the mechanics knew his destination; not one of my pilots knows it!" But my voice contained a very perceptible shake as I considered this implication of the Colonel's.

THE General shook his head without replying. I was suddenly aware of the extraordinary precautions these men had to observe in every act and thought of their lives. No wonder Lanky Starr did not want to discuss with me anything that was *going* to happen. Here was revealed an enemy quite as mysterious and clever as they themselves were. If Lanky and Carl Haversham could penetrate with safety into the strongholds of the enemy, why indeed could not the German secret agents do the same?

"The idea is ridiculous, General," I insisted. "Horace got in here at seven o'clock yesterday morning; he left again at two in the afternoon. He didn't tell a soul where he was going, outside of the three of us sitting here. How could this French spy know anything about his destination? It's too big a coincidence—"

"You get better acquainted with us and you'll believe more in coincidences," interrupted the Colonel. "I'm always suspicious of coincidences."

"Madame Ferrand told me she had known this Mauditin all her life."

"Yes. Madame Ferrand is a very unsuspicious person."

"She said he'd been captured twice by the Germans, and both times escaped."

"How's that?" snapped the General.

I repeated my statement.

"That probably explains it," commented General Starr mildly, glancing significantly at his assistant. "That *does* explain it! Telephone Paris, McCoy, and find out when he 'escaped'—both times. Get his complete *dossier*. Prisoners who 'escape' twice will bear watching!"

Madame Ferrand, the old Professor and their daughter were ushered into the room. Our housekeeper's face was pale and she exhibited a countenance lined and tragic; her husband wore his air of complete self-absorption; I doubt if he had the slightest conception of what this fuss was about. The girl, however, was as frightened as her mother appeared to be; she stood looking at us, wide-eyed.

Fisher, one of the General's secretaries, brought up the rear, carrying under his arm the box of pigeons.

"Set that down here on my desk," directed the General, clearing a space near his right elbow. "Sit down, Madame Ferrand! —Get chairs for them, Fisher."

He put on his glasses, took the box up in his hands and peered intently at its sides, top and bottom. He took up a magnifying-glass and examined the heads of the nails which held the slats across the top. The bottom was covered with dry pieces of grass; the General fished out several wisps and scrutinized them at length. Then he looked at the three quiet birds, one by one.

"Take this box to your office, Fisher, and see what you make of it," he ordered, pushing it to one side; "then give the birds to Sergeant Roberts."

He turned to Madam Ferrand, who was wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Very unfortunate episode, Madam Ferrand, very!" said General Starr, speaking in French. "It is not your fault, nor your daughter's—I understand that; we will not waste time talking about it. Tell me what you know about this Mauditin."

After many false starts and much circumlocution, the old housekeeper got down to the details. Mauditin had been her near neighbor in the little village of Erise le Petite which lies on the road from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun. He owned a farm there which came to him from his parents, both now dead; he had been affianced to her daughter since some months before the war started; her girl was then thirteen and she had been now four years in the convent, near Nice. Maurice Mauditin was fifteen years older than her daughter, but it was a good match, and he had pledged himself to marry her when she was eighteen. He knew Felice would have a dot of thirty thousand francs, for he had helped her to bury the money the night the Germans came. That same night he had carried herself and her family in his cart down to the city of Bar-le-Duc, where in the morning they had boarded the train for Paris. She had not seen him again until yesterday, but he had written to her from time to time during all these years when he had been serving as a soldier; twice he had been taken prisoner, but each time he had contrived to escape and return to his regiment.

"When did he write to you, asking you to get him a pass to visit you here?" demanded the General.

MADAME FERRAND paused to think.

"He came Thursday. It was three days before that he wrote to me—his letter came. I went at once to Colonel McCoy and asked him for the permission. That same day I wrote to Maurice, sending him the pass; the officer who censored my letter, Monsieur Fisher, told me he would send it, and he did."

"Where was the letter sent?"

"To his company and regiment, at Verlent, below Rheims."

"That is correct, General Starr," interposed Fisher. "I recall sending her letter along with other dispatches Monday afternoon. It was left at their regimental headquarters at Verlent. He must have received it, for he presented the same pass here yesterday."

"Does your husband or your daughter know anything further about this man, Madame Ferrand?"

"He talked with Felice when I was away from my kitchen, but with my man—no."

"Did he ask you who we were—did he want to know the names of the officers who live here?"

I saw the slight figure of Felice shrink back at this question; her mother observed it too.

"My little one!" she exclaimed, rising and coming quickly to her daughter; she grasped the girl's face between her hands and turned it toward her.

. . .

"What did you tell him, *ma petite?*"

The girl put up her arms and released herself from her mother's grip.

"I told him General Starr was here—certainly; he knew it already; he knew Colonel McCoy and the aviators were here. He asked me about the airplanes on the field, and where they went, and why were the German prisoners here; but I told him no more than he knew."

"And so many times I have warned you never to say those things to anyone!" cried Madame Ferrand, wringing her hands. "What will the General think of us?"

The General swung his chair around and faced them sternly.

"Let this be a lesson to you, Madame Ferrand! A person in whom you placed full trust has proved to be a spy in the pay of the enemy. I have no doubt but that missing pigeon has carried to our enemies full information concerning us here. Never ask to have anyone here again; never permit your daughter or your husband to communicate again with any person as long as you are in my service. Now take your family downstairs."

FISHER and McCoy left the room with the pigeons; I was about to follow them when the General detained me.

"Major Adair," he said sharply, "I want you to trace the flight of one of these pigeons to its home roost. Can you keep up with them—keep them in sight?"

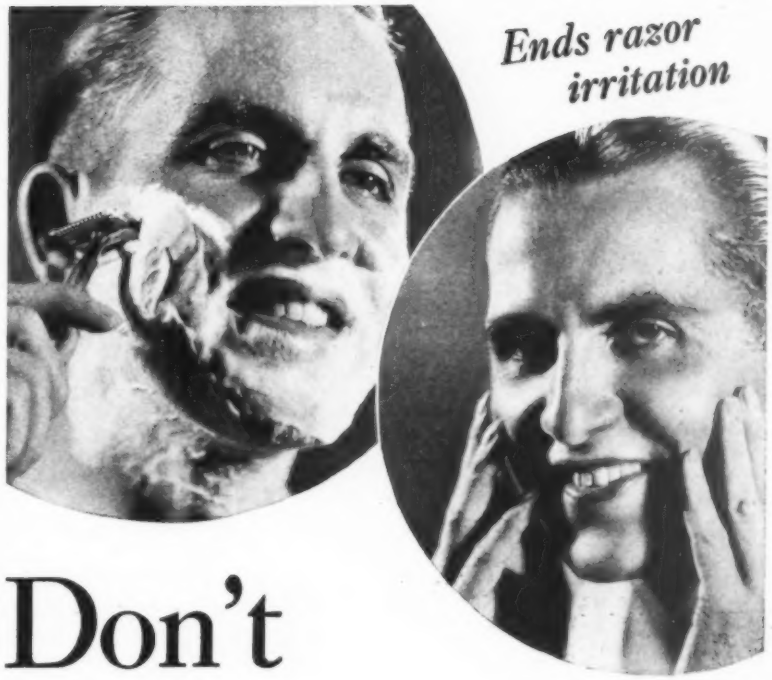
I was startled with the novelty of this question and turned the matter over in my mind for some time before replying.

"That is hard to answer, General. I don't believe it's ever been done. I feel certain we can fly faster than a pigeon, but keeping one in sight is another matter. We might tie streamers on them and try."

"Don't say *try*," he snapped. "Do it! Arrange the details yourself. I want to know where that missing bird left his information. Use only one at a time. I shall require at least one of them for a message of our own."

I walked through the heavy drizzle to my office on the edge of the field. The haggard face of General Starr haunted me. Try as he might, he could not conceal the fact that he was a father as well as a general; certainly he knew better than any of us the risky nature of the job he had given Lanky, in Lille. And now he knew that his means of sending secret agents into German territory was known to the enemy. All the secrecy of months destroyed by the flight of a single pigeon!

Sergeant Roberts, called Bobs for short, was in charge of our own pigeons, and he was an expert in his line. I found he could tell us all we wanted to know concerning their habits and abilities. Both our army and navy, as well as certain secret organizations connected with the Intelligence Departments, had experts like Bobs, whose duties were to breed these birds and train them to fly home to their masters from every point of the compass. Their marvelous homing instinct never deserted them. If they were properly trained, Bobs asserted, they never failed in their mission. One British unit received a Distinguished Service Order for the excellent performance of its birds; the citation stated that more than ninety-nine per cent of the missions intrusted to this pigeon organization had been successfully consummated.



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The following morning dawned fair. The storm was over. By nine o'clock my entire outfit was gathered at the hangar waiting for the sun to burn away the last vestiges of mist which lay in the hollows. The importance of this test was too crucial to permit us to take any chances. Bobs held the crate of birds. He had given them water, but no food; they were plump and in fine condition. As to their speed—that was still a matter of conjecture; Bobs told us the pigeon might fly like a bat out of hell, if frightened by our pursuit, or he might loaf along at thirty miles an hour, which speed would be too slow for any airplane to maintain. It was a matter of previous training. Some would fly through shell-fire; some would not.

The organization of our pursuit squad had given me much concern. Whether it was to be a long flight, or a short one, there was no way of ascertaining; whether the bird would land at Berlin, or at Lille, we had to be prepared to stick with him to the last. Doubtless he would alight at the precise spot where the missing bird had landed two days before; and that spot certainly would be a hot one for my pilots, if fuel exhaustion compelled them to land near by, in enemy uniforms and in enemy machines.

It was not a comforting thought, yet we knew that if we lost the bird, this failure would not be easy to explain to our non-flying superiors.

Bobs contrived a streamer of white silk about eight feet long which he fastened to the leg of one of the birds; a longer streamer he objected to, for fear it might tire the little creature and cause him to alight before his destination was reached.

MY three new pilots had arrived this morning in their Spads. I sent them off first, in charge of Otto Bruner, also in an American machine, to protect us from attack by Allied or by enemy aircraft; they climbed to ten thousand feet and circled the field waiting for the start.

Eddie Martin and Toby Banks had the best eyesight in the outfit, and they were appointed the "hounds" to follow the "hare." Eddie flew a Fokker which had a top speed of a hundred and twenty miles an hour; Toby took a slow Hanover capable of throttling down to a bare forty-five miles an hour; he carried with him as a passenger a lynx-eyed mechanic called Carrots, who armed himself with a pair of field-glasses and several small bombs. We hoped to destroy the enemy dove-cote.

Bill Fulton and I flew two of our fast Red Hawk machines to protect our "hounds" if attack threatened them; these Red Hawks were as yet unknown to the aviators at the Front and wore no insignia of any kind to distinguish them.

After practicing a formation flight with these four planes at various altitudes, I fired the signal to Bobs to release his bird, as we came about well behind the hangar, headed toward the Front lines. I glued my eyes with desperate intensity upon the tiny atom as I saw it tossed aloft over the pigeon-man's head. The bird spread his wings, fluttered about a bit in the air, and alighted in friendly fashion on Bobs' shoulder.

I landed, signaling the others to keep their formation. Bobs was swearing.

"He wont fly with the streamer on his foot," he shouted. "I told you so!"

"Try another bird," I ordered, "and shorten the streamer; those white wings are easier to see than I thought."

I climbed back into my seat and took off; overtaking my formation in the first circle back of the hangar, I again gave Bobs the signal from my Very pistol, and edged slowly back, eyes fastened on him.

He threw the second bird into the air; she struggled to get her balance, and the streamer straightened out behind her as she made a dash for the lines, climbing as she came circling back. As she flew over the hangar she spread her wings and alighted gently on the ridge-pole, walking carefully along it until she came to the very edge. Here she stopped and began to scratch at the ribbon which Bobs this time had fastened around her neck.

Sergeant Roberts ran in toward the hangar, waving his arms at her, and then his tunic, shouting "shoo!"—or some such code-word in the pigeon language. The bird continued her ministrations with one leg, balancing herself nimbly on the ridge-pole with the other. Our flawless formation of seven airplanes droned in a circle over her head, every pilot's neck craned down over the cockpit to watch the bird.

Finally with a vicious snap of her claw, the loop of the streamer came over her head; the bird watched the ribbon curl over the roof and drop languidly to the ground; then she straightened up and looked about the horizon and overhead at our roaring planes. With a quick stepping off into space she left the roof, spread her wings and began to climb—northward, straight for the lines!

I gave a view-halloo and eased in to guide our flotilla along her wake. The bird was flying "all out," her wings beating rapidly and in apparent terror of our pursuit; fearing that her course might be dictated by this, I banked away from her and climbed to reduce my speed. Her white wings, gracefully fanning the sky, made her clearly visible from a quarter of a mile away. She was bearing slightly to the northeast, not at all in the direction of Lille, and she was making no attempt to gain a higher altitude.

Toby Banks in his Hanover was flying behind her and keeping his distance without difficulty; Eddie Martin, in his faster Fokker, was compelled to kill space by constant maneuvering; Fulton and myself were well away on either side, maintaining as even a pace with the procession as we could, swinging in S's and climbing in sudden zooms with our motors throttled down to bare flying speed.

Straight across the eastern edge of Chateau Thierry she flew, her altitude less than five hundred feet. We approached the abandoned American trenches at Chavilon and I saw a detached figure below me raise his rifle and fire several times at Toby's Hanover, conspicuously decorated as it was with the black Maltese Crosses of the enemy air force. We had not counted on this suicidal low flying. How many of us would survive this flight across the front lines where everybody could take a pot-shot at a target only two hundred yards overhead?

THE direction of the sun was exactly right and the clear air after the rain made the white wings of our quarry clearly distinguishable against the landscape. The cathedral city of Rheims began to grow near. Our course would take us across the lines several miles east of Rheims. Either we must abandon the enemy pigeon or we must run the gantlet on the pigeon's own terms.

We were over the center of the Rheims forest when I found that the bird had dropped considerably lower in her flight. It was some moments before my eye could pick her up, for my attention was upon the distant skies to catch the earliest warning of approaching aircraft—either Allied or German; fortunately for us, our very low altitude had concealed us from the sight of several formations which were cruising about high in the heavens.

WE passed the edge of the forest and the valley of the Vesle River lay just ahead of us; another three minutes and we would be flying through a hail of lead. Eddie Martin suddenly darted alongside me, dipping his wings to attract my attention. My first thought was enemy aircraft; a swift sweep of the skies revealed nothing alarming; my second thought was our pigeon; I looked down and was just in time to catch a glimpse of the white wings, wide-spread, poised for a landing as she floated down. An abandoned ruined farmhouse stood with its rear to the forest, midway between the two roads which intersected the great woods. The German bird alighted on a stone ledge that ran along the rear of the barnyard. As my machine flashed by over the spot I saw her disappear through a hole into the side of a low shed.

Was it possible that this was her dove-cote—here on our side of the lines?

Out of the tail of my eye I saw another object as my ship streaked over the top of the ruined farmhouse. The walls were still standing, but the roof was gone and the windows were gaping holes. This place had been under shell-fire for more than three years and was still within easy range of German guns. No signs of human habitation were visible as I swept across the building, but as I was looking back to catch the last glimpse of the pigeon, I thought I saw an open stairway to a cellar in the center of the house; two figures were standing there half concealed, their faces upturned to the sky.

Swinging back, I side-slipped across the center of the ruin, drifting down to the small field which lay between the stone wall and the forest. No sign of figures now, on the cellar steps; but some one had been there. Evidently they had heard the noise of our low-flying motors and had emerged halfway up the stairs to see what this racket was about; we had surprised them by flashing over the roofless walls before they'd had time to duck.

A row of shattered poplar trees lined a roadway leading to the west; behind them lay a pasture, torn with shell-holes, now filled level full with water. Fulton came swooping past me, looking at me for instructions. I had just time to motion him down when it became necessary to redress my machine and prepare to land. Martin in his Fokker, and Banks in his Hanover, were circling about at a low level.

Thanks to my deep side-slip, my machine struck the soft ground with little forward momentum. I taxied beyond the hillside to give room enough for Fulton to land. Eddie too had cut his motor and was waiting to slip in behind the Red

Hawk. Both landed perfectly and stood beside me waiting for Lieutenant Banks and his mechanic Carrots.

"Those guys jumped down the steps just as we went over them," Eddie Martin exclaimed as he joined me.

"Probably two stragglers, A. W. O. L." I said. "As soon as the Hanover lands we'll investigate."

Toby came in, leaping one shell-hole and skirting another. They left the Hanover where she stuck and came running across the field to join us; Carrots carried a small bomb in each hand and his pockets bulged with them.

With pistols loose in their holsters we climbed the fence beside the dove-cote and advanced cautiously under cover of the south wall to the house. Far overhead Otto Bruner and his three pilots were drifting down in wide circles toward us; between us and the lines, three miles away, a formation of Nieuports moved eastward on patrol.

AN old well stood beside the corner of the house, a large sign in French warning the world that the water was poisoned. Débris from the roof and the trees almost covered the stone court, indicating that this site had not been inhabited by man in many months. Weeds filled the crevices between the flat stones; weeds stood high in the abandoned roadway which ran along the edge of the poplars. Not a sound was to be heard, save the drone of our motors overhead, and the constant rumble of the guns to the north.

The entire upper story of the farmhouse had been carried away by shell-fire; a chimney stood gaunt and naked against the western sky; the walls of the other three sides were crumbled and torn, but they had remained standing. We crept around to the empty space on the west, and peered around the corner. Fresh muddy footprints covered the stones which led to the cellar steps.

I drew my pistol and fired two shots into the wooden timber which supported the stairway. Then I shouted in English:

"Come out of that cellar, you guys, one at a time, or we'll drop a bomb onto you!"

We stood in a semicircle, four automatics ready for action; Carrots set himself to hurl a pineapple.

The muttering of voices from the depth of the cellar came to our ears.

"They're French!" whispered Lieutenant Martin, his head bent sideways to listen the better.

"I'll give you ten seconds!" I shouted in French. And I began to count: *"Une! Deux! Trois!—"*

A scramble was heard, mingled with several oaths, and a figure in an army shirt leaped up the stairway, turning his head toward us as soon as he could see above the landing.

"Keep your mouth shut," I ordered, getting a bead on him. "Search his pockets, Toby, and keep your eye on him."

"Come on—another of you, down there!"

Two heads appeared over the edge of the top step; one ducked back; the other began mounting the stairs.

"How many of you are there?" I demanded of the first prisoner. He was a craven Frenchman, unshaven and dirty, his eyes black and for the moment sharp with terror.

. . .

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"I know not, monsieur," he chattered. "I believe three—I am not one of them; I came by, and they wouldn't let me go."

The second man was a different-looking specimen; he was large in frame and neatly clothed in the uniform of a lieutenant in the French artillery.

"What is this?" he demanded sternly in French. "Who are you, and what do you want here?"

"You are under arrest," I told him. "Step forward and give up your pistol!"

"By what authority?" he returned in a savage voice; he drew himself up and folded his arms across his chest, his right hand under his left armpit.

"Look out, Major!" yelled Bill Fulton from behind my ear. At the same instant I felt the flame from his gun as he fired over my shoulder. The bulky French lieutenant spun about on the top step and plunged back into the cellar; as his arms went over his head, a pistol fell from his right hand and slithered across the stones until it struck the wall.

"He had it under his armpit," said Bill with a grin; "I got him just as he was pulling it."

"Toss a bomb in there, Carrots!" I ordered loudly.

"*Non, non,* monsieur," shrieked our captive wildly. "They have a woman there; she is innocent. There are but two more men."

"I will give you men one more chance," I called. "Come up, one at a time, with your arms over your head. When I count ten a bomb will drop on you."

I had not begun to count when the first pair of arms appeared in the stairway. Toby searched him, found nothing in the way of weapons on him, and stood him against the wall with the other prisoner. The third man sullenly mounted the steps and gave himself up. Toby seated them side by side on the floor and with the belt from the trousers of the mechanic, strapped the three ankles tightly together in one bundle.

Leaving Toby and Eddie to guard the prisoners, Bill Fulton and I descended into the cellar, Carrots following us with a bomb poised ready to throw.

We stepped over the officer at the bottom of the steps. He was quite dead.

THE cellar was not as large as I had expected; light came from the aperture sufficient to expose every corner. Along two of the walls we saw battered sleeping-bunks of the French pattern—wire springs, one stretched above the other. Army-issue blankets were thrown negligently upon them. The floor was neatly swept. It held a table, a bench and several boxes; one was uncovered and disclosed articles of clothing, uniforms and boots, all dirty and worn.

I was investigating these articles when a movement near the other wall startled me. Carrots stepped forward and seized the blanket which covered the lower shelf; beneath the end of the blanket protruded a pair of heavy muddy boots. With a jerk of the wrist Carrots pulled away the covering, revealing the weather-beaten face of a woman. A man's sock was tied across her mouth.

Carrots cut the strap which bound her to the bed, cut another cloth which held her wrists behind her, and removed the gag from her mouth. She stood on her feet—a tall, angular figure, her hair falling in disorder about her face.

Before anybody spoke to her she began anathematizing everybody and everything, not ceasing in her rapid flow of French and violent gestures for some minutes. Finally when she had relieved her feelings somewhat, she started for the stairs, saying she wanted a drink of water.

She paused at the foot of the steps when she saw the dead officer before her.

"*Boche!*" she screamed, "Miserable one! *Canaille!*"

WE led her up the steep stairs, but she shook us off and climbed them as nimbly as a goat. She rushed upon the prostrate figures of our prisoners and would have assaulted them, had not Toby and I stopped her and pushed her away. Her shrill cracked voice continued to hurl imprecations at them while she walked to the well. She stooped and scooped a dipper of water from a tin pail hanging inside the edge.

I stepped forward to halt her.

"You can't drink this water," I said. "Don't you see that sign? It's poisoned."

For an answer she seized a corner of the sign and ripped it away.

"It's a lie!" she cackled. "They drink it, but they want none other to drink!" She lifted the dipper and drank greedily.

At last she was ready for our questions.

She was the owner of this farm, she said. Her husband was dead, three of her sons were dead—all killed in the war. One son still was fighting, somewhere in the Vosges; one married daughter might still be living, up near Etain, or might be dead; no news came from her. The name of our hostess was Madame Leguine.

Several days ago she had left her home, thirty miles south of Rheims, and had traveled on foot to see what was left of her home; she had made the trip in two days, arriving late in the afternoon, almost dead with fatigue and hunger.

"What afternoon was that?" I asked.

"Thursday, the afternoon of the heavy rain," she answered.

I nodded; that was the afternoon Major Starr had flown off for Lille.

She had found the cellar the only dry spot remaining for a shelter, and here, to her surprise, she found beds and blankets, cooking-pans and clothing. She had found no food, but by great good luck she caught a bird with her bare hands and cooked it over a fire she made in the cellar.

That night she was awakened by the arrival of three men, soldiers in French uniform, but all three of them Boche at heart, she affirmed. They would have turned her out into the rain, but the officer prevented this; next morning when she wanted to go, he would not permit her to leave. They spoke in German, but she knew enough of that tongue to understand that they were waiting for some one to join them. The officer gave her food, and did not mistreat her, but compelled her to remain within the cellar until they themselves desired to go.

When they heard the airplanes overhead this morning, they had been greatly excited; then they observed a bird come down and enter the shed where she had caught a similar bird two days before. They caught it, and were in a rage when they found nothing tied to its leg, as they had expected. The one she caught did have something tied to its leg, she cackled triumphantly, and she had it yet.

"What day was it that you caught your pigeon, Mother?" Captain Fulton inquired in a voice that would have melted butter.

"Thursday, the day of the heavy rain," she repeated.

Bill took from his pocket a wad of dirty franc notes, and began counting them off under the gaze of the covetous woman.

"Did the pigeon you caught—did it have a little capsule tied to its leg?" he asked, smiling at her incredulously as he fingered his money.

She looked up from the money and eyed him suspiciously, but his smile reassured her and she nodded her head.

"I would like to buy that from you," Bill said gently; "but I suppose you threw it away."

"*Non, non!*" she exclaimed vigorously. "When the Boche came they always were looking for a bird; every hour of the day they went to the shed behind the wall. They cursed, but they would not leave my farm until it came. I knew what it was they wanted, but I would not give it to them—to the Boche!"

"I will give you two of these ten-franc notes for that little souvenir, Mother," said Bill persuasively, extending the money to her. In a flash her hand went deep into her voluminous skirt; it emerged almost instantly with the familiar little metal clip, containing a tightly rolled piece of thin paper. She received the two bills from Fulton and deposited them quickly within the same hiding-place.

Captain Fulton winked at me, then carefully unfolded the slip of paper and spread it out on his lap; it was in code—most of it—but in the middle of the sheet lay a list of names, one under the other. Under the names of General Starr and Colonel McCoy, I read my own!

Thirty minutes later, Colonel McCoy was telephoning his instructions to an officer stationed near the Leguine farm, ordering him to take transportation with him and bring in the old woman and the three prisoners for further examination.

ALL of my pilots returned in time for a late luncheon. The miraculous nature of our recovery of Maurice Mauditin's message, with all it meant to us, was fully discussed. No more need we fear that every movement we made inside our prison camp was watched by the enemy; enemy airdromes would not be suspicious of every stranger who dropped in for a chat; Lanky Starr's mission to Lille had not been divulged, after all!

Our table had been taken back to the side porch where it overlooked the path of our flying-field. While we were talking, Eddie Martin suddenly sprang to his feet and stood for a moment staring intently through the trees; then he turned, napkin in hand and looked in through the open French window where General Starr sat alone, tranquilly cutting his meat.

Without waiting to be recognized, my small lieutenant shouted:

"Horace is coming up the path, sir!"

General Starr looked up from his plate and slowly turned his gaze upon my naïve youngster.

"Stop your noise!" he said gruffly; but I detected the trembling of his fingers as he reached for his napkin and vigorously brushed his lips with it.

. . .

CLINICAL CASE 147

(Continued from page 32)

By the time I reached the platform and the taxi-stand the whole place was deserted. Cars sped furiously down the narrow driveway; across lots men ran at top speed. It was with difficulty that I halted the driver of the last taxi, who was abandoning his car and bound at a run down the street, and gave my directions.

"I'll miss it!" he gasped. "I'm going to miss it!"

"Miss what, pray?" I demanded, exasperated.

"Sam 'n' Rastus!" he replied briefly. "We got to hurry!"

I sat back unenlightened and irritated. The car went out of the station driveway like a battalion chief bound for a three-alarm fire. It rushed into the main street,—now completely deserted, I noted,—and defying all speed regulations, tore down the street.

"Don't worry!" he shouted over his shoulder. "The cops are all inside listening now!"

"Listening to what?" I shouted.

"Sam 'n' Rastus!" he called back.

I didn't go to the trouble of saying anything else. The only conclusion I could draw was that the whole town was demented and that no matter how serious Mr. Sniffen's condition became it would not be out of place in such a community.

Then it happened.

A town-clock struck the hour of seven, and the echo of the last note had not died away before a mighty, a great and cosmic voice,—louder, fuller than human could utter,—rose from the earth, filled the universe as not even thunder could fill it.

"Now, Rastus," it said, "now Ah *is* regusted!"

I have no words to describe this Olympian, if Ethiopian, utterance. It had the volume of a great cloud, the resonance of some vast mythological deity. The softness of its timbre was deceitful; it settled over all of the earth that I could see or dream of, with the gentleness and the incomprehensible greatness of a fog.

"When the Angel Gabriel finally sounds his call," I reflected, "it will be like this."

AT the first sound, my driver had thrown on his brakes, and we came to a halt. Turning in his seat, he asked with infinite appeal: "Are you in *very* much of a hurry, Mister?" His eyes begged like those of a lost dog.

"No," I faltered, "I want to get there—"

"Then we'll listen here," he said briskly, and drew over to the curb. I looked out; we had stopped before a radio-dealer's store, and a loud-speaker hung over the front door. A crowd was gathered, heads all tilted, an ear to the instrument. And from it came the voice:

"Now, Rastus, Ah *is* regusted!"

Fifteen minutes later we set out again. The driver seemed once more himself. We had listened to The Voice—the voice that had risen synchronously from a hundred, a thousand, loud-speakers. As the taxi churned out of the village and into thinly settled neighborhoods I pondered. . . . So *this* was the rural suburbs!

We turned bumpily into a short street

FEEL MEAN?

Don't be helpless when you suddenly get a headache. Reach in your pocket for immediate relief. If you haven't any Bayer Aspirin with you, get some at the first drugstore you come to. Take a tablet or two and be rid of the pain. Take promptly. Nothing is gained by waiting to see if the pain will leave of its own accord. It may grow worse! Meantime, you are suffering needlessly.

There are many times when Bayer Aspirin will "save the day." It will always ease a throbbing head. Quiet a grumbling tooth. Relieve the nagging pain of neuralgia or neuritis. Check a cold. Even rheumatism has lost its terrors for those who have learned to depend on these tablets.

Keep Bayer Aspirin handy. At home, and in the office. Carry the pocket tin as insurance against colds. Gargle with Bayer Aspirin at the first suspicion of sore throat, and reduce the infection. Look for Bayer on the box—and the word Genuine in red. Genuine Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart.

BAYER (BAYER) ASPIRIN

—Mr. Sniffen's street—and as we passed the corner house a man on the lawn glanced up and waved. It was Mr. Finis. I waved back. His eyes, I noticed, followed me excitedly down the street, and when we curved into Mr. Sniffen's driveway he dropped his paper and ran into the house.

The Sniffens met me at the front door, and almost before I knew it, but not before I had caught a bit of the discordant melange of music and recitation that swept the street, I was indoors, upstairs, and seated in a room that was, while still and silent, the closest, warmest room I have ever been in.

"You're a friend of this fellow Finis," Mr. Sniffen said.

"I know him," I explained delicately.

"He told me," he said.

I STUDIED him. The longer I studied him the more puzzled I became. The eyes are interesting and often important indications of the psyche. I was puzzled because his eyes, while troubled, were not abnormal. I began to speculate.

"Is it too warm in here?" Mrs. Sniffen asked finally.

"Well, a trifle," I admitted.

"What time is it, dear?" she asked her husband.

"Nearly eight."

"Let's go out." She rose. "Let's go out," she addressed me, with a startlingly malignant smile, "on our lawn."

It came on me like a clap of thunder. We opened the door and walked down the stairs, made our way through the living-room and threw open the front door, stood for a second on the threshold and then stepped out on the lawn—and it came to me like a clap of thunder. The music!

"Let's sit here," Mrs. Sniffen said sweetly.

Her husband and I followed her meekly to a corner of the lawn where there were chairs and a table shaded by a large brightly colored umbrella. On the way I glanced back; a half-dozen other couples were sitting on other lawns, and were watching us slyly. We too sat down.

And the music!

"You don't get out to the suburbs often, do you?" she asked pleasantly.

"Not as often as I should, I suppose," I said.

"It's very pleasant out here," she said. "You're on your own lawn, breathing the sweet fragrance of fresh-cut privet and honeysuckle. Smell it?"

"Delicious," I said.

"What?"

"Delicious!" I said, lifting my voice above the radios.

"With a single star pin-pointing your blue heaven—see it?"

"What?" I had to ask.

"Star pin-pointing heaven—see it?"

"I see it," I shouted.

"Great, isn't it?" she screeched.

"Tremendous!" I yelled.

There was a pause then during which I heard the "Maine Stein Song," a tremulous story of the Arabian desert, a wildly excited account of a prize-fight with many maniacal shouts of "Oh, boy!" another song, "If I Had a Talking Picture of You," and the baseball scores—all at once.

I looked around. On the other lawns were other groups apparently gathered for the evening. So far as I could see, they were subjected to the same conditions we had, but if they suffered from the deluge of entertainment they did not show it. On the contrary, they seemed ecstatically happy, exulting silently in the wonder that science and fat sopranos had wrought.

"Will you just look at those idiots!" I shouted, losing my temper for what seemed very little reason.

"Suburbanites," Mrs. Sniffen called back, smiling brightly. "Suburbanites gathering sweet relief in the fresh air and peaceful evening."

"They're crazy!"

"What?"

"Nothing," I said shortly. The din was beginning to get on my nerves. There was no earthly reason for all this volume. It could be heard a half-mile away.

"Darling,"—Mrs. Sniffen turned to her husband, "—why don't you take Doctor Cutler—" She stopped.

Mr. Sniffen was leaning forward in his chair and swaying slowly from side to side like a caged tiger. There rose from his throat then just such a rumbling growl as Mr. Pepper had repeated to upset my fellow club-members. I glanced quickly over my shoulder; the neighbors, with a single accord, had directed their attention at us. They were watching alertly.

"They've got him again," Mrs. Sniffen whispered.

"Sniffen!" I called sharply. He stopped and looked at me, and I could have sworn there was the merest flash of a twinkle in his eyes. "Pull yourself together," I said.

EXCEPT for six radios turned on full force the street was as still as the grave.

"Walk around a bit, dear," Mrs. Sniffen said. "Show Doctor Cutler how nice everything is out here."

I rose. I was beginning to feel a little annoyed, a little irritable, a little impatient. Why couldn't these people be content with soft music? What kind of people were these suburbanites, anyway? My temper was giving way—and then I got an inkling.

"Come with me."

Mr. Sniffen moved out into the roadway, and I followed. I was acutely aware, and instinctively I knew he was too, that the eyes of the whole street were on us, watching us like hawks. He crossed the street, halted opposite a group of three obviously alarmed people, and waved an eloquent hand toward them.

"Some of our neighbors, the Lathams," he said loudly. "Mr. Latham is a big fat slob, a dull, dim-witted idiot." Mr. Latham stood up. "The remainder of his family is worse," added Mr. Sniffen, "and if he makes one motion toward us I am in the mood to knock his brains out."

He moved on.

Mr. Latham stood glaring after him. He started to make the motion that Mr. Sniffen had challenged and then evidently thought better of it. His radio was transmitting an orchestra that seemed composed entirely of trombones and bass drums. In that same instant I felt myself an overwhelming impulse to step forward and poke him one in the jaw—and I a respectable psychiatrist!

"And here"—Mr. Sniffen had stopped again—"are the Reynolds. The old man is an amiable buffoon, but his family consists of about sixteen boop-a-doop-doop women. They'll probably all wind up in homes for the weak-minded. They—"

Mr. Reynolds charged out and I stepped forward and caught him by the arm. Informed, no doubt, that I was the doctor in charge, he did not resist, but consented to be led back to his little group. But so much was my disposition being affected, as I got the full force of the Reynolds' radio's rendition of "You're the Sweetest Girl This Side of Heaven," with an obbligato by what sounded like a marble quarry in the busy season, that at the last second, as I was about to release his arm when he started to sit down, I gave him just a little shove, barely enough to make him miss the chair.

"And like it!" I said firmly, moving away.

In the roadway I began really to get the "feel" of the street, as it were. At this moment I remember two "Maine Stein Songs, "Whose Lips," "Singing in the Rain," "Singing in the Bathtub," "Singing on a Gunboat," "Singing up the Amazon," "Singing at Yale," the rest of the series, and a discourse on the New York City budget. . . . And I had recommended the suburbs!

"And on this lawn, listening to that"—here I must provide a space or two—"radio, is Mr. Sidney M. Pepper." Mr. Pepper stood up. "He has the loudest dynamic loud-speaker—"

This was as far as he got; abandoning words for action, he stepped forward, clearly bent on tearing Mr. Pepper's gizzard out—and then I caught him, gripping him around the waist. To my surprise he put up almost no struggle at all, but twisting in my arms, brought himself fact to face with me—and he was smiling a faint, weary, slightly amused smile.

"Have you ever heard anything like it?" he whispered.

I did not reply.

"O. K.?" he asked significantly.

Still I could say nothing. I was, after all, a member of a dignified profession. I was not supposed to lend myself to feats of charlatanry, however worthy the purpose. One simply did not do it.

"O. K.?" he repeated hopefully.

"O. K.," I said finally.

WITH a great sigh of relief he straightened up and pulled his coat down. "What shall I do now?" he asked.

I glanced around, suddenly conscious of a strange atmosphere, of some great cosmic change about me. The radios had stopped! It was quiet that I heard—an overwhelming volume of quiet! Mr. Sniffen's last maneuver had served its purpose; the lawns were cleared, the radios silenced, the street deserted except for three men in a little group at the corner, conferring in whispers and watching us.

"Go back to your chair," I said, "and wait."

"All right."

"And remember," I said, "as long as you don't hear radios you're normal and harmless."

"I see," he said, and started back toward his lawn.

"Doctor Cutler!"

It was Mr. Finis, one of the group at

the corner, calling, and when I reached them I found that the others were Mr. Pepper and Mr. Pincus. They were all greatly exercised.

"What about this man, Doctor?" Finis demanded. "Oughtn't we to call the police?"

"I aint happy with a lunatic around," Mr. Pincus said.

"Sniffen," I said, plunging into it, "is no more of a lunatic than I am. It would be a crime to make any effort to lock him up. If you wish, to reassure you, I'll try to explain his condition."

"He *acts* like a lunatic," Mr. Pincus insisted.

"He does," I admitted, "under certain conditions. He has tendencies toward violence only when radios are played."

"Radios!" exclaimed Mr. Finis. "You don't mean to tell me he doesn't like the *radio!*"

"Don't he love music at all?" asked Mr. Pincus.

"I won't go into the technicalities of the situation," I went on; "but it resolves itself into this: under ordinary conditions Mr. Sniffen is one of the pleasantest, most amiable and charming men you'd ever care to meet."

"He certainly don't show it!" Mr. Pincus said.

"However, his nerves suffer from a tensile weakness rare in the annals of neurology. They are affected by the vibrations of the radio to the point where he is not wholly responsible. As his physician, I am entirely familiar with his case, and naturally aware of my obligations to society, so I am not speaking without careful deliberation. Mr. Sniffen will be a valuable neighbor—so long as his nerves are not tortured by the radio."

TO some extent, I reflected, this was quite true.

"He's still a lunatic," Mr. Pincus muttered.

"But, Doctor," Mr. Finis said, "we certainly can't be expected to throw away our radios!"

"I don't know what I'd do without my radio," Mr. Pepper said.

"Let's go in your house," I suggested to him, "and we'll just see how far Mr. Sniffen is affected."

He led us inside and to that peculiar appurtenance of the suburbs, the solarium —where it seems that the radio is always located. At my suggestion he switched on his radio and from it came a blast that nearly knocked me off my feet. Mr. Pepper, apparently in common with other suburbanites, liked his music loud; it did not have to be so good but it did have to be loud. Quickly I lowered the tone.

"Now," I said, "if you will just put your head out of that window and watch Mr. Sniffen while I experiment, we may be able to get some line on his reactions."

"He's sitting quiet now," Mr. Pepper reported.

I turned the knob slightly and the volume increased.

"He's quivering!" Mr. Pepper said excitedly.

Another turn.

"He's growling!"

Still another.

"He's up!"

I turned it on full.

"He's jumping up and down and tearing his hair!"

Then, quickly, I reduced it to what I deemed a moderate tone, well within its capacity, but not too low.

"What now?" I asked.

"He's sitting down again," Mr. Pepper reported, "and apparently relaxing."

"So you see," I said, "his reactions. If you gentlemen feel that you do not have to increase the volume of your radios beyond what this is now, you will be greatly benefiting the unfortunate Mr. Sniffen, as well as maintaining the peace of your very charming and attractive little community."

They looked at each other thoughtfully.

"I don't want to get murdered," Mr. Pincus murmured. . . .

The street was now very quiet.

"I know it was pretty tough on you," Sniffen said, "and I can't tell you how much I appreciate it."

"The whole affair," I said, "had best be forgotten."

There was a pause.

"Ever think of moving out of the city to the suburbs?" Mrs. Sniffen asked innocently.

"No," I replied firmly, "I'm a city man."

THE DEEP END

(Continued from page 27)

"You'll be smothered in jobs when this story gets into the papers."

"So I hear you say!" answered Shelmerdene bitterly. "Listen—I been in on a lot of your phony publicity stunts! You ran me ragged in 'Fancy-Free' last year. I've autographed underwear and taken up smoking cigars and had my hands clawed off by prize roosters and froze myself stiff in airplanes and sat on All-American tackles' laps and shown my legs in fifty-seven different ways—and I'm just as far ahead as I was when I started! I'm still getting sixty-five or seventy a week—when I'm getting it!—and once in a while I eat a square meal off some simple bird I wouldn't wipe my feet on."

"And here I was going to send out a story that Spiro was signing you up at a hundred," said Jake. "Say it aint so!"

"Why'd you pick on me for this stunt?" Her tone was genuinely aggrieved.

"Because the old man and I figured you had a little more brains than any of the girls we had in the cast. Maybe you have —me, I'm beginning to wonder." He glared at her scornfully over the edge of his cup. "Here I am giving you the best publicity break since Anna Held took milk baths—and you act like I was putting poison in your bottle. Come on—snap out of it! I'm doing you a favor!"

With elaborate care he deposited a dime in the exact center of the table and then grinned at her, his good humor suddenly restored.

"Don't spend it all at once," he said, and departed whistling.

It is a restaurant manager's job to miss nothing of what goes on in his little kingdom. Mr. Simmons may have been moved only by professional reasons when he stopped Shelmerdene on the sidewalk as she was starting home that evening and

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clambered aboard a bus at her surprised elbow.

"Who was that fellow this morning?" he asked without preliminaries. "Friend of yours?"

"What fellow?" Shelmerdene was dexterously puzzled.

"The one with the Christmas-tree necktie," said Mr. Simmons. His tone was disparaging.

"Oh, him!" Shelmerdene laughed her best laugh. "I've known him a long time. I guess you could call him a friend of mine."

"Well," said Mr. Simmons, "that's your business. But your time in the restaurant is my business. And we don't like having the girls talking about old times to customers. We don't pay you for conversation." So far he had got on quite successfully, but at this point he became apologetic and embarrassed. "I thought I ought to speak to you about it," he mumbled, and looked away from her.

Shelmerdene began to suspect he was working hard to keep up the business aspect of a situation which might only too easily turn into something else.

Some one had left a newspaper on the seat, and she picked it up as a welcome diversion. Mr. Simmons paid no attention as she scanned the picture pages in the middle. They were dull pictures: some one had been welcomed at City Hall; some one had shot some one else; there had been a warehouse fire in Brooklyn. In the center of the page was a blurry cut of Doris Martin, featured player in "Get Hot," who had presented a floral trophy to some returning aviators while news cameras clicked discreetly in the background.

Shelmerdene remembered the Martin girl out of "Sing-Song," of two seasons back. For the sake of conversation, the lack of which began to embarrass her heavily, she said as much to Mr. Simmons. He, however, seemed impervious to the lighter side of life.

"There's another sucker," he said, giving the picture what Doris Martin herself would have described as a dirty look. "She gets her picture in the papers and figures she's on the way to fame and fortune. Maybe she is—maybe she isn't. But she'd have a swell time getting her pay raised on the strength of that picture. And believe me, it's what shows up on your pay-check that counts."

SHELMERDENE was startled to hear some of her own recent heresies so closely paraphrased.

"But then," Simmons went on, "she's not the only sucker, at that. The producer's paying good money to some bright boy to get him free space in the papers, without ever figuring how much he gets out of the money he pays for free space. This publicity racket is the biggest graft in New York—and that's saying a lot!"

Speaking his mind so sharply seemed to cheer him up. He began to talk about other things—modernistic window displays, for instance, the manners of traffic policemen, and other topics naturally suggested by Fifth Avenue. Shelmerdene listened with growing willingness and dropped in "yes" and "no" and "My God!" at what she hoped were the proper places. It takes a bus a long time to work its way uptown.

At 110th Street Mr. Simmons suddenly grew serious again—and not about business. He explained forcibly that he wanted to see Shelmerdene in an unofficial capacity—often, personally, and alone. He pointed out that it was impossible to do anything of the sort while he was her direct boss; and he gave her notice that he was going to have her transferred to a Hinds' restaurant nearer where she lived, which would be more convenient for her and infinitely better policy for him. Then he raised his hat and stepped off the bus, leaving her with an almost maternal wonder as to how far he had come out of his way to ride uptown with her.

People with scruples were not entirely new to her, but they had been woefully few and far between in her experience, especially in New York. She tried to believe that his scruples were merely exaggerated business policy and failed utterly to convince herself. A vague feeling came upon her that it was going to be a shame to use him for a publicity stunt.

THE next morning heralded her first day off. She violated her every previous conception of a day off by rising early and going for a walk in the park. There was a contrary, childish pleasure in breakfasting at a Hinds' restaurant beforehand.

It was too early for anyone else to be out. Even the loafers had not yet wandered back since the police had thrown them out the night before. Now and again a fat man on a slim horse cantered along one of the bridle-paths, but Shelmerdene was too engrossed in her own thoughts to be able to grin at the vigorous bouncing they mistook for riding. It was a dreary, dirty, frost-bitten place, the park, and that was why she liked it. It looked the way she felt.

When her room-mate woke up at half-past eleven, she found Shelmerdene lying on the opposite bed turning gloomily through a large book half full of newspaper clippings. There was very little printed matter in the collection. The bulk of it was pictorial, showing girls named Shelmerdene Benton in every conceivable pose and every variety of dress and undress. No two pictures looked alike, but that was to be expected of the strange ways of photographers and photo-engravers.

"Ain't it grand to be famous?" asked the room-mate over Shelmerdene's shoulder.

"Yeah," said Shelmerdene, letting the leaves of the book fall. "Look at this one!" She indicated one of the few sizeable pieces of type running along the bottom of a group picture of several girls. "That's about the best gag they ever got me in on. Remember? Timing the heartbeats of blondes and brunettes while we looked at a red-hot scene in a movie. And what did it get me? A letter from the Chamber of Commerce back home, telling me the old town was back of me to the last hardware merchant."

"Don't think too hard," said the room-mate. "It makes you look funny round the eyes." She yawned and flapped her mules against the soles of her feet. "Who's your new boy friend?" she asked.

"Well, who is he?" Shelmerdene sounded a trifle pugnacious.

"Phoned an hour ago. Said his name was Simmons and seeing as how it was

your day off he wanted to take you to dinner. I told him you weren't here and for all I knew you'd been kidnaped."

"I'm not here yet if he calls again," said Shelmerdene. "Can't I go out for a walk without having you slandering me over the phone?"

"You can't go out for a walk at this time of day without me thinking you've gone dotty," said the room-mate. "This waiting table's giving you the jitters, isn't it? A happy little home this has got to be!"

Shelmerdene said nothing, but went and ran herself a hot bath. Being tired of thinking she fell asleep in it. Her last waking remembrance was the room-mate's voice saying:

"No, she just phoned and said she wouldn't be back till late tonight. . . . Mr. Simmons? I'll tell her."

It occurred to Shelmerdene the next morning that she might be transferred uptown before the stunt came off. It was a welcome thought; for it seemed to her a little less crude to be discovered in another restaurant. But days stretched into a week and the transfer did not come, although Mr. Simmons assured her that he expected it any day. He did not refer to the telephone-calls and neither did she. They were boss and employee, and Shelmerdene wondered if he was as annoyed with this relationship as she was. She had frequently recurring moments when she heartily disliked him for being so scrupulous.

ALL that week she avoided people. Every night she went solitarily to a movie and then home to bed without the remotest idea of what she had been seeing. For a time her room-mate remained facetious about Shelmerdene's new life, and then desisted from comment when it became apparent that Shelmerdene heard very little of what she had to say on the subject.

In the meantime, "They're Off!"—the name that the Spiro show had finally been blessed with—was rounding into shape, and on Thursday morning a night-letter arrived from Jake in Atlantic City:

> Expect Spiro About Nine-Thirty Tomorrow Stop That Means Today See Stop I Mean My Tomorrow Is Your Today Stop No Think It Out It's Not A New Song Stop When He Springs Proposition Drop Your Tray And Make As Much Row As Possible Stop In Other Words Emote Stop Meet Me And Spiro At His Office Tomorrow Morning Afterwards Stop Don't Say Anything To Reporters If Any Until You Talk To Me Stop Great Work Kid
>
> Jake Annerman

And Shelmerdene, who had been putting in her time dodging issues and praying for a transfer, was not ready for the show-down.

She served the early breakfast customers in a complete fog. She was aware of Mr. Simmons standing by the cashier's desk up front, but her guilty conscience would not let her glance in his direction for the luxury of the one smile she permitted herself each day. If Jake only hadn't congratulated her on good work, her head would not have been in quite such a whirl.

She had not a moment to think things out in. Nine o'clock came, and a quarter after, and with it the great Isidor Spiro.

He waved Miss Urquhart grandly aside, looked round him, espied Shelmerdene and sat himself down ponderously at the same table Jake had chosen the week before. There had been stormy scenes between him and Jake before he had consented to doing this job in person.

And now he was in a bad humor. Shelmerdene recognized this fact as she approached him, and her heart sank farther; it had been doing all kinds of strange things ever since she had read her telegram during her rush for the subway.

He looked up and stared at her coldly.

"Yes sir," she said in her waitress' manner, poising her pencil over the pad of checks.

Tact was not Mr. Spiro's strong point. He was a little afraid of Jake, as the whole Broadway world knew, but he could take it out on this girl who wanted a contract so badly.

"Pretty soft for you, aint it?" he said, in lieu of an order. "Drawing pay here in an easy berth and stepping into the show after the work's all done?"

Shelmerdene bit her lip; she had known a long time ago that she hated Mr. Spiro heartily, but never till this moment had she known quite how much.

"Well," he went on, "vacation's over. Come on! You're elected! Come on and be glorified! Start the fireworks! My God, don't you know what to do?"

Indignation is a great aid to making up one's mind. Shelmerdene reached for a tray that lay on the next table.

"You bet I know what to do!" she said through her clenched teeth. "You and your bonus! You big slob!" And with all the strength of her arms—which was considerable, for she was a big girl—she banged her prospective employer on the bald spot. The heavy metal tray boomed like a muffled gong.

The noise of the blow combined with Spiro's bellow of rage to make up a very satisfactory sensation. Men customers laughed loudly; lady customers screamed and then giggled, as Shelmerdene stood grimly on guard, still gripping the tray, and watched Spiro struggling into his coat. He seemed about to speak, but a single motion from her was enough to make him change his mind, cram his derby over his ears, and exit at a sliding trot.

All the while, Miss Urquhart was majestically approaching down the length of the restaurant. Mr. Simmons stayed up front. He doubtless had his own reasons for leaving this matter to the hostess.

"Marie," said Miss Urquhart, "you're fired. I mean, you're discharged."

"I can't understand big words," said Shelmerdene hollowly. Mr. Simmons had finally started down the aisle, and that was why she fled. Otherwise she might have enjoyed having it out.

ONCE again she met the manager when she left the locker-room in street clothes.

"Well," he said, "so you got fired from a good job."

"Two good jobs," said Shelmerdene, "all at once."

"How's that?"

"That's a long story too," said Shelmerdene. "You haven't got time to listen in business hours."

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"What I want to know is what did he say to you?" Mr. Simmons was standing considerably closer. Shelmerdene was uncomfortably near to crying.

"What difference does that make?" she asked. "I'm fired and that's that—and I'm glad of it." Her voice broke ridiculously on this last and she tried to push past him before worse happened.

He held her by the arm firmly, almost roughly.

"What are you crying about?"

"I'm not crying," mumbled Shelmerdene. "But I will be in a minute, and I'm not going to do it here!"

He put his arm about her waist judiciously.

"A great big girl like you!" he said. "Crying because she got fired!"

"The only decent—I ever—had—in my life—" Shelmerdene gave way and fairly bellowed against his starchy white shoulder.

"Snap out of it, sister," he said, his voice tender, though his words were not. "Lots of better jobs than that! I'll give you one myself any time you say."

Shelmerdene beat his chest with her fists.

"I don't want your old job," she cried. "I wouldn't *have* a job in Hinds any more!"

"Who said anything about Hinds?" he asked. "Don't be so sure of yourself. We don't want girls who sock customers on the head. It's bad for business." He held her at arm's-length and frowned at her with his forehead while the rest of him grinned. "This is a job specially created for you; nobody ever held it before. And I'll still be your boss."

This was not the imperturbable young man who had been so polite to her two weeks before. In fact, when he pulled her to him and kissed her there was very little politeness about it.

"Savvy?" he asked, without relaxing the pressure an ounce.

"Yes sir," said Shelmerdene breathlessly, "I savvy. But if you knew the whole story you'd be singing a different song."

"Give me credit for some brains," said the transformed manager. "I figured out what you were up to. I knew you wouldn't be hard-boiled enough to put a job like that across."

"Well," said Shelmerdene, coming closer still, "I've been looking a long time for a man who was smarter than me!"

JAKE ANNERMAN'S secretary handed him a marked copy of a theatrical publication.

"There's a note in there about that Benton girl," she said. "She got married."

"I know," said Jake; and he shook his head sadly. "My name would have been mud with the papers if I'd put that across. But it was a swell gag. I'm funny about things like that. I guess maybe I'm an artist at heart."

PIED PIPER

(Continued from page 64)

his soul. So Doc appointed Jerry to the Y.M.C.A. Council. Jerry blew up. He said he wouldn't serve. I tried to get across the room to pipe Jerry down, but I wasn't quick enough. He called us a pack of hypocritical mugs, and yelled: 'I'm withdrawing from the chapter!'

"It ended with a fist-fight between Jerry and Pop. Jerry knocked Pop stiff, and walked out.

"There wasn't a thing we could do about it. It hurt me like hell to see Jerry go haywire. We all sat around and called Gelbert every name we could think of. I felt like paying Gelbert a visit and busting him on the jaw. But I knew that would be silly. That's the trouble with a guy like Gelbert. You can't accuse him of getting fellows and girls into trouble. He'd laugh in your face and tell you they were free agents—and if you socked him you'd feel silly.

"I saw Jerry several times the next month. Once he was walking with Gelbert; another time he was with a highbrow stude poet named Erickson. A pledge told me Jerry was rooming with Erickson in a dump near Gelbert's place. Erickson was a big-eyed, fuzzy-haired kid who ought to have been home with his folks. They're sending younger kids to this school every year. They come here before they know their way around, and Gelbert gets a lot of them. Erickson—"

The boy faltered. I was too absorbed in the story to notice anything peculiar. Then his blurted words sounded harshly:

"Erickson was a pretty decent kid. He had a lot of talent. Jerry was awful fond of him. Well,—a week before school closed last June,—Erickson killed himself. . . . I went over to see Jerry. I knew it would be tough on him. When I got to the room they'd just taken the kid away. Jerry was standing in the middle of the floor, staring at a note that lay on the rug. I picked the note up. Erickson had written it to Jerry. I'll always remember how those scribbled words looked.

"It seemed that the kid had written a book of poems. He had taken them over to Gelbert. I guess Gelbert's leg was hurting him that day, or he'd had too much to drink the night before. Anyway, he panned the kid's poems. Gelbert believes in telling the brutal truth. The kid couldn't stand it. The note said: *'He's right about the poems. I'm a failure. Don't tell my folks I was an atheist. Mother will think that she'll see me again.'* That note sure got me!"

"Was the note made public?" I asked.

Joe Brock shook his head grimly.

"Jerry snatched it away from me and tore it up. He made me promise not to tell the coroner. Jerry got a theme paper with the kid's signature and wrote another note on a typewriter, tracing the signature. He said something about overstudy and ill health and had the kid tell his folks good-by. We turned this over to the coroner and that was what the papers printed."

"Gelbert didn't figure in it at all?"

"No. Gelbert never figures in anything that happens."

"How did Jerry react?"

"It brought Jerry to his senses. He was all broken up over the kid's death, and he left school without taking the final exams. He wrote Pop Dunn and me letters. He told us he realized he'd been a heel and was going away to get himself straightened out. Pop called a meeting at the house and we voted to restore Jerry to good standing.

"I GOT two more letters from Jerry during the summer. He was working on a farm upstate. Said he was in swell condition for football. That was the first letter. The second letter gave me a good laugh. Jerry said he'd fallen in love. Her name was Joannie Drummond. Jerry certainly gave me all her plans and specifications. He drew sketches of her hair and eyes and lips and nose on the margin of the letter. It took Jerry three pages to assure me that her eyes weren't an ordinary blue color.

"That letter sure made me feel good. Jerry was the same doggone' idealistic mutt he'd been before Gelbert got hold of him. He'd snapped out of it; he was coming back to school and be a regular guy again. He was even bringing Joannie with him. She had spent three years at some little church college in the sticks, but she'd wheedled her folks into sending her to the university so she and Jerry could see each other every day.

"I was at the station to meet Jerry's train. I saw his mop of hair above the crowd in the vestibule. I was ready to give Jerry a great big hand, believe me. Jerry jumped down the last three steps, and turned to help a girl. It was Joannie. He wouldn't have even seen me at all if I hadn't socked him a jolt in the side.

"Jerry introduced her. . . . Love is sure a funny thing! Not that Joannie's any pill. The Kappas got her into pretty good shape before she left school. But the first time I saw her, she looked like *Alice in Wonderland*. She didn't know what it was all about. Just a corn-fed little blonde who believed everything her mother told her. You know these campus wheezes that go: 'My girl is so dumb she thinks turpitude takes spots out of vests?' That was Joannie.

"I heard plenty about Joannie the next couple of weeks. Jerry didn't have any other topic of conversation. But I was so glad to have the darn' fool back in line that I stood for the works. Falling in love had got Jerry back to all the regular things. You know—saying your prayers now and then, and paddling pledges for cussing, and thinking the girl you're in love with is an angel.

"Jerry turned out with the team and made his regular job as first-string quarter. Just to show him our confidence, we elected him house president. Jerry made us a swell speech that night. It might sound like hoopla to you, but the idea Jerry had was that a university is tough on Freshies who've been brought up on Mother Goose rhymes. Jerry argued that the older fellows should look after Freshies and keep them from going haywire.

"That speech sounded extra good to me. I had been put on the Honor Committee and I was finding out that Gelbert was still at it. We had two cases in one month of girls who had to be sent home. One had started a free-love affair with an instructor in the Art School, and the other was caught in a hotel downtown.

"I know it sounds pretty far-fetched to accuse Gelbert of any responsibility just

. . .

because both girls were members of his crowd. Maybe they'd have gone wrong anyway. But nobody can tell me that the sort of books you read and the sort of talk you hear from a guy you admire doesn't influence you. I know a fellow who was here last year and is in a sanitarium this year. He used to brag that he'd read every book in Gelbert's private library. His roommate told me the poor guy would never have taken a chance on that wild party if he hadn't hit those bawdy books so hard one week-end.

"Well, anyway, what I'm driving at is that we hadn't heard the last of Gelbert.

"Jerry tore into our room one afternoon and began rummaging through a bureau-drawer. I asked him what he'd lost. He just whirled on me and said: 'Where's your gun?' I told him I'd lent it to Bing Peters. I asked him what he wanted a gun for.

"He said: 'I'm going to kill Gelbert. Have any of the other fellows got a gun?'

"I grabbed him at the door. We had quite a tussle. I had to put him down and sit on him. Finally, I got the truth out of him.

"Gelbert's got Joannie," he told me. "He's got her. I'm going to kill him!"

JOE BROCK broke off and grinned embarrassedly as if ashamed of the melodrama of his recital. "Wasn't that a swell mess?" he inquired. "After all the hell we'd had with Jerry, to have Jerry's girl start going haywire? Well, Jerry and I had quite a session in the room.

"It seemed that Joannie needed a sociology credit in order to graduate in education. She had enrolled for one of Gelbert's courses. When she told Jerry about it, he ordered her to quit the course. She couldn't see herself missing a degree, just to please Jerry. He lost his head and tried to make her quit. That got her back up and they quarreled. Jerry couldn't make her believe Gelbert was such a heel. Gelbert always did have the girls going; that limp, and his tragic past and all—

"Jerry and I had it out. I finally made him see that killing Gelbert over something that hadn't happened would be a dumb stunt. Beating him up wouldn't do either. Of course I didn't believe Joannie would really go haywire. She was too straight a little kid, and she knew her catechism. But I couldn't convince Jerry there wasn't any danger. He remembered what Gelbert had done to him.

"So after we argued and argued, we agreed that something had to be done.

"Jerry went back and got friendly with Gelbert again. He kidded Gelbert along for two weeks or so. He told Joannie he was sorry, and they made up.

"When everything was set, Jerry let on to Gelbert that he was working on a swell bit of chemical research. He knew that one of the ways Gelbert keeps his crowd together is by flattering them. He pretends that he's terribly interested in what he calls 'creative work.'

"So Jerry made a date with Gelbert at the chemistry lab. one night. Prof. Keller, the head of the chemistry department, lets a few fellows have keys to the lab. so they can work over there at night. Jerry fixed it so we'd have the lab. all to ourselves that night.

"Gelbert walked right into it. He came over about ten-thirty and Jerry met him downstairs. I was planted, just like a villain in a movie, behind a cupboard in the lab.

"As soon as Jerry got Gelbert inside, we both jumped him. We had him bound and gagged before he knew what was happening. He thought it was some kind of a joke. But when he saw me, his eyes stopped smiling. He knew what I thought about him.

"We carried him into an inside workroom that has a gas hood and ventilator. We turned out all the lights in the main lab. We didn't want any janitor to come poking around.

"Jerry propped Gelbert in a chair and turned a bright light on the work-bench. He had about two dozen test-tubes and retorts full of different-colored solutions.

"The son-of-a-gun was a beaut of an actor. He made his eyes stare as if he'd gone coo-coo. He said to Gelbert: 'Do you see these test-tubes? They're lovely, aren't they? Nothing is quite so beautiful as a clever poison. Poisons have such subtlety, Doctor Gelbert.' Jerry had me scared. I thought maybe he planned to double-cross me and murder Gelbert. But he gave me a wink as he turned around to grab a tube and a hypo needle.

"I wish I remembered all of Jerry's song and dance. It was swell. He'd say things like this: 'Leopold and Loeb were clumsy bunglers, weren't they? I agree with their plan for a "perfect" murder but I can't hand them much on technique. But there, Doctor Gelbert, I promise not to be so clumsy.' Then he'd fix the needle and roll up Gelbert's sleeve. Gelbert started to get scared. He mumbled behind the gag and tried to break loose.

"Jerry'd start to jab him with the needle and then think better of it. He'd say, 'No, I won't use this one. It's too slow, and might be traced. I'll use my purple beauty.'

"I guess it really was pretty cruel. But I think Gelbert had it coming to him.

"He began to sweat and roll his eyes. I felt nervous as the dickens. I was afraid he might pop off from heart-failure or something. But Jerry wouldn't stop. He'd made up his mind to give Gelbert the works.

"It went on for an hour. Jerry acted as if he couldn't decide just what poison to use. Finally he said: 'I've got it! I'll use them all!' He started to mix them, talking like this: 'This cyanide is for young Erickson, Dr. Gelbert. Remember him? A sad case. You murdered him, if you will recall? And this pink beauty here is for the little Johnson girl. And this one is for Sammy McClain. And these others are for all the bright young dreams you've killed.'

"Gelbert kept shaking his head and trying to plead for mercy. Jerry said: 'Oh, yes, Doctor Gelbert, you did kill them! All our lovely illusions. You withered them with epigrams.'

"WHEN he got the final mixture ready, Gelbert was near passing out. Jerry nodded to me and I took off the gag. Gelbert tried to scream but couldn't make much noise. Then he said hoarsely: 'You've gone mad! You've gone mad!'

"Jerry shook his head. He held the hypo over Gelbert's arm. Gelbert yelled: 'That's murder. Don't you realize that's

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murder? Oh, God, tell the fool he's murdering me!'

"Jerry turned to me. "Why he's calling on God!' he said, real surprised. Gelbert said: 'What is it you want? What are you trying to make me say?' He began to argue with Jerry. Of all the sweet arguments that was the gooeyest I ever heard! Gelbert called on mother-love and conscience and school spirit and everything he could think of.

"Jerry let him rave a minute. Then he said: 'There's only one thing I want—your resignation from the faculty. But since you are a man of principle and prefer to die, let's get it over with.' He began to swab Gelbert's arm with alcohol. Gelbert yelled: 'I'll sign it! Let one of my arms loose and give me a pen. I'll sign it!'

"Jerry had it all ready. Gelbert signed.

"We let him loose. He was so weak he could hardly stand. Jerry said: 'There's one other thing. Miss Joan Drummond is in one of your classes. Tomorrow, I want you to tell her that she is a hopeless little dumb-bell and unfit to continue the course.' Gelbert promised. He was afraid Jerry would change his mind."

Joe Brock chuckled. His eyes were gleaming with satisfaction. Obviously, he was seeing Gelbert as he had been that night.

"Well," he said, "I guess that's all."

I had some questions.

"Did Gelbert keep his promise?"

"Yep. He kicked Joannie out of his sociology class."

"What about the resignation?"

Ruefully: "Jerry mailed it back to Gelbert. He told me it would be better to let Gelbert hang himself. Jerry figured that Gelbert would be ashamed of the way he had recanted that night and shoot off his mouth in some public meeting to make up for it. As it turned out, Jerry had doped Gelbert just right."

"When did all this happen—and where is Jerry now?"

"It happened one night last November. Jerry graduated in January and he and Joannie got married. They live in Chicago."

"Gelbert never tried to take any action against you?"

My visitor arose, yawning.

"How could he? It was his word against ours—and besides he couldn't afford to have the story get out."

I thought a moment. "It's a great story, but I'm afraid it can't be printed!"

Joe Brock nodded.

"I told you that. But anyway, I just wanted to wise you up so you won't make a hero out of Gelbert."

"You have," I told him. "Thank you. . . . One thing more. They'll fire Gelbert, won't they?"

"It's a cinch. Prexy Tilton and Dean Keogh know he ought to have been fired years ago."

"Why didn't they fire him?"

"He's too famous. He's too good an ad for the school. If they had tried to can him before this, everybody would have said they were jealous of him. Besides, these liberal guys raise such a howl all the profs are afraid of being called mossbacks."

And Joe Brock grinned. "Gee," he said, "it's sure hard to keep on believing in Santa Claus these days."

At nine o'clock the next morning the Board of Curators announced the dismissal of Professor Gelbert.

An uproar rent the nation. My paper ran a leading editorial of a column and a half in which it said in part:

> The unwarranted and stupid dismissal of Professor W. L. Gelbert by the Board of Curators of the university strikes a death-blow at the precious American guaranties of free speech and educational liberty. By this one act the Board of Curators has plunged this State into the dark ages of educational bigotry. It is an outrage against the youth of our State.

I had an impulse to tell our editorial-writers Joe Brock's story. But I have long since despaired of being able to tell editorial-writers anything.

MURDER IN ROOM 700

(Continued from page 46)

woman he wanted to marry. Maybe this was the one. Maybe it was another and he was giving her the air and she shot him. Anyway we got to find her. *Cherchez la* skirt," said Devlin positively.

"He's been seen out with women pretty frequently," Ascher supplied. "Benson here has the dope. Spill it, Benson."

Benson, who had literally not opened his mouth since the conference began, hitched his chair a little nearer the table. He was a quiet, noncommittal man, with mild, near-sighted blue eyes. His unobtrusiveness and a certain sympathetic air about him accounted for a good deal of his extreme success in disguise work. He was the sort of door-to-door salesman to whom women of a certain class instinctively confide their troubles and the doings of the family upstairs.

Talk, unending talk, had rippled into Benson's ears, and from its currents he usually managed to pick up some floating jetsam of seeming unimportance that fitted, like a piece of a jig-saw puzzle, into a vacant space.

"I went to restaurants and the night-clubs, first off, as you suggested," he told Ryder now. "Some of them knew Mr. Darrow by name—some recognized his photograph. On Park Avenue, he'd been seen recently with two women, one very young, one older."

"That's the Channings," Ryder said casually. "Mother and daughter."

"What's the girl like?" Devlin shot in.

"Just a kid. Goes to school in Europe."

"Look like Darrow?"

"Look like— No!" Ryder exploded. "He never knew the mother till long after she was born."

"Keep your shirt on. . . . I was just thinking about that will. Go on, Benson."

"On Broadway he'd been seen with other women. Usually some actress."

"Same one?"

"No—sometimes with a Miss Fane, the leading lady of his company; sometimes with a girl from the chorus. Tony, the headwaiter at the one place, says the girl is Topsy Minn."

"Now we're hot," Devlin grunted. "Give us a match, Inspector. I want fingerprints of those dames—I'll get them tonight, behind stage. And, Benson, I've arranged a job for you as extra night watchman behind scenes—you listen to the chatter."

"I've met Florence Fane casually several times," said Ryder. "She's blonde—a real one."

"She's an actress, aint she? And I'll bet that mascara on her eyes and a black tight-fitting hat would make her brunette-enough-looking. Oh, I'll get her prints. Last night was Sunday and that girl wasn't playing—neither of them were, thanks to our friend, Henry Bartlett."

"I'LL have a chat with both of them," said Ryder. He rose. "First I'll have a talk with Darrow's personal servant, Dervish. Anybody seen him yet?"

"Oh, I had a darling time with Dervish," Devlin reported. "Wait till you meet that bird! But I forgot—you've met him socially. But I was of the police."

"Wasn't he civil?"

"Civil as hell! Yes sir, he'd been Mr. Darrow's man seven years. No sir, he couldn't say as to Mr. Darrow's engagements. Not his place to notice, sir. Hardly in his province, you might say, sir." Devlin's voice was mincing sarcasm. "I told him he needn't *sir* me—I wasn't a knight—and he said, 'You'll excuse me, sir—I'm so accustomed to being with gentlemen, here and on the other side, that you've no idea how difficult it is to adjust oneself.' But for the laugh I got out of him I'd have given him one swift kick in the pants. . . . I didn't know there was anything like him this side of the footlights."

Ryder grinned. "That's where he got most of it. He never was nearer the aristocracy on the other side than on shipboard. He was room-steward on some liner when Darrow took a fancy to him."

"Well, you take him on," Sergeant Devlin advised. "Maybe you can get something besides applesauce out of him. Me, I'm for locking him up till he babbles names and dates."

"I'll see him first off." Ryder started to the door.

"What are we going to give the papers?" Ascher called after him.

"Oh, damn the papers!" Ryder thrust an arm into his coat and struggled vigorously. "Tell them the usual stuff when we're up a tree. We are working on clues—leaving not a stone unturned—"

His irony mocked him as he made his way out of the building and into a taxi. This was his first big piece of work since he had taken office; it meant everything to his career, and everything in the world to him personally—for Phil had been dear to him, and his resentment was hot at the coward who had shot him down. And what had he done about it?

He had withheld information from his colleagues; he had lied flatly; he had smashed every oath of his office. If this thing became known, he was done for.

As it was, he was not sure how well he had thrown those men off the track. They had stayed behind to talk him over. There had been speculation in Devlin's gaze—

Devlin probably thought he wanted to marry the widow who was inheriting Darrow's money—and Ascher's bland face might veil a variety of conjectures.

Ascher was friendly—he had backed up the request to keep the will quiet—but it was a calculating friendliness that would never lead Ascher into jeopardy.

Devlin might like Ryder well enough as a man—but Devlin would like to show him up.

If Ryder was to uncover the criminal he must lose no time, before they began questioning Mrs. Channing. . . . The responsibility he had taken bore heavily on him. . . . But he had done right, he insisted stubbornly to himself. It would have been the most flagrant miscarriage of true justice to have flung that helpless woman into the limelight; branding her forever.

She would undoubtedly be charged with the murder. Probably—barring other suspects—she would be tried. And even if she were freed, she would be made infamous forever—life would have no more meaning for her. It would be a brutal and callous act to hand the woman Phil had loved to that undeserved fate.

And it would only delay the discovery of the real criminal. Tenaciously, in self-justification, he clung to that. Those men he had just left would never have believed her. . . . If only he could keep her under cover till he found something!

He was genuinely worried about his own ability. He had never had to run a criminal down before, but had based his prosecutions on data that had been given him. He had been keen at deductions; he had wrested certainties from nebulous confusions; but here he had nothing yet to study, nothing to deduce from.

It was all to do, and he was to do it.

He had always believed tremendously in the virtues of clear, hard thinking. He would have been a fool, which he was not, if he had not known that his mind had a keen edge. He had always trusted to it, and so far it had always cut through the difficult obstacles.

But he was bitterly afraid that, because of his inexperience, or through some freak of chance, he might overlook something that would be an important clue. He'd just have to work and work, he decided, turning everything over.

And if he failed it was not only himself who would go down to disaster; Virginia Channing, without a scrap of corroborative evidence to shield her, would be flung into pitiless publicity and into jeopardy of her life.

Chapter Four

DARROW'S flat, in the East Forties, was the third story of a made-over building. Darrow had clung to it because of the unusual width of the building and the garden in the rear on which his dining-room windows opened. It was flanked on either side by narrower buildings. The lower floor of one announced itself as the Japan Rose Tea Garden and the other bore on its window in gold:

LOUISE. BIJOUTERIES. TOILETTES. CHAPEAUX.

There was no doorman. In the outer hallway Ryder pressed a button; from long association he was familiar with the loud click that announced the releasing of the door. In the inner hall he had the choice of mounting winding stairs or confiding himself to a cage-like elevator—walled in, as an afterthought on the part of the remodelers, between the stairs and the hall.

The lift mounted slowly with him and at the third story he got out, clanging both doors shut. He rang a bell on the opposite door and heard the bang of chair-legs coming down to the floor. The opening door gave him a view of a policeman's fat, somnolent face with an unlighted cigar in its mouth.

The face creased in smiles. "Afternoon, Chief!"

All higher-ups were "Chief" to the diplomatic Ryan.

"Afternoon, Ryan." Ryder stepped into the hall. "Anything doing?"

"I'll say there is. A dame raising hell to get in. Says she's an actress, but she wouldn't give her name. Says Mr. Darrow had her part or something she was to say; she needs it tonight and she wants to see his papers. I told her nothing doing till you gave the word. She's back every hour to find you."

"Anything else?"

"Telephoning and flowers. The fellow in there takes care of that,"—and Ryan jerked his head toward the rear regions. "Then Mr. Darrow's brother-in-law called in—Mr. Bartlett, he is; and a middle-aged dame, says she's a cousin from Newark, wanted to see the poor body. I sent her to Sills."

"Yes. I know her—a good little soul," said Ryder absently. "What's this young woman like? Young? Pretty?"

"All the trimmings, Chief," said Ryan with a grin.

RYDER knew his way about that flat. He went down the long hall to the kitchen where he found Dervish, a small dark green apron over his creased trousers, polishing the silver. It was the day to shine silver and Dervish was doing it, like a well-conducted person. Ryder had a dryly appreciative feeling that Dervish was not devoid of quiet dramatics.

Dervish was a lean little man with a narrow clean-shaven face, a bulging forehead, a long nose, a retreating chin, an acrimonious voice and a tremendous sense of dignity. The insignificance of his appearance seemed to have enraged a nature sensitive of its worth and so inflamed his pride that sheer invincible character had overcome the mishap of its outer clothing and imposed itself upon the world.

He had an eye that would make a weasel quail and Ryder could gather that even Devlin had not been unpierced by its cold, sharp remoteness.

He rose punctiliously to greet Ryder.

"I see you're carrying on, Dervish."

"Yes sir. But what's to be done with all this now? It's not to be left to the other gentleman's use, I hope, sir?" Dervish asked accusingly.

The other gentleman was an architect who had been sharing the apartment for the past year. Darrow had taken one of his impulsive likings to the man, a liking in which Dervish had no open share.

"No, take care of it for the present," Ryder told him. "It's safe with you. . . . There's a will, of course, and I'm

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executor under it, but it hasn't gone to probate yet."

He reflected, as he spoke, that Darrow had made no provision in that will for his servant and that he had forgotten to remind him. Darrow had always talked of taking care of Dervish in remaking his will but in the passion of the moment it had slipped his heated mind. . . . Well, he could probably get Mrs. Channing to do something about it. There was generous blood in her, he thought.

"Where's Mr. Renfew?" he asked. Renfew was the architect.

"Down at the office with a very bad cold." Dervish spoke without sympathy. "He came in with it unexpectedly yesterday morning from Springfield and was in bed all day. And this morning I brought in his tray with the paper folded beside it. I never glanced at it myself, sir—my first news was when he called me."

Ryder nodded. Under the cold accusation of the little man's eyes he felt like saying, "I should have called you, myself, Dervish," but he did not speak. He reflected, however, that perhaps to none of Darrow's friends had his passing meant more than to this daily servitor. He wondered what emotion there was under Dervish's chill imperviousness.

He asked, "Mr. Renfew here all the evening?"

"Yes sir. In bed—asking for things."

"You were here too, then, I take it."

"Yes sir. It had been my intention to take the evening out—when about noon Mr. Renfew came in and that afternoon Mr. Darrow told me to stay and take care of him."

"Mr. Darrow was not expecting to be home then?"

"He said nothing of his plans, sir. He merely told me in the morning that I could be away and to have some pick-up things in the icebox for a nice dinner."

"When did he change his mind and tell you to stay in?"

"When he came in, sir, late in the afternoon, and found the other gentleman in bed."

EVIDENTLY Darrow had expected to have the flat to himself for dinner and the evening, and Renfew's sudden arrival had made him change his plans.

"Then he told me he'd dine out. He seemed to be upset, I thought."

"Then he went to the phone?"

Dervish's voice grew remote. "He did go to the phone, now you mention it."

"Did you hear what he said?"

"I never overhear, sir."

"Rubbish, Dervish! Everybody overhears, whether he wants to or not. I know how Darrow talks." His inadvertent use of the present tense hit Ryder hard, but he went on, in the same casual voice: "Was there anything said, over the phone, that might tell some listener where he was going?"

"Nothing, sir. He just seemed to be talking in an urgent sort of way. It was all as usual, sir. I paid no attention."

Ryder wondered why Virginia Channing had not told him that at first they had planned to go to Darrow's flat for dinner. If he had said something about a hotel when he telephoned her that might have given some listener the clue to follow. But what listener could have been on the wire?

But she had told him that she had made the engagement with Phil in the afternoon—when he was so angry and unhappy. Well—perhaps the engagement had at first been only tentative in her mind, but Phil's insistence over the telephone had decided her. Certainly it had decided her, or she would never have packed that bag. But perhaps she had not been too sure in her own mind, even then, as she had taken a dress to the cleaners—which she had never delivered—for mental camouflage of her intention with that bag. Still, she had taken the bag. . . . Or, what did that matter—he was not going to sit in judgment on that frantic harried woman! And he knew how appealing Darrow could be, how irresistible in his impetuosity.

But he wished Mrs. Channing had been more detailed about their plans. She had not said that at first she had considered dining at Phil's apartment; she had said she made the engagement over the phone that afternoon. Well—perhaps it was only then that Darrow had clinched the engagement. All his other preparations might have been made on trust. But Ryder wished she had been more explicit.

"Did you know where he was going, Dervish?"

"Naturally not, sir."

"Did you know of the existence of this suite of his at the hotel?"

Dervish seemed to hesitate before he committed himself. "Yes, I did, sir," he said at last. "I was the only one, I may say, who was in his confidence."

"Mr. Renfew didn't know?"

"No sir. Indeed, it was partly on Mr. Renfew's account that he needed a retreat for real work. That and the telephones here and the people after him. I could have taken care of him here, sir, but you know what he was—when he heard a bell ringing he'd take an interest. He had to have a place where no one could get at him."

"You think you were the only one who knew about it?"

Dervish was not so ready this time. "As far as I know, sir."

"Did you know the number of his room? Did you ever go there?"

"Never to the room, sir. I did not know the number. I phoned him at the hotel, occasionally, and sometimes sent important letters down to him by messenger. Once or twice I brought something down myself he had phoned for. I delivered it at the desk. I never had occasion to go up."

"Would the clerk know you again?"

Dervish reflected. "If he had a good memory, sir. I was only there once or twice."

"You're sure no one else knew of it—some old doorman at the theater, perhaps?"

"I should consider the theater the very last place where he would let it be known to people whom he did not wish to see."

"Did you ever hear of his taking any ladies there?"

"Never, sir. Not that I would hear."

"Did he use it often as a place to sleep?"

"Only when he had been working there late—not very frequently. He liked his own place, sir," said the man stubbornly.

"Then he did not tell you that he was going to be there that night?"

"I said not, sir," Dervish reminded him. "He merely finished dressing—he changed to another suit, but not to dinner-clothes—and went out. He said, 'By-by, Dervish—see you in the morning,'—and was gone like that."

DERVISH'S voice altered a little on the last words. Ryder could visualize an image of Phil at the door, cheery and blithe again, now he was sure of his tryst, going so unknowingly to his death.

"Dervish, I want you to think back and tell me every circumstance that comes to your mind of Mr. Darrow's life—his secret life, you understand. People he was involved with—anything at all that may have some bearing on this case."

The man's face took on a curious obstinacy that made it look like a mule's. His small mouth pinched in.

"If you'll excuse me, sir—I never hold with giving away my gentlemen."

"It's not a case of giving him away. It's a case of helping us find the man who killed him! Every clue is important—every conversation—every phone-call. And it isn't a matter of your choice," he added—and Ryder had a way of making his words count. "It's my job to find out, you know—"

"I knew you were something official," said Dervish.

"I am Assistant District Attorney. Of course the office can take you down to Headquarters,"—he saw the mulish obstinacy harden in the man's face,—"but it is much simpler for me to find out directly from you here. I know a good deal, of course. About the girls and the night-clubs."

Dervish picked up a chamois and began his polishing again.

"I daresay, sir, you know a great deal more than myself."

"What telephone-calls did he have?"

RYDER was reflecting that if it was a jealous woman who had followed Darrow, she would have been likely to be telephoning constantly, clinging to the relationship.

"I could hardly say, sir. You see he had a way lately of going to the phone himself, so I didn't hear the voice."

"But it must have rung when he was out? And sometimes you must have answered before he could get to it?"

"Well, sir, there were always ladies—"

"Miss Fane?"

"Oh, not often now, sir; not for a long time. Well,"—Dervish appeared to reflect,—"every once in a while she'd call, several calls together-like, till she got hold of him, but nothing like old times, if you know what I mean."

"Quite. And the others?"

"Just the usual friends, I would say. Of course I knew there was some one in particular—but I paid no special attention, sir. Hardly my province, you might say."

"And there isn't a thing that suggests itself as important?"

Dervish appeared to consider. "Well, now, sir, there was a man's voice—a foreign, common voice it was—calling up and never leaving a name. And only yesterday morning Mr. Darrow was in when the voice called and I heard him flying into one of his rages at the phone. 'Don't try threatening me!' he said, and hung up."

"And you've no idea who this man was?"

"None in the world, sir."

"Nothing out of the usual has happened at the house?"

"No, sir. Nor of the usual, I might say. It's been a long time since he's had one of his parties—you know that for yourself, sir."

Not since he'd fallen in love with Mrs. Channing, Ryder reflected.

A BELL pealed suddenly through the room.

"That might be the young person again," Dervish mentioned, stepping to the hall to press the release.

Ryder followed, and stood listening till he heard Ryan's large tones informing some one that the chief was here now, and she might wait.

But Ryder did not go at once into the front hall. He walked slowly through the dining-room, where he had shared so many jolly meals, and on into Philip's bedroom.

It was neat as the hand of Dervish always kept it, remedying Phil's disorder. There was a magnificent Spanish bed, a deep lounging-chair, an old chest of drawers with silver dressing things outspread. Ryder thought of that other bedroom, in the hotel, with its anonymous furnishings, where he had found the body of his dead friend that morning. . . . The thing seemed still incredible. It was incredible that Phil was never coming back.

The walls were crowded with framed photographs, but only two stood on the dresser. He walked over and picked them up. The big one, in a silver frame, was of a girl in a Spanish costume, a gorgeously beautiful little creature. For a moment he thought it was some actress; then the dark eyes, with their arching brows, and the odd, troubling mouth and the pointed chin took on identity. It was the little Channing girl, dressed for some fête. She looked infinitely older in her shawl and mantilla, yet it was a look of borrowed maturity, a haunting foreshadowing of the years to come.

The other picture was a snapshot vivid with life—three figures lounging on the sands: Darrow, Mrs. Channing, alight with laughter, and the daughter, looking very small and childish again. Quite a family group. Darrow had his arm about the little girl.

He remembered Devlin's jocose sharpness. But there could be nothing in that. He remembered when Phil had first spoken of the Channings. He had said there was a young couple and a child. Channing had been an invalid, he remembered vaguely.

He put down the pictures and went out into the front hall, where Ryan was standing, his broad back to the living-room, his impassive-seeming eyes watching the "young person," as Dervish had named her.

She was a small, black-eyed girl, her red hat pulled low over plucked eyebrows, a red coat with black fur opened over a red frock. The vogue for longer skirts had not affected her daytime appearance; she had a most extensive pair of legs clad in sheerest chiffon—as lovely a pair, Ryder thought, as Ryan had ever been privileged to contemplate.

"Here's Mr. Ryder, the Chief," said Ryan. "Now you can be telling him."

The girl tilted toward Ryder a shrewd, sharp-featured little face, with a vixen's mouth whose red exactly matched her costume. The big black eyes were belligerent for all the smile she flashed him.

"My name is Minn," she said in a sharp, shrill little voice. "I'm Topsy Minn. I'm in Mr. Darrow's play and he has some gags of mine—something he was rewriting in the part. I have to have them at once."

"Suppose we come in here." Ryder led the way into the darkness of the long drawing-room, where Dervish had decorously drawn the curtains. He clicked on the lights.

"They are in that desk," said Miss Minn with a sharp toss of her head toward the big *armoire* standing between two windows veiled now in velvet hangings. Apparently she was acquainted with the place.

"Now you tell me exactly what I am to look for?"

She gave him a shrewd look. She was laboring under a good deal of excitement and it was evident she was telling herself she needed her wits about her. But she burst out impulsively: "You don't look like a policeman—you look like you could understand. I don't want to be mixed up with this case. I want to get my letters."

"I thought you said it was your part."

"Applesauce for the dumb-bell there!" She jerked her expressive little head toward the hall. "I thought it might work. But you're a gentleman, Mr. Ryder. You don't want to see a girl's name dragged into a case like this when she had no more to do with it than—than Queen Marie."

"Tell me how you are likely to be dragged into it"

HER eyes, dark and distrustful, consulted him doubtfully.

"Well, it was like this. I used to be friendly, in a perfectly nice way, with Mr Darrow. Nothing intimate, you understand?"

She waited till Ryder gave his nod of understanding to that special stressing.

"He used to take me out and he promised to fix me up with a part—I'm in the chorus. He certainly promised a lot, and I'd never had no breaks at all, not so you'd notice it, and I certainly counted on him. The second soubrette was leaving and he said he'd get me the job—but, say, did he remember? I'll say he did—*not!*"

Vindictive emphasis shrilled through her. "When it happened, he was off with some of his society janes and I was just where I was before—leading the line. And I'd learned her part and worked up a dance and he hadn't said nothing to nobody about me! After he said he was going to fix it! And I was mad. Well, I had a damn' good right to be."

Ryder said sincerely that he thought she had.

"An' I called him, good! I wrote him a letter—maybe I didn't have the right to put all the things I did in that letter but I was mad, you understand—gee, I hit the ceiling! It was an awful mean letter. I told him I could cut his heart out and there'd be nothing but dirt in it. I told him I'd pay him back sure—and maybe the time would come sooner than he thought, for I knew a thing or two."

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"And what did he do?"

"Oh, say, he laughed and told me he was going to frame it for a real mash note. He had me laughing before he was done—you know how he could kid you out of your boots. Told me he'd fix me up yet. Oh, I wasn't mad long."

"When was this?"

"A month ago—six weeks, I guess. I wrote him it on a Friday. Well, I never thought about it no more—I was pretty busy with some things myself—then when this busted open I went crazy, thinking the flatfeet might rake it up. So I want it back."

"You're sure he kept it?"

"Yeah, he kidded me about it only a few days ago—said it was burning up his desk with its passion. I know he's got it. Won't you let me look?"

"You think it might make you suspected?"

She stood biting her scarlet mouth. She gave him another distrustful glance. "Well, they wouldn't take me for his best friend."

"But no one would think you got so mad over losing a part that you followed him to a hotel and shot him, would they?" said Ryder definitely.

Her laugh was shaky. "Not over a part—no, but this letter don't say nothing about a part—it just calls him for throwing me down. I didn't put in the particulars. It might mean anything—see?"

"And where were you last night?"

"Nobody's business," she flamed.

"That wouldn't sound well at Headquarters."

"Well, I was with friends. I was with a particular friend," she said sullenly. "We went to a speak-easy—the Jigsaw, if you got to know—at nine-thirty and stayed there till one. Then I went home to the girls I room with."

"Names and address?" Ryder's notebook was ready.

SHE gave the names of the girls, and the hotel, a theatrical one in the West Forties.

"Who was the man with you?"

"My husband," said Miss Minn. "I got married three weeks ago but we're keeping it dark because if his dancing-partner finds out she'll crab his act. She's just nuts over him. He's in vodvil. As soon as their time runs out he's going to team up with me, but we have to keep it dark now, see? Account o' her jealousy. She wouldn't feed him his lines. She's terrible. . . . And now you see why I gotta get that letter back. If it ever got into print that boy would raise hell. You know what it looks like—like Darrow had throwed me down and I was squawking. I just gotta get it—"

"Who is your husband?"

"Raymond LaSalle," she said proudly. "LaSalle and Lester is the act at the Regal now. But we're to team up as soon as his contract's over."

"And LaSalle was with you last night?"

"Sure."

"Till one o'clock?"

"I don't see what one o'clock's got to do with it." She looked sulkily defiant. "If you want to know he came home with me—we girls got two rooms. Aint he got a right to?"

"But you said you were keeping it dark—"

"Well, we got to trust somebody," said Miss Minn practically. "I'd do as much for them."

She added: "You can check up on all of us if that's what's eating you. We got nothing to do with your business. And I want to keep out of it. I want that letter back before it busts up my life—"

An honest worry sharpened her little face. Or Ryder thought it did.

He told himself that so far his part had been a passive one for beseeching ladies to work upon. First Virginia Channing, then Topsy Minn. He went to the desk, broke the seal, opened it and looked within. Phil's usual confusion: Bills—letters—invitations—telegrams. . . .

"Mine was green." Topsy Minn was standing close beside him, her nose sharp as a pointer dog's. "That's it, behind there."

Ryder drew it farther away from her, to read. . . .

She had certainly said her mind. It was a shrill scream of anger and vituperation, venomous as a snake; it bristled with dark threats.

CAREFULLY Ryder put the large green sheets back into the envelope. "I have no power to return this," he was beginning—when eighty-five pounds of Topsy Minn hurled themselves upon him and small, wild hands made their desperate clutch.

He staggered, struggled. It was like shaking off a tiger-cat. She clung, grabbed, clawed.

His left hand was occupied with the letter, but his right took the young lady by the throat and straightening his hand he held her off in a sharply constricting clutch.

She collapsed, her hands at her throat, looking at him with the furious, raging eyes of a thwarted child.

"It was mine!" she gasped.

"It was Darrow's—and it's evidence." Ryder put it in an inner pocket, his eyes still wary. "You deserve to have me turn it over to the papers tonight."

"It would be a dirty trick. I'm innocent—and you'd get my husband all steamed up for nothing."

"Was he jealous of Darrow?"

She gave a gamin-like grin. "Say, he's jealous of every egg I eat! . . . Did I scratch your hand, Mr. Ryder? It's bleeding. . . . I'm sorry—but you know how it is when you're in trouble."

"Look here," said Stephen Ryder reasonably. "I can't give this back—it belongs to the case. But I don't want to make you trouble; I can hold it up a little while, hoping some real clue will break so we won't have to use this. . . . Now what do you know that will help us? What was this thing you were telling Darrow you had on him?"

"Oh, mostly hooey. I didn't know as much as I made out. But Florence Fane's been getting money out of him right along—she showed us an emerald he gave her for her lovely work in the show. I bet it was—not! The funny part is he aint crazy about her. I can tell."

"How does she feel about him?"

"Ask me another," said the girl jeeringly.

"I'm asking you this one. Was she in love with him?"

"She's in love with Florence Fane—but at that she might have been serious about Darrow. She was jealous, anyway," said Topsy Minn with her gamin grin.

"Jealous enough to shoot?"

"Not that baby! She aint mixing in no hotel murder! Poisoned candy's more her style."

"Who do you think did it?"

"How should I know? A boy like that is bound to get into trouble. The women were wild about him—not myself, you understand," said Miss Minn carefully. "He got a hot one this time, that's all. You find that girl," said the chorus-lady viciously, "and leave me and my letter alone. I wish I'd never told you about it. Only I thought you'd run onto it."

"So I would, within the hour. Now I must go through the others if you will excuse me. Don't be alarmed if some one comes around tonight at the theater for your fingerprints. They are checking up on every woman that Darrow knew well. I'll keep your letter out of the papers for a while, but it's up to you to find some clue that will keep it out forever."

She gave him a long look under her beaded lashes.

"Well," she said a little comically, "I wish you was one of these susceptible big boys that would give the little girl her letter, but since there's nothing I can do for you—"

With which obliqueness she nodded farewell and her silken legs took her airily to the door.

As a detective, Ryder reflected, he was a good confidant! Two women now had thrust their secrets upon him. All he seemed to learn was who was innocent.

But he was not sure about this Topsy Minn. Swiftly he went to the phone and asked Headquarters to set a watch upon one Raymond LaSalle now at the Palace and find out as much as possible about him.

If Topsy was lying—if she had not been with her husband and he suspected her of following Darrow—if her husband also had somehow followed Darrow to the hotel and, not seeing the identity of the woman with him, had shot him down—

On second thoughts Ryder went again to the phone and had Miss Minn also shadowed. The soubrette story might be all a lie and some brief affair might have flourished between Darrow and Topsy. Not very good hearing for Virginia Channing. But she must have known of what volatile forces Phil was made—or hadn't she?

He hated looking through his dead friend's letters, but it had to be done, and he did it in the quickest possible time. There was nothing to detain interest. The letter in green had been the only vital thing in the desk.

There was nothing from Mrs. Channing but a note asking him to dinner some weeks back. That Ryder destroyed. There were two from Florence Fane, one saying curtly she must see him soon, the other apologizing for having asked him for something—unspecified—again so soon, but declaring it was really necessary, as she'd explain when she saw him.

HE hoped for better luck from Miss Fane herself.

He did not telephone for an appointment. Preparedness on her part would be a handicap. He planned to be at her

apartment at the early dinner hour which her theater-work necessitated.

Sealing the desk again, he left Ryan to guardianship of the place, which he meant to examine more thoroughly the next day, and, after a word of farewell to Dervish, went down to the street.

He turned into the Japan Rose Tea Garden for a hasty sandwich, suddenly realizing his tea with Mrs. Channing had been a meager luncheon, and there the proprietress, with whom he had often chatted at meals with Darrow, waited on him herself.

She was bright-eyed with curiosity. Her bosom heaved with emotion.

"My, we never thought when we saw Mr. Darrow last night—he was on his way, then, waiting for a taxi. He smiled at me and waved his hand. Who'd a' thought he was on his way to—"

"One is always on his way to something," said Ryder.

The proprietress misunderstood. "I hope not, always," she said a little primly, and then: "Whatever can be said against him there was no kinder-hearted gentleman—when my sister was sick and we were having a struggle here, saying not a word to anyone, he seemed to know of himself and insisted on our taking a loan—and you know there never was a word out of the way between us. My, my, who'd 'a' thought— Yes, I'll tell that girl to hurry with your sandwich."

Again at his side, she resumed: "I remember I was surprised at his going out, for his man had been in that afternoon for some sandwiches and chicken-salad and ices for dinner. Then I said to my sister, 'They must have been for the other gentleman,' for I'd seen him coming home with his bags. I meant to ask the man about it, when I saw him that evening, but he never stopped."

"When did you see the man in the evening?" Ryder inquired.

"Oh, sometime after Mr. Darrow went out—it was when I was waiting on a couple at the window table. I looked out and saw Mr. Dervish walking along, and I thought: 'There can't be any company, for he isn't serving—but perhaps he doesn't serve the other gentleman.' I know he has given me the impression that he is not very much pleased at having him there."

RYDER'S voice was casual. "What time would you say that was?"

"Perhaps about eight-thirty—it was after the rush. Yes, it must have been about eight-thirty—I remember I was clearing the cigarette-ashes and coffee-cups from the other tables between seeing to the couples at this one. . . . Sometime after eight."

"You are quite sure it was Dervish you saw?"

She looked surprised.

"Oh, yes indeed. Not that he spoke to me—he never looked up, but walked very fast—but I saw him, plainly. What makes you ask?"

"Only that Darrow made a point of Dervish's staying in last evening when Mr. Renfew had a cold," said Ryder easily. "The man seems a perfect servant, but I fancy he did as he pleased when Darrow was away."

"That's human nature, Mr. Ryder. You've no idea the worry I have with the girls here, girls you think would know better—who pretend they want to learn the business. Why, only last week—"

"Did you happen to notice the time Dervish got back?"

"I didn't see him come back. I wouldn't of—for sister and I had dinner at a back table. I'm sure he seems a very reliable man, honest in what he buys, if you know what I mean—"

"He's a good chap, but independent. Did you see anything of Mr. Renfew?"

"Not last evening; but he stopped in on his way out this morning for some cigarettes. He said the police were up there, talking to the man. Think of the police at Mr. Darrow's! . . . He said they had no idea till they read the paper. . . . He was terribly upset."

So Dervish had been out—and he had said he'd been in the flat all evening!

QUICKLY Ryder turned back into the building. Dervish was still at his polishing and the sight of that lean, energetic little body and bent head affected Ryder curiously. The man inspired both trust and distrust.

"Dervish," he began abruptly, "why did you tell me you had been in all evening when you were seen on the street?"

The face that Dervish turned to him was like a ship with battened hatches—not a sign of life stirred.

"Seen? On the street?" he repeated mechanically.

"You certainly were. Right on this block."

The man's frozen features relaxed. "I beg your pardon, sir, I could not imagine what you meant. Certainly I went out to post a letter—but I should hardly call that going out, sir."

"What time was that?"

Dervish reflected. "I couldn't say exactly, sir. Sometime after I had cleared away Mr. Renfew's supper-tray. He seemed to be sleeping, so I stepped out with the post."

"And you came right back?"

"I was in the house by nine-fifteen, sir. The telephone rang then and I answered it and Mr. Renfew called out to know who it was. He was expecting a business message of importance, he said. . . . I noted the time, for I always put that on the notes I leave for Mr. Darrow."

"Who was it?"

"Mr. Bartlett, calling up to ask for Mr. Darrow. He wanted Mr. Darrow to call him at his house if he got in before midnight."

"Did you say he was away for the night?"

"I said I hardly expected him before midnight, but I would give him the message if he returned. Mr. Bartlett said that it was important. But I don't hold with explaining a gentleman's absences, sir, to his friends."

"I'm glad to get that straightened out," said Ryder. "I dislike puzzles. You ought to have mentioned it before."

"Yes, sir," said Dervish resentfully.

Ryder went out to the street again. This was something to think about—something or nothing. The man was back at nine-fifteen. He could check that through Bartlett.

All that he could suspect about Dervish was that the man knew more than he told. Habitual caution, perhaps.

He had a sudden impulse to telephone

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Virginia Channing and tell her he had a possible clue in LaSalle, but decided against it. That speculative look in Devlin's eyes— They might be having her wire tapped. . . . Devlin would like to get something on him.

Five o'clock. He'd see if Bartlett was at his office. He searched the telephone-book. Bartlett had a business of his own —in addition to that of minding other people's—something in bonds and investments. The Colony States Realty and Investment Company, with offices in Wall Street.

But Bartlett had left for home. Good, Ryder reflected—that was nearer. In the East Sixties. As rapidly as his taxi could dodge the obstructions he made his way there.

He had never seen Bartlett's house before and he acknowledged its suitability to himself as he was being shown in—a solid old-fashioned brown stone, with carpeted halls and heavy dark paneling.

Word came back that Mr. Bartlett was in and would see Mr. Ryder immediately, so Ryder followed the maid—a settled, housekeeperish-looking person—up the stairs and along the hall to a large room across the front of the house.

It was not the first time the two men had met. Stephen Ryder was familiar with Bartlett's large dominating presence, his authoritative New England voice. But now he studied the man with new interest.

He saw a very solid-looking citizen, a somewhat fleshy man whom he knew was somewhere in the fifties, with silver-gray hair topping a ruddy face. The bulk and the ruddiness gave a certain air of geniality that the coldness of the eyes and the tightness of the mouth belied. He looked self-esteemed and uncompromising; a man sure of himself and his self-righteousness. . . . He had heard Phil on the subject of his brother-in-law uncounted times.

"You know what brings me here, Mr. Bartlett," said Stephen Ryder abruptly. He disliked discussing Phil's death with this man who had been so antagonistic to him. "You were one of the last persons to see Phil alive. Have you any idea what enemies he had?"

Henry Bartlett gave his visitor a slow look, while gesturing him to a chair. "I was not in my brother-in-law's confidence," he said dryly.

"I know that relations between you were not wholly amicable."

"My attitude to Philip," said Bartlett, "was always friendly. I am sure I possessed his entire respect—if not his confidence. But I was obliged to oppose several of his mad desires—if that is what you mean, Mr. Ryder."

"I mean that you opposed his desire for a divorce," said Ryder specifically, "to such an extent that you threatened to sue him for bigamy if he obtained one, and remarried." His gorge always rose at Bartlett's pompous statements.

"I certainly opposed his desire to divorce my sister," said the other man. "Marriage is a sacrament, Mr. Ryder."

"Philip could hardly feel his marriage was a marriage at all. A wife who unfortunately has been in a sanatorium for ten years—who was unable to recognize him—"

The irises in Bartlett's eyes contracted and the gray about them seemed to expand and sparkle.

"Philip having driven my sister to a sanatorium," he stated, "I hardly felt it was his duty to abandon her!"

"My understanding was that his wife lost her mind after childbirth—the birth of a dead child, fortunately—and that Philip then discovered that her aunt and her grandmother had met the same fate."

As he spoke Ryder was furious at himself for engaging in this controversy, but his loyalty to Philip, and his hatred of misstatement and injustice, had got the better of his sense of discretion for the moment.

Bartlett looked grimly at him. "I do not find it necessary, Mr. Ryder, to maintain the integrity of my family against these accusations. I did find it necessary to maintain the integrity of the marriage-bond against a man who met his death in a hotel with a woman from the streets. I do not see, however, of what interest this can be to you now."

"It is of no interest, Mr. Bartlett. Our understanding of the situation and our sympathies are naturally opposed . . . But our interest in discovering Phil's murderer must be identical. So I came to you for whatever information you could give to aid the search."

Bartlett, also, seemed to find it desirable to rein in his animosities. He considered quietly for a moment. Then he shook his head.

"I am so totally unacquainted with the details of my brother-in-law's life that I can offer no suggestion," he said.

"Am I correct in saying you telephoned his flat last evening?"

"At a little after nine o'clock. I had had a discussion with him that day, and I wished to talk the matter over when he had had a chance to reflect. I was here, at home," he added, "and I left word for him to call me if he returned before midnight. I waited till midnight for that call."

"Who answered your telephone at his flat?"

"His man. Dervish, I think the name is."

"And this was at nine—or after? How do you fix the time?"

"I can tell you that. I had been out to mail a letter and on my return to this room I looked at my watch to make sure I had been in time for the nine-o'clock collection. It was nine-fifteen. Then I telephoned to Philip."

"He never gave you any intimation that he had any enemies—any one threatening him?"

"He gave me no confidences of any kind. But I can tell you, Mr. Ryder," said Bartlett steadily, "that I know the cause of Philip Darrow's death."

A man lives prosperously and, apparently, securely; he is a good fellow, with a host of friends. Then—he is killed; and how many of his "friends" might have killed him! This remarkable mystery novel follows the patterns of life itself in the startling installment which follows.

THE HAND OF FEAR

(Continued from page 69)

was already a veteran of the air. He had flown air-mail, stunted for the movies, barnstormed the county fairs, done sky-writing. Now, no longer in love with adventure, he felt himself destined to design better engines and had taken the job of managing the rudimentary airport so that he might work out his notions.

"He's an M-I-T man. You wouldn't guess it from his English." Ann's voice was edged with some impalpable bitterness. "Bill does what he wants. He's in command. And good old Ann, who isn't in command, throws herself at the head of an amiable stew."

"Would you prefer to hurl yourself at the red-head?"

"What's the use?" She gave him a glimpse of weary eyes. "I'll end by marrying Bunny. It's safe—God, how safe it is! And I can take the edge off with gin."

The field was on the far point of land across the wide harbor from Deborah's house. Ann pointed out a small black amphibian drawn up before a row of sheds, Bill Comstock's salvage from the movies. Beyond the sheds was the field itself. Just now the dozen mechanics who composed its staff were gathered round an antique biplane with a crumpled wing.

"Somebody crashed," Ann cried.

They hurried forward. Profanity in familiar accents radiated from the group: Bill Comstock was addressing some one called Jake. "When you're landing, keep your mind on the job and off that blonde at the lunch counter," he added. "Telephone-booths are one thing and landing a crate's something else. Get the hell out of here and take my crate up and come down right. And listen, just play you're a married man."

Jake dived through the group, evidently assisted by Bill's foot, and loped across to the amphibian, which shortly taxied out on the field, roared for a few minutes, and then rose gracefully into the air.

"Anybody hurt, Bill?" Ann asked.

Bill led them toward the long shed that housed his workshop. "He was prob'ly thinking of that blonde. He knows when to let his tail down, usually. Naw, he didn't get hurt. He got a break. I sent him back up to keep his nerve."

Several engines in various stages of dismantlement were mounted on blocks. There was an air of leisured, efficient work. Bill absently confiscated the cigarette that Ann was lighting, pointed to a "No Smoking" sign, and just as absently held a match to a reeking pipe. Quite automatically he began to make adjustments on a dismantled carburetor.

"You got the breaks too, Skinny. Or you'd be shark-bait now, ten miles out to sea." His grin subsided. "Listen, Ann, how afraid were you to make that swim?"

"What's the difference? I wanted to, and I did it. Anything to say about it?"

Their eyes interlocked, his impersonal, hers defiant. Hers fell first. "Will you take me up when Jake brings back your plane?" she asked.

"I said no."

"Don't be a fool, Bill."

"Hold out your hand." Not understanding, she stretched out one arm. He took a small beaker of water from the bench and rested it flat on her palm. It shook and in a few seconds spilled over.

He took the beaker again. "That's it," he grunted.

She flushed. "I'll take the chance."

"Yeh, that's you, Skinny—generous—and how game! You'll run any chance, too. Well, I'd hate to muss your wind-blown bob with a pipe-wrench when you got upstairs and decided to take an express to the basement. No ride today."

The scene was somehow important—somehow vital in Philip's mind. He saw Ann nod assent, slow color darkening her temples, and walk to the far door of the shed, her head bent. She stood there against the brilliant light, miraculously submitting to refusal. . . . Bill, also ominously quiet, kept his gaze on her. The shed was silent. The drone of the amphibian's engine sifted in from a great distance, and metallic hammerings outside emphasized the stillness.

"Ann," Bill said, "you're ready to fly."

The direct light unkindly showed her face. "I know it," she said. "But I probably never will."

"Tomorrow afternoon I'll take you up and give you the stick."

PHILIP saw the rouge stand out on her cheeks, saw her lean back against the door-jamb, then stand straight again, still staring at the relentless young man in gray overalls. Was she scared? She looked all but paralyzed.

"Think it over, Skinny," Bill said.

He returned to the carburetor, calibrating a screw with deft movements. Ann watched him for a while, then slowly turned and walked through the door. Sunlight struck sparks of copper from her hair.

Bill continued his minute measurements of the carburetor—an imperturbable, competent and wholly assured young man. He looked up.

"Ann's jake?" he said.

The question, Philip understood, was a test. He nodded. "Oh, very jake."

Bill grunted and went on precisely measuring interior dimensions. A thin curved plate of metal had now to be lifted out with forceps. Bill squinted at it across the points of a gauge. "I was out West awhile," he remarked quietly. "Horses. Ever see one get a foot caught in the stirrup of its own saddle?"

Philip nodded. The mechanic had described Ann.

Bill probed experimentally with the calipers. "You sit on her head if you get the chance, till she gets it loose herself. But you don't use a club." He laid the calipers aside and twisted a pipe between his hands. A strap of muscle stood out on his forearm. "You might put some bath-salts in a pail of water and drown this Bunny before he gets his eyes open."

Philip grinned. "I might inquire what *your* intentions are."

Bill stood up and rubbed his hands on his shirt. "At that, she's a good kid. Too good steel for that hunk of Babbitt metal. Good hot day'd melt Bunny and turn in an alarm. Yeh, Skinny's oke. . . . Oh, me? I'm makin' an engine."

"I see."

"Maybe you see that Ann's got to fly, then?" The young man's eyes were stern and urgent. "It's Skinny's chance, see, Cousin Philip? Maybe you think she's proud of herself, knowing what she knows? Maybe you got an idea she's fond of living with herself?" His knuckles, on the edge of the bench, whitened. "With her it's fly or be damned. She's got to think better of Ann Henneage, see?" He paused. "I may have to stage a crash. It's worth it."

ANN'S shadow preceded her through the door. "I'll be over tomorrow, Bill," she announced quietly.

"That's oke with me."

He went on dismembering the carburetor. Ann leaned against a window-sill, watching him. The amphibian landed on the field outside, to an accompaniment of shouted jeers. The barred shadow of a window stretched longer rectangles across the floor.

"That's oke, then. See you tomorrow," Ann said at last.

But on the way homeward she was not so calm. Philip sensed her eyes on him. Finally she said, half-impatient, half-apprehensive: "Bill knows about me. That's more than anyone else does. How do you suppose he guessed about the Reach?"

"Tell me," Philip suggested, "about the Reach."

"I told you," she said morosely. "I woke up and saw it racing. I'd seen it before often enough. Only this time all I could think of was, 'I'm afraid to swim it.' So I swam it."

He let the car slow down. "Have you perhaps waked up, ever, and found yourself thinking, 'I'm afraid to marry Bunny Hare'?"

"It isn't that," she said, out of her new submissiveness. Then sudden anger restored her to arrogance. "Did some one appoint you to supervise me, Phil? Is it your concern when I marry anyone?"

"Not at all," he said coldly, forbearance at last slipping from him. "If you have a taste for mediocrity, by all means indulge it." He looked at her, aloofly, from the width of the car. "I don't pretend to understand what's happened to you, Ann. I do know that if you marry that jovial defective, it's the end of you."

"Do you suppose I would if—" The words were forced between tight lips, passionately. She faltered and laid her cheek against his hand. "Oh, Phil! Growing up is such a rotten joke—such rotten bad taste. Why couldn't I stay fifteen? You liked me then. I didn't have to swim the Reach."

"Nor day-dream of marrying Bunny Hare."

"Bunny's all right," she said somberly. "Meanness of any kind is just as foreign to him as intelligence." Her solemnity deepened. "And don't you ever forget I killed his brother."

Philip's hand made a furious gesture, but she went on. "But don't forget, either, I said I'd try to fly. If—" she finished miserably, "—if I find the nerve." She turned away.

. . .

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Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer?"

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It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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Why don't you write?

A phonograph was emitting jazz when they reached the house. Out of nowhere Bunny had produced a number of like-minded young people who were dancing on the veranda. This was a diversion which Bunny fully understood; this was the life that was reasonable and right. There was glamour in embracing a chiffon waist to the sweetness of muted trombones. He gave the blending of a cocktail the skill that Ann brought to a backhand drive. He danced with the precision of Bill Comstock calibrating a carburetor.

Ann's eyes shone. It was possible to lose herself in action, to stay her bewilderment with the movement of muscles. Bunny dropped a cocktail shaker and swept her into an intricate dance. They moved with a skilled consonance, weaving a pattern that earned Philip's reluctant admiration.

"Ann's got a new act," Bunny announced when the record was allowed to run out. "She's never taken up the air in a serious way, but she's looking into it."

Ann went out to come back dressed in a handful of chiffon that clung to her eagerly. The stimulant of gayety had given her radiance. Philip, observing the transformation, could not despise the means. Bunny too was a worker of marvels in his way. Out of laughter and gin and uneasy music he could create forgetfulness, assurance; Ann's smile was unalloyed. Well—let her find healing where she could; tomorrow she would be in the air. Maybe this nonsense would help.

Deborah came out from the far recesses of her house. "Has Youth gone?" she inquired. She summoned a maid to restore the veranda.

"Comstock undertakes to teach her to fly," Phil said abruptly.

"Oh!" And Deborah smiled. "Having shown her resourcefulness with an automobile!"

Why did women hate one another so?

"Phil," she said, interpreting his expression, "must every woman make a fool of you?"

Restlessness was on him. Deborah's notion of a correct evening had to do with Russian Bank, conversation of an objective sort, and an appropriate blending of shadows and candlelight. He conceded the effectiveness of the living-room, but it could not crowd out his resentment of Deborah's malice nor his anxiety about Ann. The child must not surrender to the narcotic peace of marriage with Bunny Hare. . . .

Deborah took the fourth successive game and stood up from the table. "Go prowl in the shrubbery and see visions, Phil," she said. "I couldn't let Russian Bank jeopardize your imaginary Ann."

She went away and presently, from the lawn, he saw the light of her bedroom. He trusted that her dreams would be properly contemptuous and cold. . . . But Ann must not marry Bunny Hare, must not cover herself with leaves against the sun.

HIS watch marked two o'clock. There was some necessity of seeing Ann delivered safely from tonight. . . . Then lights flooded the drive and Bunny's coupé was halted at the steps. Philip crossed into the beam of the headlights and Ann called him.

"I need help," she said. There was the sound of shaking and a protest from Bunny. "Oh, be a hero, Bunny; be a superman! You've held out this long—you can get to bed."

Philip stepped on the running-board, and Ann pushed the stupefied young man into his grasp. The movement broke in on Bunny's sleep. He roused himself, recognized Philip, and crawled from behind the wheel, to teeter precariously on the steps. "Here comes the bride!" he bawled. "Good old Ann. You know Ann, Cousin Philip?"

"Go to bed," Ann said. "You can last till you get upstairs."

"Kiss the bride," Bunny insisted. "Good old custom, Ann."

Philip turned to her. "Kiss him," he directed. "I'll carry him up."

"Thanks. I have kissed him." She got out the far door and stood in darkness on the strip of grass.

Bunny went suddenly limp.

"Out cold," Philip said. "Switch on the light."

BUNNY was a heavy burden, but he staggered up the stairs with him and groped into a dark room. A reek of gin rose from Bunny's face as Philip eased him to the bed. He thought he had been quite noiseless, but Deborah came to her door.

"It's the Maytime of life," she remarked. "Youth's mating-season. Strew his path with lilacs, Phil, and young rosebuds."

Ann was still standing on the lawn, a blur in darkness when he got back. He took her by the shoulder; there was no reason to hold himself in. He led her away from the house. "How lit are you?" he demanded.

"Pretty much. How lit do you have to be to marry Bunny?"

Her hair carried a faint aroma of gin, reminding him too vigorously of Bunny. "Have you married him?"

"Not yet; only said I would. Life simply burst into flower for him and he wanted to drive to Lysington. There's a justice there who considerately waives the three-day notice. The better people always end their parties by marrying one another there. I thought Bunny probably couldn't stand up. Or he'd get 'I will' all cluttered up with, 'One more all around.' So I persuaded him to wait till tomorrow."

What he wanted to do was to shake her out of breath instead of walking quietly beside her. The lawn gave way to sand and the blur of the dock lay against darker water.

Suddenly her hands were on his arm. "I killed his brother, Phil," she was pleading. "What can I do? He wants to marry me. Actually, Phil, I'm desirable in his eyes. *Me!*"

"He wants presentability and skill and competence. He wants to belong to the human race. Will you try conferring all that on him?"

"You don't understand. But some one has decided that I'm acceptable, that I belong, that I'm whole. Somebody thinks I'm in command. And that person is Bunny. The brother of the man I killed—"

Her voice had grown tremulous. He had not thought Ann capable of tears.

"Ann!" he said sharply. She quieted, the dimness of her face near his. "Can you try to tell the truth?"

"How do I know? I could tell Bunny I'd marry him."

"Yes." He was holding her shoulders again. "I want to know what that had to do with flying."

"Oh!" Darkness insulated them, so quiet that the tide against the dock sounded thunderous. After a while she said, "Strike a match, Phil," her voice small. "Or—you've got a lighter."

ITS flame flared up, a wan circle revealing Ann's haggard face. "Here, for instance. It's pretty, isn't it?" She caught at the chiffon on one shoulder and ripped it away. The flare showed her hand pulling at the bodice, shadows writhing on her skin. One finger pointed to a lurid scar that rose from the bandeau above one breast, curved toward her throat, and made a semicircle downward to be lost under silk again on the other side.

"I got that," she said, on the far side of tears. "Lowes got killed. I had a scar—and other scars nobody understands. Oh, don't think that Bunny gets the grand prize in this match. It's a rotten bad break for him—but he wants it." Her face went hard. "Why shouldn't I give him what he wants?"

"Never mind Bunny. Tell me about those scars."

She took the lighter and for a moment played its flare across the torn frock, across the curving scar. Then she snapped it out. "You saw me swim the Reach. You asked me to drive your car."

"Yes?"

"Oh, Phil!" Her hands groped for his and she laid her head against his shoulder. "You were so very decent to me once. You didn't expect I was going to crock up, did you? What did Bill call Bunny? Flawed steel. That's me all along. Put a strain on it and it crumbles."

He sat on the dock and pulled her down beside him. "Go on, Ann," he said gently.

"Don't you see how everything terrifies me? If I touch the wheel of a car, things go black and I'm nauseated. Bill calls it air-sickness when I go up. It's not—it's a yellow streak. Everything's that way, horses out West—everything that reminds me I was once in command Call it nerves if you like—the truth is it's a yellow streak, soft steel that couldn't stand a strain."

Her wet cheek pressed against his. "Go on," he said.

"You're white, Phil. . . . That's all; you see I *have* to do things. I get a notion that there's something new I'm afraid of, and I can't stand that. So I go and try—sometimes. And I do it—sometimes. Like the Reach. Only, it doesn't make any difference."

The wind shifted, coming on from the open sea. Her hair blew across his face. This was more than he had hoped for—the barrier down at last. Ann honest before the eyes of an elder cousin. "Go on," he said.

"Nothing, Phil. Everything is supposed to make me respect myself once more. Nothing does. I'm sunk."

"I suppose," he experimented, "there's no point in reminding you that no one is to blame for an accident, or that if some one is, there's no sense in blaming him

after it's done. Lowes is dead—you're alive. You're not stupid, Ann."

"I know that page by heart," she said bitterly.

Dawn was traveling westward unseen. A foretaste of it came on the freshing inshore breeze. He resolved to risk everything.

"Are you marrying Bunny because you killed his brother or because you're afraid to face the world on your own?"

"Oh!" It was an exclamation of dismay. She moved farther into darkness, a blurred outline, silent, staring out to sea. His pulses were unsteady—it was the last, the ultimate effort to make her face her real self.

She was silent while the tide moved higher; then said out of darkness: "I've been lying to myself. I suppose it was more comfortable to believe that I owed him for murdering Lowes. Oh, a nice, upholstered lie! I'd be padded against unpleasantness. With Bunny, there'd be no strain on my self-respect. . . Oh, Phil!"

He could see the white blur of her face, motionless. At last she stood up. He rose and took her arm. "Marriage intention revoked," she said bleakly. "It's hard on Bunny—he's fond of me!"

Then suddenly she put both hands to her eyes and leaned against him, shuddering.

"I'm scared of the air, Phil—I'm horribly afraid."

"Who isn't?"

He was at ease. In this dark confessional a decision had been wrought, a turn had been taken. There was no anxiety about the rest. . . . They walked toward the house. At the steps she stopped and threw her arms round him, pulling his head down till she could kiss him.

"There, Phil. I don't say thanks." She ran into the house. He followed slowly, half-resolved to waken Deborah and rejoice over her.

ANN did not appear in the morning. Deborah was ironical, and toward noon Bunny came down and revived himself with three fingers of gin. Ann came at last, thin and harassed, her cheeks colorless. She brooded over successive cups of coffee, but she had donned boots and riding-breeches, and Philip was content.

Abruptly, she waved away another cup of coffee and strode out of the room, across the veranda, to where Bunny was baking himself in the sun. Deborah's gaze followed her inquiringly, but Phil stepped in between. Half an hour later from Deborah's studio, he saw them still together on the dock, Ann looking out to sea, Bunny obviously pleading. A car came up the drive and made tracks on the grass, Bill Comstock's voice summoning Ann. She ran to him. The car drove away. Bunny stood on the dock, minutely interested in the water.

Then Phil was at the house again and Bunny was making noises in his room upstairs. He came back dressed in tweeds and rummaged the butler's pantry for the immediate necessity of gin.

"I'll be moving on," he said unemotionally. "It seems I had the vocabulary mixed last night. Sorry. I get words all wrong. They ought to have taught me to read."

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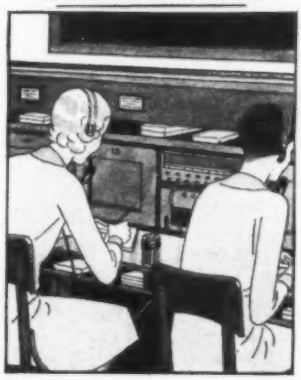

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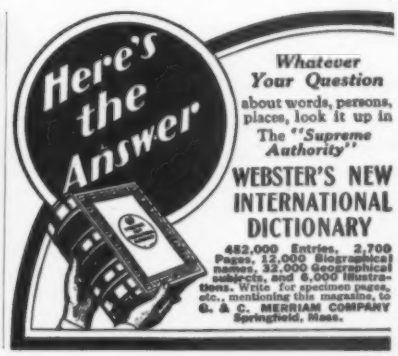

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He drank gin very earnestly for a while, a slow flush dyeing his face. Then, well fortified, he went out to take his coupé from the garage. He had neglected to repair the night's damage to it and now had to suffer the embarrassment of delaying his departure while he made necessary repairs.

Philip tried to still a mounting excitement by a plunge in the Reach. He could not see a plane. A drapery of sea-mist shut off the airport, and they would have flown inland anyway. Nevertheless, his eyes were restlessly peering at the mist and his ears straining for the sound of an exhaust.

Bunny finished his work. He disappeared, returned with two suitcases which he stowed in the rumble-seat, disappeared again, and came back with an ambitious highball in his hand. . . . He was standing there when a taxicab shot down the drive.

Philip was on the dock. He saw Ann leap from the cab and seize Bunny's arm. The tinkle of breaking glass reached the dock, the highball falling from Bunny's hand. Even at this distance he could see Ann's frantic haste. She was shaking Bunny's shoulder, urging him toward the roadster.

He ran down the endless dock, across uncounted miles of beach and lawn. The coupé's engine roared alive as he leaped for the running-board. Ann, very pale, put both hands on his chest and shoved. The coupé shot forward as he slipped to the grass.

"I'm licked, Phil," Ann's voice drifted back. "Give me up. I'm licked." He caught a glimpse of their faces, Ann's lifeless, Bunny's incredulous with delight.

He ran into the house. There was no plan of action, no course he could take. Only, he had to do something. He flung himself into whatever clothes were at hand and ran to the garage. . . . His car nosed through the door and then stopped. The black amphibian was settling toward the Reach. It slid downward, then moved up and out again, and came into the wind over the lawn. It straightened out, touched three points, and stopped fifty yards from Deborah's veranda.

Philip was running toward it, but Bill yelled through the open door: "Where's Ann?"

"Gone," Philip shouted. "Gone to Lysington to get married."

Bill sat on the sill of the tiny cabin door. Surprisingly, lines of weariness came to the corners of his mouth. "I want to know who let her come for a flyin' lesson with a hangover?"

"I forgot about the gin." Philip slapped his thigh. "What happened?"

"Got up to five thousand and turned over to her. Dual control, see? She froze to the stick."

"Scared!"

"You can't take a gin-head aloft and hold your nerve. I climbed over and slapped her face and brought us down. I'd be willing to take a minor crash. But I'd like to do it myself."

THE imperturbable Comstock! One could read his face without excessive effort. He swung to the ground. "Come on!" he said.

"Where?"

"Goin' to Lysington, weren't you? Maybe you want her to marry this Bunny because she gets the idea a hangover is a yellow streak?"

"Why not fly?"

"No field. We could light on the river. But we'd have to wait for a boat. You got a car."

It was an excellent car. Philip took through Monmouth at a reckless speed, and opened up down the thirty miles of asphalt to Lysington. . . .

But what was the end? How did one interrupt an elopement?

He glanced at Comstock. The helmet laid aside, Bill's hair flamed. He lay back relaxed in the seat, but his eyes were on the road, missing nothing. "I'm at a loss for procedure," Philip said. "Just how do we make it clear that we forbid the banns?"

"Drive the car, Cousin Philip." Bill's shoulders jerked. "A right cross to the jaw is one way."

"Ann's?"

"Ann's too, if she gets her back up. . . . Bunny sober?"

"No."

Bill grunted. The road leaped at them. Hills drew a higher pitch from the engine; valleys dipped them in cool shade. Bridges shot away behind them and cars they passed made a rustling crackle. The road widened; houses were commoner; a trolley line paralleled their course. A long bridge with the shimmer of ripples beneath it—then Lysington.

It was a small town, a typical New England county-seat. Without slackening, Philip picked out the white cupola of the courthouse. The car stopped at the foot of wide steps and Bill leaped over the side before the brake was set. Following swiftly, Philip could see no sign of the green coupé. At the door he met Bill coming back.

"They've been here," Bill said. "About five minutes ago. The judge is on a vacation. His girl told 'em to go on to Merivale. There's another judge there that'll take a chance."

MERIVALE! It was a hundred miles away, across the State. A half-dozen routes were possible. Philip thanked Providence for the statue that required three days' notice of marriage intention and limited the officials who could risk waiving the clause. But a hundred-mile chase across the country on roads that the quarry might never take!

"They'll go," Bill said. "Catch Bunny lettin' his chance slide. I'll drive—it takes thinkin' over."

He drove out of Lysington by a series of widening loops, over side-roads that made the seat rock. A quarter of an hour left Philip dizzy, but sufficed also to make him hopeful. There was time yet—the irrevocable step had providentially been delayed.

Bill swore violently. "I've lost us ten minutes. Why didn't I remember you can get to the Osterport Turnpike from Lysington?"

He swung the roadster down the next left-hand fork, dust swirling from the skid. Five minutes later it came out on a wide stretch of concrete. The Osterport Turnpike was an arrow-straight trunk highway that bisected the State, avoiding towns.

"They've got fifteen minutes on us," Bill said. His mouth was grim. "What's this hack good for?"

"There's no carbon. She'll do eighty."

"That's enough. Let's go."

They went. Pine barrens became a steady blur on either side. They were wrapped in the shrill rush of the car. It was naked speed—sheer onward rush, irresistible, triumphant. Into Philip's mind came the possibility of a blow-out, a brittle bearing, any flaw whatever in this mechanism. They would be catapulted through the undergrowth like so many stuffed dummies. But no uneasiness could endure, for mechanism was something that obeyed Bill Comstock. Philip's pulses throbbed; there was fierce pleasure in this pursuit, an anticipation of breaking a stubbornly mad will, of sweeping aside desperate intentions.

A new association brought a grin to his lips. "I thought you were building an engine, Bill," he shouted.

BILL'S lips moved. Above the shrill intolerable humming came an answer.

"Maybe I was. But I seem to have resigned."

They shot down a long hillside deeply shadowed by the pines, and roared up another equally long beyond. Two miles away another summit showed like the crest of a wave. A minute dot of orange winked and disappeared beyond it. It was the gaudy tire-cover of the coupé.

"On the far hill," Philip yelled. "It's Ann."

Bill nodded. The car sang its frenzied aria down the incline and up the next slope. Beyond, the road dropped gently for what looked to be a ten-mile stretch. The orange circle was perceptibly nearer; the green-and-white striping of the coupé became faintly distinguishable. Miraculously, Bill drew a higher note from the roadster's engine. Philip strained forward. A white dot appeared, a face—Ann's face—looking back. The tire-cover was drawn nearer on invisible strings. Then, with a sudden, sickening lurch, the coupé had left the highway and shot through an imperceptible opening in the pines. The roadster roared by.

Brakes shrieked. Bill sent the car in a circle back on its trail. "Fool!" he said. "I forgot he was drunk."

The roadster nosed through the opening to what was apparent as two faint tracks in sand, leading directly away from the turnpike. A mile down this gloomy trail, the coupé bounced and swayed, its speed undiminished. Bill was eloquently damning all fools, while the wheel thrust and quivered in his hands and the rear wheels slithered. Patches of log corduroy kept them angling toward the trees, to be jerked back by sheer strength of Bill's wrists. The engine complained.

Philip shouted, then groaned. The coupé had suddenly heeled half over, lurched off the track, crushed a way through saplings, and smashed head-on into a larger tree.

"There's my wreck," Bill yelled. He had the roadster stopped a hundred yards away and was running forward. Philip's best speed could not keep up. His breath came in sobs, his legs seemed paralyzed. He heard himself sob as Ann climbed from the upper door and tugged at something within.

The two of them had Bunny on the ground when Philip came up. He joined Bill, kneeling beside the limp, pathetically still figure. Ann's hands were swiftly feeling under the youth's coat and shirt.

"I've killed another man now," she said, tonelessly. Her eyes were dead.

"No such luck, Ann." It was Bunny. He pulled himself half-erect by Philip's shoulder. "Damn' good sheriff, Cousin Philip—the movies call you. It's my leg, you know."

Ann's eyes were alive.

There was nothing else, only the shattering pain of the curiously bent leg and the ebbing gin. Silently efficient, unshaken, Ann was cutting cane-like lengths of poplar. Philip laid out handkerchiefs to bind them to the leg, and slit the trousers. He grasped the leg and pulled it into place.

Bunny's eyes closed.

"That's better," Philip said. "It'll last until the job's over."

Bill Comstock stood to one side. He was not watching the first-aid: neither Bunny nor an automobile accident, just now, existed for him.

"Ann," he said, "run down and drive the roadster up."

PHILIP knotted the last handkerchief round the splints. For him too, Bunny ceased to exist. The jangling of his nerves, the pressure of his breath, subsided. . . .

Ann stepped out of the roadster. She swayed a little. Her eyes were wide and incredulous, her cheeks carmine. "I drove that car! I drove it here!" Her voice was awed.

"You'll drive it to the hospital," Bill said. "Then you'll drive it home."

"No, Bill!" Her hand caught at his sleeve.

"Get behind the wheel!" he said. She hesitated. He picked her up and shoved her violently into the car.

She took the wheel. Her mouth widened. The gears meshed, the car moved down the road, farther and farther, gathering speed over the bumps. Bill yelled at her. Her face peered over the side. He gestured, and she turned the car in a wide arc through the pines and brought it back.

"Did you want me, Bill?" she asked.

"You little fool, we got a busted leg to take to the hospital."

She slid out of the car and looked with a start of surprise at the still unconscious Bunny. "It's Bunny, isn't it?" she said. "He's all right—what's a broken leg?"

Then suddenly, she was moving toward Bill. Yes, Philip wryly reminded himself, it was Bill's head those arms would lock behind, Bill's lips that would feel those warm and eager lips.

"I drove that car, Bill!" Still awed, her voice broke through laughter and a sob. "I'll take flowers to Bunny every day."

Bill let the arms tighten and then slowly loosen. He lifted her behind the wheel again, and gazed at her while he lighted a cigarette. "You saved yourself a crash, Skinny. I was all set to crock you up in a plane. You got a break."

She turned to Philip.

"Can you hold him so his leg will be straight?" Then to Bill again: "I suppose I can fly the flowers to him?"

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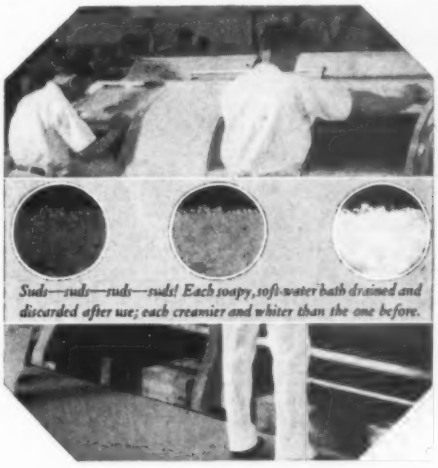

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THE SOCIAL LIFE OF GANGSTERS

(Continued from page 80)

Mizner, playwright, and Frank Ward O'Malley, star reporter of the town, found him an interesting and amusing wise-cracker. They were interested in anyone who was good at anything, and when Rothstein, master of gambling, came to their attention, they gave him a place to sit down. At that time, and as far as Broadway was concerned, the right table at Jack's was society. Rothstein made it. Furthermore, as was customary with him, he cost his companions money. He taught his friends "dough poker" and "took" them regularly. You play it by matching bills for poker-hands. For example, take a bill out of a roll of bills with the number C 99149106 C and you have a full house, nines over aces. Rothstein, hauling his great bankroll out on demand, would almost invariably win when matching his early pals. He had so much money that no one ever thought of the matter until years later, when his utterly methodical mind was revealed in countless ways. Prominent, popular and unsuspicious people liked "A.R."

A few years later, Rothstein took a private house in the West Seventies, a pretentious establishment containing—in excellent taste—treasures of art in painting, weaving and sculpture. He amused, interested and dined a wide and constantly growing circle of friends there. And notables of more substance than the socially prominent playboys of Broadway, got to know him.

Subsequently, he opened a most elaborate gambling house at Hewlett, L. I., from which all but the socially correct were totally barred. He got to know intimately a vast group of socially prominent people, who made up their own minds that his place was a pavilion, instead of a joint; all of which hurt the Rothstein social urge no whit.

Later, when his Redstone racing stable was engaged in operations which gave him an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar winning one day on the horse Sidereal at Aqueduct, and a three-hundred-thousand-dollar loss on Sporting Blood on a less favorable day, he was naturally quite a factor in the racing-social sphere.

Rothstein used everybody. He prized his social contacts for gain as well as for glamour. They meant money, for he could get to "key" people through these unsuspecting social figures, whom he used as conductors for criminal lightning. As is true of most criminals, he classed his social superiors as mental inferiors, merely social lions to be teamed with underworld tigers for definitely established ends.

ROTHSTEIN was adroit; that's why he sat on the top of the underworld. Capone, less adroit, has done very well socially, as we shall see.

When we talk of the social advance of gangsters, we are referring to gang powers who emulate Rothstein at least to some degree. The ordinary gang "punk" would really be a severe trial, socially. It would be impossible to get his diamonds off him without blasting, to begin with.

Take, for instance, Samuel Amatuna—a most ornate factor in the Genna gang in Chicago, until tapped by a gunner for skull-and-bones. Mr. Amatuna, whose hairy intimates called him "Samoots," was beginning to go society just prior to his funeral and as a first step, was giving great attention to the matter of dress.

He wore costly rings on every finger and a spring overcoat with fur on it. His particular obsession was a selection of two hundred silk shirts over which he watched with a hawk-eye in their necessary contacts with the bosom-shredding laundries.

One day a package of his shirts was delivered with the imprint of an iron showing clearly on the top salmon-colored garment. It was slightly burned. Mr. Amatuna, with a wild cry, ran down the stairs, made a long and profane speech at the top of his lungs to the laundryman, and shot the laundry-wagon horse dead! That particular type of gangster we do not include in the group here discussed.

Scarface Al Capone, Chicago gang-leader, has no particular social illusions. Yet a couple of years ago he was rushed by a fairly good social grade of people at Miami, including many celebrities. The mansion he leased was not far from that occupied by Mr. Hoover, then president-elect.

Chicago was having one of its recurrent quivers of righteousness at the time, and Capone, accompanied by a party of three hundred slot-machines, went south for his health. He and his machines were soon installed and well-received. His first contacts were with officials, and it happened that he was actually talking with the district attorney of Miami when seven gangsters of the "Bugs" Moran gang in Chicago—his mortal enemies—were shot to pieces by machine-gunners on St. Valentine's Day. Quite a coincidence.

Anyway, Capone met a lot of his friends at the Hialeah racetrack and they introduced him to many notables. Then the Sharkey-Stribling fight was put on and a sporty mob, who knew Al well, came down—and he met many other celebrities.

It happened that the utterly respectable people who had leased the house to A. L. Capone, did not realize his identity at the time of the transaction. They were *en route* to Europe when they learned by radio of the presence of Scarface Al of Chicago in Miami. That settled the trip for them. They expected that the manse would be transformed into a shooting-gallery, and they wasted a lot of costly radio words wiring their solicitors.

When their legal representatives went over to the property, doubtless wearing bullet-proof reefers, a large and quiet party was in progress. They knew half the people present and were glad to meet the remainder. The attorneys and their wealthy neighbors were about the only obscure people at the fiesta; stage, sporting and business celebrities predominated. The attorneys explained that they just wanted to be sure that everything was all right. If they acted stunned for a couple of days, it was not due to the liquor that Capone serves.

People either like Capone or want to kill him. As a newspaper-man, I have known him for eight years in various contacts. He is the sort of person that you never see at the edge of a crowd. He's been in the middle every time I ever saw

him. Whether that is due to him or to other people, I'm not sure.

At any rate, during the 1928 Miami season, when events in the beer, booze and bullets business were favorable to him, Capone had the leisure to play around, and obviously did not lack interesting company for his house- or yachting-parties. He not only enjoyed a remunerative holiday, but attained a certain bizarre social standing thereabouts. As this is written, he has contracted for a three-hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollar permanent home in Florida.

Anyone familiar with the situation in Chicago in Capone's field of endeavor, will realize that his local social contacts are necessarily limited. But he does get to the theater occasionally on Sunday-night openings—which usually means the sale of twelve seats for himself and bodyguard in the rear of the house, out of range of possible gallery-snipers.

On a couple of occasions, I have noted him in theater lobbies with his artillery squad at intermissions. I have detected natives who had recognized him—in the throes of their second or third look. The expressions range through excitement, awe, interest and concentrated curiosity. I do not recall any scowls, sneers or indignation in the mob registry.

Their attitude may be akin to that of a socially prominent horseman in Chicago who, in discussing a racing matter with me when I was sporting editor of a Chicago paper, suddenly turned and introduced me to his companion. The companion was Terry Druggan, so-called beer-baron, who had a stable of his own at the time, to which he devoted much of his time when out of jail.

Perhaps momentary loss of control in one eyebrow indicated my surprise, for when I next encountered the socially prominent horseman, he mentioned that meeting. "Druggan's an intelligent sort of person and knows his horses," he remarked. "I'm funny that way; I never convict a man, at least until the courts do." And up to that time they hadn't.

Perhaps that is the attitude of people who have seemed to seek contact with Capone during his absences from the Mid-western Front. He once said: "I have been accused of everything but the casualty-list of the World War." He has been convicted of nothing of that sort, however, as this is written.

Newspaper-men who have had assignments involving Capone will grant that he has certain traits that might make him endurable socially for the thrill-seeker. He has a great habit of speaking only when he has something to say, which is a grand trait. Then too he would be a generous host, for he is actually as spectacular a spendthrift as the sporting world knows. Capone figures his gambling losses at four million dollars. And though he has worse traits, doubtless, he is no boaster. His gangland associates figure his losses at three times that sum.

Impossible, you say? The Capone gang, according to the figures of the United States District Attorney Edward Olson, cleared seventy million dollars annually as early as 1926. Gangsters do not save. All they can be certain of, on the record, is an elaborate funeral. Not for them the fear of old age, or any day that does not rain bullets.

That accounts for many things. Among them is the fact that when Hymie Weiss, Capone foe, showered the Capone headquarters in Cicero with machine-gun bullets, it cost Capone five thousand dollars beyond the property damage. A casual passer-by, a woman unknown to Capone, lost an eye in the fusillade. Capone sent her five thousand dollars in bills, though he had nothing to do with the shooting. Gang people of Capone's caliber care nothing for money—unless some one steals it, or cuts in on the source. That's what Weiss was doing, or attempting to do, when he shot up Cicero. Three months later machine-gun bullets overtook him and his bodyguard Pat Murray.

Incidentally, to return to the social aspect of this explosive business, we need not go beyond Terry Druggan, aforementioned.

Druggan and Frankie Lake, his partner in the booze racket, were in the county jail waiting trial on a prohibition charge, when social demands overtook them and raised quite a ruckus. A newspaper-man was assigned by the Evening *Journal* to drop in and see Druggan about certain phases of the pending charge. A jail guard, yawning lustily, told the reporter that the interview was impossible because Mr. Druggan was out. This struck the reporter as funny—and it was! He said, however, that what he had to ask could be readily answered by Lake. He'd see him instead. Lake, the guard informed him, would be in around six o'clock. This, by actual measurement, was just twice as remarkable as the first answer. On inquiry, the reporter was told that Mr. Druggan had gone to the dentist, but for the life of him, the guard could not recall where Mr. Lake said he was going.

THE reporter returned to his office and wrote an article to the effect that Cook County was suffering from a rubber jail and tolerating out-prisoners. The warden was discharged, the sheriff was confined in another and better jail and the reporter, a persistent fellow, went back to interview Druggan—who was now available any time. Druggan, in a fury, beat up the reporter. His contention was that staying in jail was a pleasure as compared with any dentist's office.

Both Druggan and Lake, dapper-appearing and highly successful, were accepted regularly in racing and political circles in their heyday of activity.

Gangsters have money, and practical politics cost money—not alone in Chicago, by a long shot! The gangster who is presentable, has power, and wants to budge socially, can usually get as far as he cares to go for social surroundings satisfactory to himself, far above the limits of acknowledged gangland.

Even actual "choppers"—that is, machine-gunners—are not confined by social barriers to the slums. Perhaps the most vicious killer in this country today is Fred Burke, who is worth one hundred and three thousand dollars to anyone who may encounter him socially or casually. That total in rewards is upon his sleekly combed head. He has consorted with bankers and business-men of big caliber for years, as part of his criminal operations. He got away not only with the social contacts, but perhaps a million in money from correct social sources.

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Just so that there will be no mistake about his being a misguided boy from a good family, let it be set forth that he was one of two thugs dressed in police uniforms, who killed the seven gangsters by machine-gun fire on St. Valentine's Day, 1929, in Chicago. He killed a policeman in an express-company hold-up at Toledo two years ago; shot a cashier in a bank robbery at Louisville a month later; killed two gangsters in an apartment in Detroit in 1927 and is wanted for bank robberies at Jefferson, Wisconsin, Cadillac, Michigan, Peru, Indiana, and Cincinnati, Ohio. Just after the Chicago massacre, Traffic Policeman Skelly of St. Joseph, Michigan, stopped Burke in that town on a traffic violation, and asked to see his driving-license. The policeman was shot dead.

During the furore over the death of Jake Lingle in Chicago, Thomas Bonner, a Chicago racketeer, tipped off the police that he could lead them to Burke. They told him to come back in time for a seven o'clock train to the place he had named. At six o'clock Bonner was dead in the street.

But what is pertinent here is that, when the police reached the Burke hide-away there were two elements in their find. They found three machine-guns loaded and ready for use, four rifles, twenty tear-gas bombs and seven automatic revolvers. But—they also found eighteen tailored business suits; four dinner-coat ensembles, two full-dress garments and everything required for golf, tennis or the bridle-path. The wardrobe reflected the social contacts which the killer found necessary—and easy—according to the police.

Most gangsters would be as bored with the actual elite of the social world as that social group would be outraged by such contact. But the contention is that such society as the more important gangsters seek, they can usually have. And in many instances they are sought after.

This development is certainly not amazing to anyone who has had newspaper experience. I have personally known perhaps thirty socially prominent fire buffs who, with gongs placed in their homes and offices, attended all fires, second-alarm fires or general-alarm fires, depending on the force of the mania. They would, without any question, prefer a five-minute talk with the fire chief to a personal suite at Buckingham Palace. Some of them become honorary officers of the Department, pay for apparatus, lend a hand with hose, give out coffee or become enthusiastic adepts in getting in everyone's way. It just happens that they like fires and firemen—and there you are! I do not know what the basis of this attachment is, unless it is the amazing fact that the firemen hardly ever turn the hose on these quaint fire-laddies from the Social Register.

Then too are the police addicts. Christmas is a happy season for the traffic policemen, who receive largess from prominent citizens everywhere. In many instances, the policeman is really paid, at this gay season, for a salute to be delivered daily to his benefactor. Police courtesy-cards, honorary membership in patrolmen's, sergeants' or lieutenants' associations are eagerly sought after by persons whose social position is unquestioned.

Mind you, in many, or perhaps most instances, these contacts are merely tolerated by the uniformed forces involved. But where the police and gangster contact is formed, the shoe is on the other foot. The gangster with money does not look up to the police officer whom he corrupts, nor does he look up to the corrupt politician, who may control a legion of police. It's quite the other way about.

Two weeks before Dion O'Banion, most colorful of the Chicago gangsters, was shot to death in his flower-shop, he was the guest at a dinner during which he was presented with a two-thousand-dollar diamond-and-ruby-set watch. Among those at the dinner were eight city executives, a Chief of Detectives of the Chicago Police Department, and twenty other police officers.

Capone once said in discussing these law-backed opportunists: "A crook is a crook and there's something healthy about his frankness. But a guy who pretends he is enforcing the law and steals on his authority is a swell snake. The worst type is the big politician who gives about half his time to covering up, so that no one will know that he's a thief. A hard-working crook will, and can, buy these birds by the dozen—but right down in his heart he hates the sight of them."

It will thus be seen that gangsters have no illusions, socially or otherwise, about those whom they encounter or corrupt. But the unfortunate fact is that they have no tolerance or patience with those whom they fail to corrupt or contact with. Anyone in any sphere who refuses to "go along" to the limit of his abilities in any smooth enterprise promising attractive returns, is, to the gangster, merely a fool. Most of all, he is contemptuous of an honest policeman.

BUT the honest policeman—may his decreasing tribe increase—has as good a perspective on the gangster, whatever height he may attain, as anyone I know. I'll illustrate.

Jack Sutta, North-Side gangster and foe of Capone, was picked up with two companions and brought to police headquarters in Chicago as an aftermath of the Lingle murder. Police headquarters is in the Chicago Loop—Capone territory. Sutta, fidgeting, answered some questions but kept insisting that when he was freed a "big squad" accompany him through the Loop back to his own territory.

When he was released with his two minor gang companions, a detective in a squad car started north with the gangsters. Another car crashed into it; shots smashed all the glass in the police-car; the prisoners disappeared and a motorman of a passing trolley-car was killed. The detective was uninjured.

An honest police officer of my acquaintance discussed that incident.

"When a policeman comes out of a station with a wanted gangster," he said, "he is nothing more than a man with a gun. He has a legal right to kill; but gangsters have long ago usurped that right. They'll shoot as quick as he can—and more readily. Let's consider who he's risking his life for anyway—some one who should have been jailed or dead five years before! A cop with common-sense holds no brief for a gangster. No matter how he is dressed, who he knows, what car he drives, or how terrific his bank-roll, a gangster is a bum."

OVERDUE

(Continued from page 59)

Emily was startled. The idea that her uncle's debts might descend to her had never occurred to her, and the possibility seemed to her comically ironic.

"Mother, I tell you right now, I wouldn't pay them," she said.

"Well, don't say that to your father, or he'd think your morals were deteriorating up North. You might just as well tell him you didn't think Jeff Davis was an angel."

When Mrs. Rallifer departed at last, after three weeks and a half of the best visit she had ever had anywhere,—her own words,—she made Emily promise to come home to have her child, and to spend a full month there afterward, or perhaps two months.

"I'd be nearly crazy if you were in one of these stiff sterilized hospitals up here," she said. "A child's got a right to be born in the bed where its mother and grandmother and great-grandmother were born; starts it off right, I say. I've always contended that heredity was stronger than environment, but when you can give a child both of 'em, it's plain hard-headedness not to do it."

Emily, who had rejoiced in her mother's presence, found her going timely, principally for the reason that again funds were running low. The maid she had hired cost more than Rendivoo and the house bills had been heavy. Also there couldn't be many more matinées or lunches in town, or bridge afternoons—the three things Mrs. Rallifer most loved—if Emily had to pay for them. Cousin Louisa, Edith Gover, Bette, Tory and Barton Hale had all given parties for the visitor, but there must be return entertainment for all of theirs. Moreover, the first of the month with its grist of accounts was near. Emily preferred that her mother should not see these arrive, even though she said nothing.

SHE spoke to Mac about this on their first evening alone. "I've not had a chance for a good talk with you since Mother came. Tell me—have you got another job, or any prospect of one? I've been so anxious."

"Darling girl, I wish you wouldn't worry. It's such a reflection on me."

"I didn't mean it that way, and you know it. But do tell me what you've been doing. You've gone in town so regularly—"

"Just like the other wage-slaves, haven't I? I didn't want to say anything before your mother, for—dear funny creature that she is—she might have put the wrong construction on it. But I'm not a wage-slave, nor a tired business-man, and don't intend to be." The warm, excited look she knew so well came into his eyes. "I've simply been operating in the market, and I tell you, Emily, that if I can keep going as I've started I'll be one of the big boys pretty soon, with an office of my own, 'n' everything."

"I don't understand, Mac. You've been speculating—is that it?"

"Emily, please don't look so distressed. It's not a high crime and misdemeanor."

"But Mac, it's so uncertain; it's so unsound; it gets nowhere!"

"It gets us a fortune if I have any sort of a break. And right off, while we're still young enough to enjoy it."

"But you said—"

"Now what did I say?"

"Don't you remember—you said you wanted to be a solid citizen, some one who's looked up to and consulted, his opinion asked on business and politics, and all that—I know the way I say it, it sounds ridiculous, but you said that was your ambition, to be a leader—noted, distinguished."

"If I make as much money as I intend to, I'll be distinguished and noted, and a leading citizen besides. We'll have cars and a country-house, and a yacht, *ad lib.*"

EMILY did not answer at once; her own ideas were too chaotic. Something was wrong, but she couldn't put her finger on the offense. She went back to her original question.

"Mac, aren't you going to try to get a regular job, at all?"

"Oh, I don't say I might not take one, if there was a whale of a salary attached, and no fixed hours, and no petty restrictions—but jobs like that are few and far between and them that've got 'em are clamped onto 'em. But you see, my dear, when I get to be a big enough operator, I'll have plenty to do. That sort of thing branches out in lots of directions."

"Yes—where?"

"Oh, promotion-schemes, and public-utility companies, and boards of directors of this and that! The market's all bound up with the banks and the railroads and business generally," replied Mac with airy vagueness.

Emily sighed. These were matters of which, she felt, she would never know the first letter. But there was something very important which Mac had not yet told her. "Have you made any money?" she asked bluntly. "Because I've used up practically all you gave me before Mother came, and there will soon be all the bills again."

"It would be a miracle if, just once, you and I could talk without money coming into it," said Mac, laughing.

"If you'll agree to give me a certain allowance every month, I'll never mention money to you again—never, never! I don't like talking about it any more than you do, but unfortunately we require a roof over our heads, and food to eat, and clean clothes." She too was laughing, but her demand was in earnest.

"How much?"

"Two hundred dollars, and I'll pay everything except the rent, including my own clothes." She could not pay up the old debts with that, she knew, but she did not speak of them.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, darling girl. I'll give you five hundred dollars the first of every month, and you can pay everything, rent and all. But you must keep the maid. No more doing all the work."

Emily put out her hand. "Provided I get next month's payment now, and thereafter promptly on the first of each month."

"Woman, do you doubt me?"

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"Of course I do. Mac, you've no idea what a purring peaceful person I would be with a regular income to count on."

"It seems to me I've heard you mention that before. Well, as I've told you, you ought to've married Andrew."

"He wouldn't have wanted me. And I'm afraid I'd not have wanted him."

She didn't know why she so insisted on the money; perhaps she doubted his ability to keep his promise. But this time she was wrong. He gayly handed her a check. "I suppose you wouldn't be willing to give a party out of that," he said. "I suppose you'd grudge the ice-cream and the cake."

"Not to mention the sandwiches. Well, we might have a little party, though we had so many while Mother was here that I'm a trifle fed up with them."

"Just some people to dinner, then. Our usual crowd—Bette and Andrew, Ruth and Hale—"

"Why not Tory?"

"No, I want Hale. He's been particularly nice to me and I want him to keep it up."

"We could ask Tory anyway."

"Oh, don't let's make an uneven party, I prefer the animals assorted in twos, like the ark."

"All right; Tory's out this time. Mac, let's ask the Govers."

"It's such a gamble how he'll behave, and I don't think you ought to be frightened or agitated."

"Edith'll know. I'd like to have them. He's very nice when he's not drinking. And we've not asked them together for a long time."

"Very well, darling girl; as you like."

She had never told Mac of Edith's outburst. It was not her own secret to tell. And her mother's visit had made it impossible for her to see Edith as much as before, so though her friend's plight was much in her mind, it was not before her eyes. Bette had said, and gossip had confirmed it, that Ted Gover had cut down on his drinking, and was making a pitiable effort to be his old self. Emily would have liked to ask Edith if this was true, but she knew that nothing breaks friendship more quickly and completely than to have a secret turned into a serial story, continued on demand. Emily didn't want Edith to ask her if her financial state had improved—and she was equally certain that Edith didn't want her to inquire about Ted.

SHE gave her invitation therefore to Edith, exactly as she did to Bette, and it was accepted. But the day before the dinner-party she received in the mail a long envelope addressed in typewriting. It contained five hundred dollars in new bills; they were wrapped in a sheet of paper on which was typed: *"Use exactly as you wish. —A friend."*

A black rage rushed over Emily. That anyone had dared—that anyone had *dared!* She was spending carefully, watchfully, the five hundred she had received from Mac. She still had her little three-hundred-dollar stake untouched; she had paid the back rent, and the rest she was spreading thin in all directions, trying to balance the claims of bills present and bills past with justice and caution. She had been very happy doing this; if Mac would keep on with this allowance they would be solvent by the time their child was born, and that was Emily's aim. She loathed the idea that her child should come into a world of creditors, installment payments, duns and insistent "Please remit" letters. The idea was an obsession with her; it became a symbol, a rallying cause. But even that was preferable to having her child come into a world where its mother was regarded as an object of charity! She had never been so angry in her life as she was with this money before her. She burned and smoldered with a strange painful heat.

Who had dared make this clumsy, wounding gesture of kindliness and good intention? She ran over the few names of people who knew her straits, or who had perhaps guessed them—Cousin Louisa, Bette and Andrew, Edith Gover, Tory, Barton Hale—but she could not choose one of them with any assurance. She couldn't go about asking one after another, "Did you send me some money anonymously?"—for whoever had done it would deny it, and she would never be sure if the denial was true or false, unless some slip betrayed the giver. If she asked one who had not sent it, a whole wilderness of humiliating questions and comment would follow. "Some one sent you money? But how queer—how very queer!" Emily writhed at the prospect, and her anger did not cool.

AT last she locked the five bills away in the box where she kept their few jewels: the pin Mrs. Crayn had given her on her wedding-day, the thick bands of garnets that had once slipped over her Grandmother Rallifer's slender wrists, Mac's dress studs and links, the gold chain and locket and little gold ring with a diamond chip she had had when a child, a ring with a moonstone Johnny Keller had brought to her birthday party when she was fourteen, and a few other oddments. The key was hidden in a place Mac had chosen, under the lining of his leather tie-case.

With the money put away out of sight she decided grimly that she would broadcast phenomenal success for Mac and she would watch every hearer closely for the least sign or signal of knowledge of this gift. Also she would say something at her dinner-party about the sort of people who tried to be kind but who had no idea of how to go about it and blundered horribly, hurting the self-respect and pride of those whom they wished to help. If her would-be benefactor was among her guests, he or she would be thereby warned.

In further proof she made her preparations for her dinner with much more lavishness than she had intended, deliberately made it appear expensive. She even thought of buying herself a new dress for the occasion, but decided against this, thinking: "If the person who sent me the money is there I'd loathe having him or her imagine I'd used it for clothes!" And she wished that she could take the bills and dash them in the face of their sender.

It was no good telling Mac. He'd think it a joke, and maybe make a good story about it for anyone who'd listen. Emily found herself a little angry with Mac too. If Mac would only be sensible and careful with money she wouldn't be

going through this shameful experience! Unless, she was fair enough to add, the giver was Edith Gover; if it was, then she had only her own wagging tongue to thank. Yet somehow she did not believe it was Edith—she had too much pride of her own wantonly to hurt the pride of another woman who was her friend.

"You're awfully steamed-up over this dinner, somehow," said Mac, wonderingly, as they waited for the guests. "I don't know when I've seen you keyed so high. Take it easy, love; after all, we've had parties before, and we'll have parties again, and nobody special's coming."

"I'm not excited; it's my new rouge," Emily claimed. "And you know this is the first time I've ventured on such an elaborate menu, and I can't help wondering whether the soufflé will turn out to be soufflé or just hash."

All the same she was warned. She put on her brightest smile, her warmest welcome. She was intensely sensitive to each greeting—did Bette look at her old frock questioningly, or did Andrew seem surprised at the unusual display of *hors d'œuvres* with the cocktails? No, they were exactly as always, there was nothing she could suspect. Ted Gover came in cold sober, and Edith was with him—absorbed in him, tremblingly solicitous for him, but trying to hide it—and Emily felt her heart throb in quick relief. Certainly Edith had not sent the money.

She turned to Barton Hale. He was speaking so low that the others could not hear him. "I just want you to know that I'm looking after Mac, and not letting him run wild downtown, and honestly, it's surprising what he's done. I've been afraid that you'd not like this new move of his, but I believe he's going to make a big thing of it."

She listened acutely, waiting for a false note; but he was sincere—she could not doubt it. He hadn't said that merely to cover his gift. She knew he was eliminated. Perhaps after all it was kind Cousin Louisa and Cousin Oscar, and Emily felt that she could bear it more easily from them than from anyone else she knew. Or Tory, though she hadn't seriously thought it was Tory.

PRESENTLY while they were at table Andrew began to speak of seeing Tory that day, and how he had decided to buy an apartment in the new Mirazar.

"Which," said Andrew concisely, "means a very considerable cash payment down, and a fairly hefty upkeep. There's nothing less than ten rooms, so I believe the boy's going to marry and settle down at last."

It wasn't sense to think that Tory had any extra cash after buying an apartment in the new Mirazar, and Emily knew Tory well enough by this time to be aware that he was not especially generous by nature. Tory was crossed off the list also, and Cousin Louisa and Cousin Oscar seemed more likely than ever. She thought she might go around there some day very soon and tackle Cousin Louisa and get it out of her—and she wouldn't make her ostentatious little speech to the assembled company after all. The last flame of her anger died out as quickly as it had flared. She looked at Edith Gover with her lovely dress and her pearls, but her ravaged eyes proving her so long a stranger to happiness that now she did not dare believe its moment of possibility.

Then Emily looked down at Mac. He caught her glance, and with a little quick hidden gesture blew her a kiss with his forefinger.

Emily moved her lips to show him that she had caught the kiss. "Oh, poor, poor Edith," she thought.

Chapter Eleven

EMILY approached Cousin Louisa with tact. "Did you send me a present a few days ago, by mail?" she asked, as if the matter was of small consequence. She watched Cousin Louisa keenly.

But Cousin Louisa never showed a tremor.

"No, dear, of course not. If I'd had a present for you I'd have brought it round myself. Why—did you get something and don't know who it's from?"

"Yes, I did. A nice munificent present too. No name on it. Well—maybe it was a mistake, and somebody'll call me up and want it back."

"Things do happen that way sometimes," said Cousin Louisa. "I had a beautiful pink negligée sent to me once, and it turned out it was for a Mrs. James out in Pelham. I thought Oscar had bought it, and he was so funny, he was quite indignant when he saw it. 'Why, it doesn't even look respectable,' he said. 'Must think I've lost my mind!' I called up the shop and they sent for it."

"This didn't come from a shop. It was mailed from New York, but there wasn't a sign on it to show who sent it. No card—nothing."

"Well, dear, don't worry; some one'll ask you some day why you weren't polite enough to acknowledge it. If I were you I'd put it out in a conspicuous place and tell everybody how you got it. The card may have been left out by mistake."

Not the least symptom of embarrassment or self-consciousness, about Cousin Louisa; not a quiver of an eyelash to indicate that she knew anything of the mysterious gift. Emily was at once relieved and exasperated.

She came home wondering again about Andy. He was just the sort of person who would perceive what was going on, and try to help in a way that would leave him unknown, unthanked. He would not, Emily felt, tell even Bette. She wavered back and forth mentally, at one moment amused, and the next hot with a revival of her anger. If it was Andy his act was a sharp criticism of Mac, and she resented that.

Moreover she felt she had not been adequate in hiding their financial crises; Andy must have seen through her silence, or perhaps some of the shop people had talked—they might have asked Andy about the Crayns' credit. It was all miserable, humbling. She didn't know what to do. It would be difficult to see Andy alone without letting Bette or Mac know it, and she didn't want them to know it. "And if it isn't Andy at all, then I'll have had this worry for nothing, and another person'll know that I've had a gift I can't tell about. Besides, it wouldn't be any use to beat about the bush with Andy. I'd have to come straight out and say, 'Did you or did you not send me that

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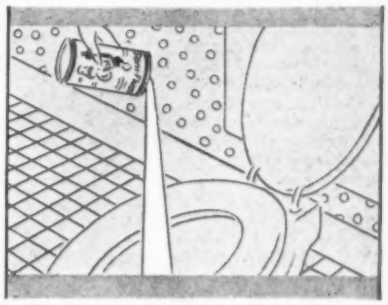

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money?' The whole thing makes me sick and tired!"

She thrust it away from her. She would wait until she was less confused, less disturbed, to speak to Andy.

But she had hardly entered her own door when Bette phoned: "Don't you want to come along up and have a cup of tea and a game of bridge? Ruth's here; we can play dummy." Then, as Emily hesitated, "Or if you don't feel up to cards you can lie on the sofa and we'll have Ruth sing us her latest. Come on, do—I don't like you to be down there alone. And tea's all ready."

"All right, me for the sofa," said Emily.

"We tried to get Edith, but she wouldn't come," said Bette, as she let Emily in. "I suppose she doesn't dare leave Ted alone for a minute. Wasn't she pathetic the other night at your party?"

"And he too; I didn't know which one I felt sorrier for."

"D'you think he'll keep it up?"

"Foolish question Number One Million. Who can tell whether he'll keep it up or not? He doesn't know himself, poor lamb. Probably he'd rather not; it must be terribly dull and dreary to be sober after living in a lurid alcoholic haze."

"If he doesn't keep it up it'll finish Edith."

The three young women sat serious after Emily's remark. Then Bette roused herself. "Don't let's get the glooms about Ted Gover, or Edith either. We can't live other people's lives for them; they've got to stand by their own mistakes. That's what Andrew's always saying."

"But Andy'd be the first to help anybody in trouble," said Emily.

"Yes, in a way. Andy'll go to a lot of time and trouble to help people who are trying to help themselves, and have had sickness or something they couldn't prevent. But he says he wouldn't lift a finger or take a penny out of his pocket for people who just wish their bad luck on themselves. He says they deserve all they get."

"Now did Andy tell Bette to say that in front of me, or is it real?" thought Emily. "If it's real, the five hundred couldn't have come from him." Aloud, she said: "Go on over to the piano and sing something, Ruth; something full of *love* and *dove* and *June* and *moon*. I'm all soppy with romantic feelings. A good mushy theme-song from a low-brow movie would suit me about right."

"I'll murder you if you try it," warned Bette. "I want some hot jazz."

"You're the hostess. You've got no right to choose."

"But I'm not a polite hostess."

"I'll sing what I please," said Ruth sternly. "And you two will listen and like it—and no snooty comments!"

EMILY lay on the sofa and listened lazily, slow thoughts of her day sliding through her mind. Bette's declaration of Andy's views had thrown her back into indecision. Better not speak to Andy unless she got a lead; it would be very unpleasant to ask him and have him deny it. She thought of Edith Gover, hoping and afraid to hope, watching and trying to seem not to watch—praying too, perhaps, if she had not long ago given up prayer as vain. . . . Emily drifted on to little inconsequential thoughts.

When she went downstairs to her own home she was soothed and at peace. Mac, however, came in looking blue, an expression so unusual that Emily was instantly worried.

"That suit against the Vikane Company was settled today," he told her. "Lost, too! Puts me in the soup all right."

SHE consoled him with her cheek against his, her arms about him. "Tell me."

"I wasn't so clever that time. But it looked awfully good, Emily. This Government suit was out of a clear sky. Plenty more got stung beside me."

"How bad is it?"

"As bad as can be. I'm cleaned out again, just as I was the day before we got married. It was all so *unnecessary*—there wasn't any warning. Of course I might have sold and taken my loss when the suit was started, but it didn't seem possible—though Hale warned me. I might have listened to him if he hadn't been so damned know-it-all! And then I resented the way he did it—bringing you into it!"

"How did he bring me in it? Why, Mac, when we were talking about the party you said he'd been nice to you and you wanted to keep on his right side. That was one reason we asked him."

"I know. I didn't tell you; it wasn't of any consequence, really. But he said that a man with a wife like mine oughtn't to take such long chances—that he didn't think it was fair to you. And it put my back up. Emily, am I unfair to you? Do I make so much trouble? Am I no good?"

"You know what I think about you." She was thinking there would be no allowance this month; she would be faced with the same old situation. "Barton Hale had no right to talk like that. I'm glad you resented it. Let him mind his own business, I say."

Mac smiled ruefully. "Yes, I said that too—but I was wrong. He was minding his own business pretty well when he told me to get out of Vikane. He's been in the game a bit longer than I have. But, Emily, it looked so good! If they'd won the suit I'd have stood to make fifty grand."

"Tell me exactly how much you've lost. Where do we stand?"

"I'm wiped out again at Toustan and Ways. Clean. Part of it was borrowed money."

"Borrowed from whom?"

"Tory—and—" He hesitated.

"Who else?"

"I got some from Mother."

"Anyone else?"

"And a thousand from Oscar James. I gave him my note."

"How much from your mother?"

"Only two hundred and fifty. She borrowed it at her bank. That doesn't bother me specially, it's such a little bit. But, oh, Emily to lose this all just now—when I wanted to do so much for you, to take good care of you! That's what sinks me."

"Don't think about that, Mac. I'm all right."

"But I must think about it! Why, all the money I've got left is that three hundred you saved and now I'll have to take it back to get started again."

She made no protest. But here was something she must say. "This time we're going to reduce our expenses definitely. You must give in, Mac. Not only because it will make our living cost less, but because it will make things easier for me. You want to make things easier for me, Mac, don't you? I mean mentally and physically both."

"Anything in the world, darling—anything!"

"That's a promise?"

"Yes, that's a promise, provided—"

"No '*provided*' about it. You've promised."

"You might at least let me know what I've promised."

"There's only one thing we can cut down on substantially, and that's our rent. I know I can rent this apartment for more than we're paying. And I can get one of the three-room apartments on the floor above. It'll be less care for me, and one flight nearer to Bette. Besides, you know I'm going home for a couple of months this summer and you don't need a place this size by yourself. And I'm going to let this maid go and have a woman for cleaning."

"I won't do that, Emily! You tricked me into promising, and it's not fair."

"It's not fair to me to make me bear this unnecessary burden, Mac. And it's not fair to the child we're going to have. I won't have my child born into debt—I won't, I won't! You promised!" Her voice mounted hysterically.

"But, darling, the rent and the maid are just a drop in the bucket. Don't think in little figures, dear. A hundred more or less a month doesn't mean a thing."

"It means a lot if you haven't got it! No, we must do this, we must! Until we get going again, at least."

"But I hate to have everyone know we're hard up, that we have to cut down on our living."

"But it doesn't matter what people think, or know about us. I'd rather they'd know we were trying to live honestly than that we owed everybody. You promised you'd do this, Mac, you promised. You must."

He thought: "They say women at this time ought to be humored. I can't let her get upset." He said aloud, soothingly: "Very well, darling girl, we'll move into a smaller place if you say so and it will make you any better satisfied. Nothing matters so much as that to me."

"Oh, Mac, you're such a dear! You see how it is—if we can once again get down to rock-bottom I won't mind half so much, but feeling that we're spending money for things we don't actually need, like this big place—that seems so wrong; it confuses me all the time. And now, with all these new debts—"

MAC was beginning to recover his buoyancy. "We'll be all right again in a little while, dear! You know how the market goes—and this Vikane thing was out of the usual run; nobody could have known what was going to happen." He looked at her wistfully. "I wish you'd trust me more, Emily; I believe I'd get along better if you did."

"But Mac, I do trust you, I do. I go about without a cent, I stand off the people we owe, I'm just as economical as I can be, truly I am. Don't say that I don't trust you—I trust you absolutely! Why, how could we go on if we didn't trust one another? And listen, Mac, when you do make some more money, first of all, please, please pay back your mother. I don't mind about doing without things, but I can't bear to have her do it for me."

"But she likes to, Emily—honestly, Mother's never happy unless she's sacrificing herself for somebody or other."

She did not want to say that she didn't believe it. But she set her chin firmly. "Then I want her to be unhappy, Mac, or to be happy sacrificing herself for somebody else. Because I know how she feels about debt, and you say she had to borrow this. Well—let's not talk about it any more. Now I've got some way really to cut down on expenses I feel so relieved, and so grateful! And I'll simply love having a smaller place, truly I will. And I'll write a check for your money and everything'll be fine." She was careful not to say, "for the money you gave me," as if to imply that he was asking for a gift returned.

He stood, fingering the check, looking at it doubtfully. "I wish to heaven I had a little more than this. I could make a turn and get on my feet again so much more quickly with, say, eight hundred or a thousand."

"But don't borrow any more, Mac—please!"

"I couldn't if I wanted to. But if I had only a little more—"

"But we haven't any more, Mac."

HE put the check in his pocket. "No, of course not. Well—" He seemed constrained, but Emily was not thinking of his manner. She was looking forward to her talk with the agent in the morning. She felt almost certain that she could sublet their apartment for enough more than they paid for it to pay half of the three-room apartment, provided she left some of her furniture for the new tenants. And that was all right, because they wouldn't need so many things in the new place.

In the morning the maid did not appear, and Emily had to get breakfast. After Mac had gone, as she was washing the dishes something flickered in her memory of his words, his look of the night before, when he spoke of needing more money. She had never said anything to him about the anonymous five hundred dollars, safely locked in her little jewelry-box.

Safely locked . . . . locked. . . . Almost without volition she dropped the dish-mop and ran into their bedroom, drew out the key from its hiding-place, and unlocked the box. The envelope was there. She slipped it from under the glittering trinkets, looked into it.

The envelope was empty. The money was gone.

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Six Months Old Today!

Tomorrow he is going to keep an appointment with his doctor made the day the baby was born.

YOUNG mothers of this generation little realize the heartaches and anxieties their grandmothers suffered in rearing their children. Forty years ago diphtheria killed six times as many babies as it does today. People were helpless when diphtheria epidemics raged. Then there was neither anti-toxin to help fight the disease, nor toxin-antitoxin (or toxoid) to prevent it.

Nowadays, the disease has almost disappeared in communities where people have organized campaigns to educate and persuade every mother to have her baby inoculated against diphtheria at the age of six months. Nevertheless, throughout the length and breadth of the country, about 8,000 children died last year from this one cause. They had not been protected as they might have been.

Immunization is a very simple matter—painless and safe. But the inoculation of your baby should not be delayed.

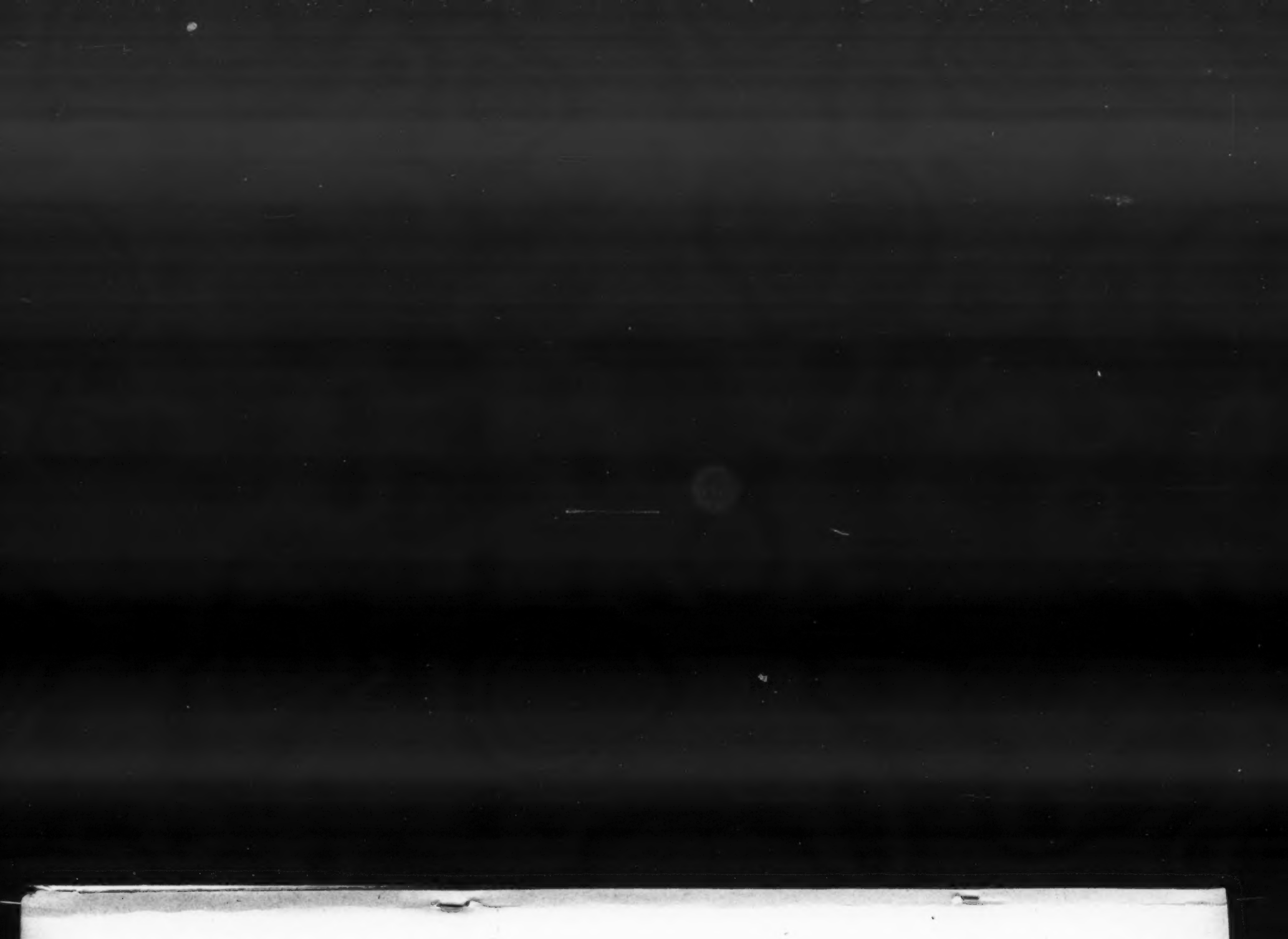
More than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years. A striking contrast is presented by comparison of the deathrates from diphtheria in two groups of representative American cities. For the past three years the first group has carried on an intensive campaign to immunize all children against diphtheria and has *decreased* its deathrate 33%. During the same period the second group of cities has been less aggressive and has had an *increase* of 9%.

Protection can be given your baby whether or not you live in a city or a part of the country which has a dangerous diphtheria deathrate. Take him to your doctor and you will be spared one anxiety from which past generations were never free.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, its booklet, "Diphtheria is Preventable". Address Booklet Department 1130-R

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



Where else, so many ways for fall and winter play?

A Hollywood "first-night"

The desert near Palm Springs

Old Spanish Missions . . . foreign "color"

HERE's that escape you need from winter's rigors, from work and worry, too. Here are really half-a-dozen vacations combined in one:

The sun-drenched winter desert at Palm Springs, rendezvous for travelers who know their way about the whole world. Close-by mile-high mountains for another kind of play. Hollywood, where you'll rub elbows with the stars . . . the glamour of its gay night life . . . a galaxy of world-famous orchestras and entertainers . . . "first-nights."

The friendly Pacific . . . its placid waters for voyages to pleasure-islands. Foreign "color" in crumbling Spanish Missions and in nearby Old Mexico. The unique shops, cafes and theatres of cosmopolitan, hospitable Los Angeles. Over 60 evergreen golf courses . . . every sport in new and thrilling settings. Famed highways for motor trips through miles of orange groves to Pasadena, Santa Monica, Long Beach and scores of places unending in lure.

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Because Southern California is a year 'round vacation-land, accommodations are ample . . . you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. In fact, U. S. Government figures show that costs of food, rent, fuel and light here are 15.2% less than the national average. These basic factors indicate that your costs while here may easily be no more than at home!

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A month's stay, for instance, including hotels, meals, trips to every major point of interest, sports, etc., need cost no more than $215 while here. We have prepared a suggested itinerary for such a visit, outlining just what you can see and do. Includes dozens of interesting gravure photographs of Southern California scenes, map, information about routes, and itemized daily cost figures. Send the coupon now for your free copy of this remarkable book. You'll want it, to help you plan . . . whether you stay two weeks or six months.

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